Professor Layton VS Ace Attorney Loops

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Based off of Innortal's Loops as well as Saphroneth's MLP Loops. What happens when our favorite Defense Attorney and friends join the Infinite Loops? "OBJECTION!" Now with Professor Layton Loops as well!

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Chapter 1

Phoenix Wright sighed. He still didn't understand why he seemed to be reliving his life over and over again, but it was still an enormous pain. For one thing, whatever was controlling this couldn't make up its mind on when he started. One time he started at his very first Trial, defending Larry against a guy who, in retrospect, was painfully obvious as the guilty party. The next, he started all the way back during the Class Trial, when he and Edgeworth had become friends. A couple of times, he even started back in college, when he had first been put on Trial!

The first time it had happened, he had written it off as a dream of some kind, and while it seemed a bit eerie that his dream was forecasting reality, he didn't pay much attention to it. But when it happened again, he knew that something had gone wrong in the Universe, and as usual, he was the one it was picking on.

It was getting frustrating, having to explain this to his friends over and over again. Sometimes, they ended up thinking he was crazy and avoided him. Other times, he ended up being too hasty in playing his hand because he knew how it would turn out, only for him to lose anyway. Still, he persevered through, remembering what Mia had taught all those years ago back in his first life. "The only time a lawyer can cry is when it's all over."

This time around, he had a plan in mind, even if the whole world would reset the day after the Phantom was caught in his first life. He had realized a long time ago that a lot of the problems that had happened in his first life had arisen mainly because of the structure of the Legal System. He had attempted to fix this with the Jurist System, but because of his disbarment and the public's loss of faith, it had never seen the light of day asides from the one Test.

What he figured, was if he could prevent the Dark Age of the Law, he might be able to get the reforms passed much sooner, thus ensuring a more fair Legal System by the time Apollo and Athena became lawyers. Edgeworth was already pretty much guaranteed to be Chief Prosecutor again, so all he needed to do was not get disbarred. And who knows! Maybe THIS is why he's been reliving his life over and over again.

Still, he needed to get through this Trial first. He had stuck it by ear the entire time this life, making sure that everything had gone as it did back during his first life. And now, here he was again... the Trial of Shadi Enigmar, better known as Zak Gramarye.

"Incidentally, don't even think of showing us this diary I've just shown the Court. Now that we've come this far, I hope you have something a little more...decisive. Show us evidence that the victim continued writing in his diary!" were the words from Rookie Prosecutor Klavier Gavin. It was here that everything had gone wrong all those lifetimes ago. Now, it was time for him to get it right!

"I'll admit, it's not exactly decisive in a way that I'd usually go for," said the Turnabout Terror. "But then, this case requires a little out-of-the-box thinking. You'd agree, Prosecutor Gavin, that Magnifi Gramarye undoubtedly would have written on the last page if he had the chance?"

Gavin smirked. "Naturally, Herr Wright. But even if he did so, the last page is still missing!"

Phoenix stayed with a neutral look on his face. "I'm aware of that, but if he did write on that last page, then he would have had to use a bit more force, since only the cover would have been behind that page, right?"

Gavin's smirk started faltering as he processed the information. "Y-yes, of course!"

It was then that Phoenix let a smile grow on his face. "In that case, let's be a bit more old-school with this. Why don't we examine the back cover of the diary, and do a pencil-rub of it to see what he wrote on it? There, I'm not using the diary as you presented it to the court earlier." It was a neat loop-hole that he hadn't seen the first time around, but really, prosecutors should NOT be allowed to just out and deny the use of evidence like that.

The Judge...whose name still escaped Phoenix even after all this time, saw no problem with this, and ordered a Baliff to bring in a pencil and rub the back of the Diary, revealing...

"I hereby give all rights to the secrets, staging, and performance of my magic to the recipient named below.

Recipient: Zak Gramarye"

Klavier was flabbergasted. He had no doubt expected falsified evidence, like his brother had warned him about. But no, Phoenix Wright had gotten Shadi Enigmar off without using anything but the evidence discussed in court.

The Judge had this to say. "Well...I believe that's that! It's clear now that the Defendant would have had no reason to kill the Victim. While Valant Gramarye's own role in this is still suspect, I am now ready to hand down my verdict."

"This Court finds the Defendant, Shadi Engimar..."

"NOT GUILTY!"

"That is all. Court is now Adjourned!"

Phoenix was calm on the outside, but inside... "YEAH! FINALLY, I GOT HIM OFF! IN YOUR FACE, KRISTOPH!" After all this time, he was finally able to get Shadi Enigmar off the hook without getting disbarred in the process. While it would still be a while before

everything could be fixed, at the very least, he wouldn't spend 7 years playing Poker.

Almost 9 years later...

Phoenix Wright woke up after groping around for his alarm clock, remembered what the date had been yesterday, and checked the calendar.

August 3rd, 2016

"GOD DAMMIT!"

1.2 (farsan)

As the wedding ceremony started, his mind couldn't avoid thinking again about how things had spiralled out of control.

'Why am I so stressed?' he thought. He had saved all of his friends. All those crimes had been avoided. As an unexpected bonus, he even had finally managed to marry his childhood sweetheart. 'Why can't I be happy about this?'

Everything had started with a simple change...

When he discovered that he could safely change things when his life repeated itself, one of the first things he wanted to change was Mia's death. On that fateful night, he hid inside Mia's office, and waited for the right moment to call the Police and barge into Redd White before he started attacking Mia. Even at the cost of a broken arm, thanks to the Thinker statue, he had managed to stall Redd until Mia escaped and the police arrived. Redd's face when he realized all was lost was even more sweeter when he had not managed to remove Mia from his life.

But then he started thinking; Why stop here? Why couldn't he save not only those wrongly accused of murder, but also those who were actually murdered? Did he not have the duty to act on his knowledge of the future to prevent those crimes?

Armed with foreknowledge, and aided by the bizarre luck that made him be around many of the crimes he had helped solve in the future of the past, he tried to prevent the murders where he was able to, even at the cost of his Law career.

But even when he resigned from Mia's law firm, she had managed to help him find a way to help him pursue his chosen path. When she discovered that Phoenix had knowledge he couldn't have obtained by normal means, she assumed that he was a natural medium, and introduced him to her estranged family.

Phoenix was saddened to discover that, as Mia didn't die, her spirit couldn't help Maya develop her spiritual skills by summoning her, and thus her place as the Master of the Fey family was at peril. Still, he could see that Maya wasn't happy being the Master, and he thought that she would actually be happier if she could have a normal life living with her sister. Also, even if Morgan was an evil, manipulating bitch, he knew that her daughter Pearl had a good heart and would be the best Master the Fey family could have.

Even if all the spiritual tests and training proved mostly negative, he showed a remarkable skill using spiritually charged objects, and his 'precognition' was still proving as the real thing, so he was accepted as a medium of sorts.

He kept preventing murders whenever he could, and also assisted Mia at the law firm using the Matagama that revealed Psyche-Locks in the new cases he didn't have foreknowledge of. He started getting recognition as a powerful medium, and even Morgan started respecting his skills, so she ended up arranging a marriage with her daughter Iris, who was delighted when she met Phoenix again.

But, at the wedding ceremony, he couldn't help but feel uneasy. And his fears proved true when he saw the strange smile his future wife had.

"Er... Master Pearl?" He asked. "Could you perform the Kurain Exorcism Technique? I think Iris has been possessed by her sister... again."

1.3

Phoenix Wright woke up...and immediately knew something was wrong. For one thing, this looked nothing like either his Ivy U Dorm, his old childhood bedroom or his own apartment. He quickly got up, and took in his surroundings. He seemed to be in some kind of classy apartment of some kind, but he could never afford something like this. The closet contained his blue suits, in the same style he wore during his first few years on the job every repeat. But something felt eerily wrong...

It was then that he noticed it: that oh-so familiar badge that didn't belong to him!

And that was when the memories set in. Mia and...Dahlia?! Jailed because of dirty tactics he used. ...as a prosecutor. A dark secret that he didn't want anyone to know. Edgeworth...Maya...Iris...

Phoenix then proceeded to faint.

1.4 (Dimensional drift)

Phoenix Wright gazed through the one-way window at his client. His beaten, manacled, and shock-collared client. What the hell were they *thinking* , treating a *kid* like that?

Ah, but this was a colony of *Britannia* , where the *strong* ruled. Phoenix couldn't stop the grimace from working its way onto his

face.

He'd spent his entire life - his entire *lifetimes* - defending the innocent from those that would oppress them, would abuse them, would use them as shields to protect their own dirty dealings. They may have been powerful, they may have wielded influence, but they had to at least *pretend* to follow the straight and narrow, because the system and country ultimately *believed* in those ideals, in justice and fairness and "innocent until proven guilty", however poorly those ideals may be implemented. To find himself in a country where such abuses were not just *commonplace* , but *applauded* ; to live in a world where being weak was, *itself* , the biggest crime of all... It was absolutely *nauseating* .

At least his former self in this world had, apparently, managed to see past that, and live much as he himself did... although that may have had to do with how he, *himself* , was treated with suspicion. He was pure-blooded Britannian in this world, was even born in the homeland, but he *looked* like he could be Japanese (whoops, sorry, *Eleven*), so he'd apparently lived under quite a cloud since moving here, having to fight for what was given to those that were clearly *Britannian* . Ugh.

Fortunately, he *had* fought, and had apparently assembled a fair reputation for himself. As such, when they'd arrested Suzaku Kururugi about a week after Phoenix had woken up, he'd been able to ask to see Lord Jeremiah Gottwald, and politely ask (no matter how much he wanted to demand) the chance to defend the boy. Gottwald had been suspicious at first, but had ultimately agreed after seeing Phoenix's record.

Phoenix had read through Gottwald's attitude towards the end, though. Gottwald was convinced that Suzaku would be found guilty. That was probably part of why he'd let Phoenix represent Suzaku - let the guy who looked Eleven take the blow of defending a prince-killer, rather than someone obviously Britannian. But this wasn't the usual "the guy's guilty, you're just gonna end up proving that" attitude

he got from guards, prosecutors, witnesses, etc. This was "he's gonna be guilty, no matter what you bring to court".

Phoenix knew all about *that* . It was Redd White all over again... No, that wasn't fair. It was worse. Redd White had lost because he'd had to save face, had to hide what he was doing. This was about saving face, about quickly finding a "killer" to mollify the Britannian public. It was the very definition of "kangaroo court". They wouldn't *care* about if Suzaku was innocent or not, they would only care about finding *someone* guilty.

...Find a killer that had managed to infiltrate one of the most secure vehicles in the country to kill the Prince, and then had eluded the entire nation's police *and* military forces for over a week now. All in a day's work for Phoenix Wright.

With that thought, Phoenix relaxed and approached the cell door. He cracked a smile after the guard had checked him for weapons (*again…*) and let him in. Hardest times, and all that.

Suzaku looked over at the new entry, then blinked a few times. Whatever he'd been expecting, an Eleven-looking man in a suit and tie clearly wasn't it. "Um...?"

"Hello, Suzaku Kururugi. My name is Phoenix Wright, defense attorney. I was hoping to represent you in your trial tomorrow."

Suzaku blinked again, before perking slightly. "You're going to defend me...?"

"If you want," Phoenix replied with a smile. "I mean, it's not like you were actually involved in Prince Clovis's death, right...?"

"N...No! Of course not! I never even went near his command center, never even fired close to it! How could I have...?"

"Then that's all I need. I'd be happy to defend you," Phoenix said as his smile broadened. *No Psyche-Locks. I was right about this kid.*

"Th...Thank you very much, Mr. Wright!"

"Please, call me Phoenix. Mr. Wright makes me feel old," Phoenix laughed. *Can't make him that comfortable in his state, but I'll do what I can.* "In that case, I'd like to ask you about what you were doing on the day Prince Clovis was murdered."

Suzaku was apparently feeling somewhat better now, as he nodded, then straightened up and faced Phoenix fully, his gaze strong and unflinching. "Of course! I was fighting off the terrorist forces in the Shinjuku ghetto."

Phoenix nodded. He'd heard about the attack on the news, and had read in Suzaku's dossier that he was enlisted in the Britannian forces as an Honorary Britannian. "So you were out fighting with your unit, then?"

He was mildly surprised when Suzaku fidgeted slightly, and the familiar rattle of Psyche-Locks rang as two appeared in front of him. "Well... at first I was, yes." The Locks faded away as Suzaku continued, "But after that, well... I'm not sure I'm allowed to say... but you can't serve justice if you don't know, so I'll tell you. For the main part of the battle, I was fighting alone, in the Lancelot."

Phoenix frowned. *Lancelot? Is that related to the Knights of the Round? ...Tackle that later.* "Did something happen while you were with your unit?"

Clank went the Psyche-Locks again, as Suzaku's gaze drifted to the side. "I was... shot, Mr. Wright."

...Wait, what *?!* "How did you survive!?"

"The bullet hit a pocket watch I was keeping in my vest pocket. It saved my life."

...Sounds like Suzaku has my kind of luck. "...Can you tell me anything more about that, Suzaku?"

The Psyche-Locks remained, refusing to budge. "...I'm sorry, Mr. Wright. It's... private."

Why do my clients always have secrets they have to keep from me?! "Suzaku, look at me. Can you at least tell me it doesn't have to do with the prince's murder?"

The Locks finally faded away as Suzaku looked back at Phoenix, his gaze resolute once more. "I'm sure, Mr. Wright. That was long before Prince Clovis died, and I can guarantee it didn't have anything to do with his death."

Phoenix breathed a sigh of relief, the lack of Locks confirming Suzaku's assertion. *I don't like it, but... I guess I can leave it alone for now. I may need to come back to it later, though.* "All right then. So, after getting... shot... you were fighting in the... Lancelot?"

Suzaku grinned sheepishly. "Not *right* after, I was out cold for a while, and then had to do a crash test on the controls. The Lancelot's a lot touchier than normal Knightmare Frames, or so Lloyd says."

...So it's a Knightmare Frame. Those things are kind of cool. "The Lancelot is... special, then?"

An eager nod answered that question. "Yeah! It's a seventh-generation prototype! Lloyd said it was incredible that I'm able to handle it, apparently most pilots don't have the skill or reflexes to do so."

Phoenix had no idea how far ahead "seventh-generation" was, but the statement still got his mind going. *A prototype? An Honorary Britannian handling a prototype of the most important weapon in Britannia's arsenal? ...Seems Suzaku wasn't just chosen as a random scapegoat.*

Phoenix hid his thoughts with a smile. "That's very impressive. You should be proud."

The smile dimmed as Suzaku once again looked askance. "Well, yes, I'm very happy to be praised like that, but..." Suzaku looked back, but his eyes were... harder now. Focused. "It's not that important. I'm proud to fight in the Lancelot, not because it's impressive, but because it helps to stop the fighting."

Phoenix blinked slightly at the look in Suzaku's eyes. *That's an old outlook for a kid of... how old is he? Sixteen?* "That's very mature of you, Suzaku. It must be very important to you, huh? Stopping the fighting."

"It's *stupid* . Fighting only brings death, destruction, and misery. I get that the people don't like how things are, but you can't *fix* things by *breaking them apart* . You have to work *with* the system to make things better."

Normally Phoenix might have accepted such sentiment, agreed with it even. As it was, though, he was rather distracted... by the five *Black Psyche-Locks* that had *clanked* into being as Suzaku spoke. "I... I see," Phoenix replied dumbly as he tried to settle himself. *What the hell* happened *to this kid?!*

Any further thoughts on the matter were cut off as the cell door opened abruptly, revealing none other than Lord Jeremiah Gottwald himself. He nodded curtly at Phoenix, with a quick "I heard you were in here," before turning to Suzaku. "Up, boy. Time to get you to your... *trial* ." Turning back to Phoenix, he continued, "You'll be coming along, of course, Mr. Wright."

Phoenix frowned, "You told me the trial was *tomorrow* ."

A small smirk played across Lord Gottwald's lips. "Did I, now? My mistake. Terribly sorry about that."

Uh-huh. Next you'll be calling Suzaku "Japanese", you big softy, you. "I'll go along with Mr. Kururugi. I still have some aspects of the case to go over with him."

Jeremiah's eyes narrowed as he turned back from where he'd been about to address Suzaku again. "I suppose you *could* , but... you realize there will be armed guards around, yes? And the trip will not be terribly *suitable* for conversation."

...Of course. They want to parade Suzaku in front of the public, make sure everyone knows they "caught the killer". "Regardless, I must insist, Lord Gottwald."

If anything, Jeremiah's eyes narrowed yet further. "You've been awfully sympathetic to a suspected crown-killer, Mr. Wright."

An eyebrow was raised in reply. "He is my *client* , Lord Gottwald. It is the *principle* of the matter." *Technically true, although I mean something very different than what you think I mean by that.*

Jeremiah just shook his head at that, but at least he wasn't glaring at Phoenix anymore. Apparently he assumed it to be some (presumably non-Britannian) empathetic quirk of his. "Fine, then. Get out – we need to get the accused out of his chains."

Phoenix nodded, deigned not to note Jeremiah's rudeness, and left the cell, allowing the guards outside to enter. As he waited, he thought on how he could never have just a *straight-forward* client, but even then, black Psyche-locks meant that Suzaku was even less straight-forward than most. Still, it didn't ultimately matter. Suzaku was innocent of Prince Clovis's murder – that fact remained inviolate, and that was all Phoenix needed to keep defending him, regardless of Suzaku's personal issues.

And he damned well wasn't going to let Suzaku face the ravening hordes out there alone.

1.1 - Admit it; you desperately wanted something to happen so he didn't become a hobo.

1.2 - The consequences of saving Mia. Hopefully, she doesn't end up like that on the wedding night…

1.3 - A variant Loop, based on Complete Turnabout by Nenilen. Because quite frankly, that world is even more of a crapshoot than the Canon World!

1.4 - Code Turnabout: Part 1. Of course Phoenix's luck lands him in Code Geass defending Suzaku.

This is yet another branch of the Infinite Loops, where characters from across the Multiverse are forced to repeat their lives over and over again. Here are some basic details:

One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts time looping.

There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.

The standard pattern for a loop is that the Anchor (and whoever else is Looping there) come to awareness in a loop at a particular point in the story. From there, events will play out as influenced by the Loopers present, acting with the benefit of their foreknowledge, until either a predetermined end point is reached or all the Loopers have copped it.

To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time this time.)

The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.

Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.

Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory order (where A must be before B and B must be before A.)

Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

Chapter 2

2.1 (Dimensional drift)

To Phoenix Wright, it was more-or-less a given that the universe had it out for him. What to others would be paranoia or delusion, to him was a simple fact: if there was a case that was more convoluted and less sane than a Rube Goldberg machine, you could be sure that Phoenix (or one of his apprentices) would handle the defense. And there was a better-than-even chance that he'd be there when it happened, too.

Indeed, that was his current theory for the bizarre time looping he was now in. Clearly, having failed to break him by having him lose his attorney's badge, the universe had abandoned all pretense and was now simply making things up with impunity. It had been weird enough when it was limited to his own world, but that hadn't been enough, so the universe had started tossing him into situations straight out of anime!

Not that even that would stop him. Indeed, Phoenix took a twisted sense of satisfaction from refusing to break while the universe threw everything it had at him. There were always people that needed his help, and he would always fight for them, right to the bitter end. He'd lived like that this entire time, and he'd be damned before that changed.

And of course, true to form, he'd found a way to turn the situation around to his advantage.

The Jurist System had been a fine idea, intent on injecting some common sense into a court system that was often blinded by a need for absolute proof. The Dark Age of the Law had nipped it in the bud the first time around, but subsequent efforts had proven that, like any initial idea, there were a lot of bugs in the process. (Some of them were things that you'd never *dream* could happen until you

remembered that, oh yeah, you were *Phoenix Wright* , Cosmic Chewtoy Extraordinaire.) Fleshing out the idea, and getting it implemented as early as possible, was going to take a lot of time and effort. Phoenix had never lacked for effort, and time? It would seem he now had all the time in the world.

Of course, the universe couldn't simply *let* him get away with that, so it continued to throw him curveballs and screwy situations, trying to mess him up.

And the current situation was certainly... *imaginative* .

"Overruled."

Twitch.

"On what grounds?" Phoenix grit out, as his young client fidgeted beside him.

"Because I say so, that's why!" The portly Queen of Hearts crowed, and Alice gasped in shock.

Twitch. Twitch-twitch. *Twitch.*

...He was *never* going to complain about the Judge again.

2.2 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"Esteemed members of the council, I will prove beyond a doubt that Saren was responsible for the death of Nihlus Kryik. Furthermore, he has conspired with the Geth to assault and destroy human colonies in the traverse, namely Eden Prime."

The chambers echoed with countless voices echoing disbelief. This human ambassador, Donnel "The Phoenix" Wright, spoke with conviction at the podium overlooking the Council garden. The council spoke amongst themselves for a second, the Tevos replied, "You

have put forth serious accusations. As a Spectre, Saren has the right to address his accusers."

Moments later, a giant hologram of Saren appeared in the council chambers, causing Phoenix to flinch in surprise, "Honored members of the council, human ambassador, I hope my contributions will put any *misgivings* the humans have to rest. Ambassador Wright, I have heard you were once an influential lawyer on Earth. I've heard lawyers like to distort the truth. I won't put up with any lies from you."

And with that, the trial commenced. Phoenix, acting as prosecutor of humanity's case, laid out the facts and the eyewitness went over as well as expected. The eyewitness could have heard incorrectly Saren's name, meaning it was unreliable. Phoenix was, however, able to prove that a turian was present.

"Councillors, even though you cannot take the word of a single dockworker that Saren was present, you cannot deny you saw two turians talking to each other-"

Valern, the salarian councillor, responded, "Indeed. The dock worker did identify two turians present, one obviously nihlus and the other an unknown. But that is all you have, Ambassador."

Saren Scoffed, "I resent these accusations. Nihlus was a fellow Spectre and a friend."

Anderson opened his mouth to counter, but Shepard put his hand on his shoulder and whispered, "Don't bring up your personal history."

The hologram then noticed Shepard and Anderson, "Captain Anderson, so you are the one behind this latest accusation. I should have guessed. And this must be your protege, Commander Shepard, the one who let the beacon be destroyed."

Shepard crossed his arms and raised his eyebrow. Phoenix noticed the contradiction immediately, "Objection! How are you aware of the

details of the Eden Prime Mission? I myself was not made aware of the Beacon until this morning due to it being classified."

Saren's hand clenched on his shoulder for a second, but his reply was smooth, "With Nihlus gone, his files passed on to me. I read the Eden Prime report. I was unimpressed. But what can you expect from a human."

If anything, the commander's raised eyebrow rose even further. Phoenix felt the momentum turn against him. He had used up all his ammunition since his own investigation was obstructed by C-Sec who were supposed to be performing their own investigation. Executor Pallin would not help him and further confiscated the evidence obtained by the human investigation back on Eden Prime. And then when he had just about lost all hope, a hand landed on his shoulder and a voice from his past echoed forth, "When you run into a wall, Phoenix, you must return to the basics. I will take over for the prosecution."

His eyes snapped open once again and latched onto the person. Commander Shepard's image was replaced in his mind's eye by another, a man with greyer hair than his own. First time Looper, Miles "Edgeworth" Shepard stepped forward and faced Saren's hologram, "Now the real trial begins from here on out, Spectre. I have the details of the Eden Prime investigation conducted by Garrus Vakarian, and we'll be going over every detail to find the whole truth."

A few minutes ago...

Garrus turned away from Executor Pallin and huffed in frustration, then his eyes landed on the male human exiting the citadel elevator. The rank on his armor identified him as a commander, "Commander Shepard?"

The Commander gave a nod but said nothing as he crossed his arms and began tapping his right index finger against his armor. The

man quirked his eye and responded, "You're the one in charge of the investigation? If so, tell me everything you know."

The turian blinked in surprise for a moment, then nodded, "You're correct, but there's not much to tell. Saren is a Spectre and everything he does is classified, I can't get any hard evidence on him."

The Commander appeared in deep thought for a second, then replied, "Do you have an Autopsy Report, tapes recording the eyewitness' account, forensics of the scene, any recording devices of any type that might have shown someone present?"

The turian typed several commands on his omnitool, which transferred holographic records of Nihlus' autopsy and the actual eyewitness account. It also contained photos of the murder scene which was empty besides Nihlus. After taking a few minutes to commit the details to memory, the Commander asked, "Do you have any more leads?"

The turian nodded, "I have one-"

Tersely, Commander Shepard walked away and said over his shoulder, "Then pursue it quickly. I will buy you time."

2.3 (farsan)

Trembling, Phoenix grabbed the mighty weapon from its small pedestal.

Immediately, it responded to his touch, and he felt a rush of pure, unadulterated Power.

'Use me,' he heard in his mind. *'With me in your hand, you can do what you had always dreamed. You can Smite those who wants to pervert the Law, Punish the wicked, and Protect those who are innocent. I am Justice, and I am now in your hand.'*

He closed his eyes for a moment, trying to regain his composure. He had to resist the siren call of Power, lest it corrupt him and turn him against his very nature. He had to be stronger than this.

Finally, he swung down the weapon, hitting the intended target with a thunderous sound.

"The court is now in session," said the Honorable Judge Phoenix Wright.

2.4 (Filraen)

'No matter the season, the mountains are always cold,' thought Maya Fey as she woke up. Getting up from her bed she said a "Good morning, sister" to the old photo of her sister Mia Fey on her nightstand, just like every morning. Changing into her training attire she noticed the time while still half awake; 4:00 AM, a good time to start her morning routine.

It was the beginning of another day and the Master of Kurain had to keep her powers sharp, so even before dawn Maya found herself under a waterfall to meditate. Sure, it was as hard as it sounded -probably harder- but anybody who knew Maya Fey can tell that she is strong enough to endure the trials life throws to her while keeping a smile to motivate others and helping raise Pearly. Maya knew she had to be the best Master of Kurain she could be. She owed it to her sister, her mother who gave up her life to protect her, and Nick, who gave the whole Fey clan a second chance.

Eventually dawn arrived. Watching the dawn in the middle of her meditation was one of Maya's favorite things about training. It reminded her that no matter how dark the situation may seem, the sun always gets out, a philosophy she had always followed in her life. Though one thing was strange today; she couldn't focus on Mia's soul. Probably a late night session of watching too much of the Steel Samurai? Nah, you can't watch too much of the Steel Samurai,

Defender of Neo Olde Tokyo! It was probably that last burger that she had eaten before going to sleep.

After a good morning training she was always hungry, so with happy thoughts of food she changed into dry clothes and got ready for breakfast. It would have been a morning as normal as ever if she hadn't seen an oddly familiar figure cooking, which made her blood freeze when she realized who it was.

"Good morning, Maya. Strange to see you training so early."

Morgan Fey. Her aunt who wanted to take the clan mastery for herself, and when she realized she couldn't because of her lack of talent on channelling she tried to take it for Pearly, almost convicting Maya herself for murder. How was she here? She should still be serving jail time! It took some moments until she could manage to answer with a weak "G-Good Morning, Aunt Morgan."

"Early training must have left you weak. No surprise, you don't have enough power to be used to that," her aunt answered with a frown. "You should eat to regain what little strength you have."

With more than a little trepidation and trying to find a way to get out of there quickly to call Nick and find why Morgan was out of jail, Maya very cautiously ate the smallest breakfast of her life.

After a few tense minutes, Maya used a quick apology of not feeling hungry to leave the room and dashed off in the direction of her bedroom. It turned to not be such a good idea as when she rounded a corner she crashed against something she didn't see.

"Owww..." Well... someone. "Who is- please be careful, Mystic Maya!"

A known, trusted and... familiar? voice was just what Maya needed. "Sorry, Pearly. I was..." And then Maya froze mid-untangling herself from the figure of her cousin. A child? But Pearly was way older, almost an adult by now. How?! After a moment she stood up slowly

and deliberately choose her words in a serious tone. "Pearly, can you tell me how old you are?"

"You're being strange today, Mystic Maya." Pearly seemed confused. "I'm seven years old, did you forget?"

Maya felt that answer as a slap but managed not to flinch. "Sorry, Pearly. I'm in a hurry to my room," And then she left, not running as she was doing earlier but as fast as she could walk.

First thing's first. She could always trust Nick to help her whenever she had trouble. She just had to take the phone and... the date was off: August 3rd. Somehow she could hear Nick's "Objection!" stopping her thought process to take into account the evidence: Morgan there, Pearly looking as a child claiming she's seven years old, the mistaken date on her phone. She didn't know how all of this had happened; Maya tried to think when she looked the mirror in her room, taking her very first look at her reflection today: she was so young!

...How did Mia and Nick do it? When things got the craziest, they always turned the case upside-down: instead of trying to see how Morgan was here, she should start with the fact and work from that. Morgan was here, Pearly was a child again, she looked younger and the date in her phone was off: what happened? The answer would be painfully obvious if it was a Steel Samurai episode... she must have travelled in time!

If that was right then... Take That! Her room didn't even have the secret chamber where she stored the Kurain Master's Talisman. And her phone lacked both Nick's and Miles' phone numbers, as well...

Hold It! Wait, a stray thought entered Maya's mind. But this is important, she can't go throwing so much hope in vain. Maya needed one more piece of evidence to see if this is real... yes, the cheek pinch hurt, this wasn't a dream. Maya first met Nick when she was accused of murdering Mia, and only after that case did she get his number. If what she believed was true and she had returned to the

past and she didn't have Nick's phone number, there was only one conclusion possible: Mia was alive!

Maya's fingers felt especially numb as she desperately tried to call Mia's number, wanting to have any answer while at the same time trying to channel her soul. Suddenly, being unable to focus on Mia's soul filled her with hope: a medium can't focus on or channel the soul of someone still living after all.

---

beep *beep* *beep* *beep* *beep*

Mia didn't answer. She almost felt tears starting to form... Objection! Nobody had used Mia's phone in all those years after she died! How could the call connect in the first place? That was a contradiction she didn't have an answer for. With confusion at what had happened and a hope for what she wanted things to be, she decided to do the only thing she could do: go to the office. She didn't know if she would find the Fey & Co. Law Offices, or by some cruel twist, the Wright Anything Agency, but she had to see if Mia was alive or not.

Getting Larry acquitted of Miss Stone's murder was something akin to a good luck charm, Phoenix had come to believe. While it wasn't hard, it meant he could still prevent Mia's death, lightening the load on the Fey clan and allowing her to meet Diego Armando in a few months. Right now, they were in the office celebrating his winning his "first" case.

"So, Phoenix, how did you and Harry meet?" Mia asked while unpacking the wine.

"Well, Mi-I'm sorry, Chief..." Phoenix almost tripped up on how to call Mia.

"Don't worry, Phoenix, with the way you handled yourself in there you've more than earned the right to call me by my first name," Mia assured him. "Anyway, about Harry...?"

"We were classmates when we were children," Phoenix recounted. "One day, I was accused of stealing a classmate's lunch money. We had a mock trial and he supported me with, oddly enough, the classmate whose money was stolen. We became friends after that."

"Such a nice friend you have..." Mia offered, smiling at the tale.

"You'd think it, Mia," Phoenix answered with a frown, "but years later, I discovered it was actually Larry who stole Edgeworth's money."

That made Mia blink. "Edgeworth? As in the prosecutor Miles Edgeworth?"

"The same one."

"That's some tale you didn't tell me..." Mia stopped as she looked at her phone. "That's odd."

"Huh?"

"Nothing really important." Mia explained as she unpacked some burgers. "It's just I have a missed call from my sister; looks like she called during the trial."

"Maya?" Phoenix was curious. He didn't remember Maya ever calling during that trial.

"Yes, but..." Mia paused as she just realized something. "Hold it, how do you know Maya's name? I've never mentioned it."

If there was one skill Phoenix had used his lot of time to refine, it was bluffing. "I must have read it on a document once, I guess."

Mia just looked at Phoenix, frowning slightly. It was just starting to become an uncomfortable silence when the mood was interrupted by the sound of a knock on the door. "Well, never mind. Can you check who is at the door, Phoenix?"

"Sure, Chief," Phoenix said as he suppressed an internal sigh while going to the front door of the Fey & Co. Law Offices. *'Did Mia see my Psyche-Locks?'* But who was waiting at the door wasn't a potential client or a door-to-door seller.

Phoenix had barely recognized Maya in her usual attire when she, for all her little size, shoved Phoenix out of the way and ran into the office. "Sis, sis! Is it really you?!" the younger of the Fey sisters said in the threshold of the back office. Unseen to Phoenix was the mix of fear and hope coloring Maya's face.

"Maya?" the older sister asked "What are you doing here?"

"MIA!" The medium-in-training threw herself desperately to her sister "I missed you so much!"

Returning the hug, Mia's voice was one of confusion "But I'm fine, Maya. I'm not dead or anything."

"Yes you were!" Maya just buried herself deeper into her sister. "I was here in this office when I saw you dead and it would have crushed me if not for Nick and Pearly..."

Hold It.

By now Phoenix had closed the door and returned to the back office to see Mia throwing an embarrassed look. "What did you just say?" he asked in disbelief.

"I told you, Nick," Maya answered with a sniffle, "I was here just after Mia was killed. You were here too! But if she's alive I guess you don't remember."

It was true! Maya remembered! "Actually I remember that too."

"Phoenix?!" Mia threw him a utterly surprised look while Maya turned around and glared at him.

"You remember?!"

Nodding once, Phoenix added, "The fake note on the back of the lamp receipt."

Maya started to let her sister go. "The tampering with the phone line."

"Redd White accusing me by the end."

"Channelling Mia in the last moment."

Phoenix smiled. "Defending Edgeworth together."

Maya imitated the smile "Giving the Fey clan a second chance after solving the DL-6 Incident."

"The reports on the Steel Samurai videos you made me write."

"Which were very detailed, I liked that."

With that, both waited a moment and at a unspoken signal Maya jumped into Phoenix, both hugging each other only as one would greet an old friend and partner.

It was such a nice moment that it was a shame that it had forcefully to be ended. This time it was Mia's voice, who felt out of place. "Phoenix? Maya? What's going?"

And so Phoenix told Mia how he had been repeated the following decade or so: how he had defended Maya from being accused of Mia's murder as many times as he had prevented her death, depending on when he started each repetition; how he had defended Edgeworth when he solved the DL-6 case; Maya taking rigorous training to improve her spirit channelling abilities, which helped many times by channelling Mia's soul; dealing with the death of Misty Fey which forced Maya to take the mantle of the Master of Kurain; the events which lead to his disbarment and adopting a daughter; taking a protege of his own and eventually regaining his badge almost a

decade later; and how before today Miles Edgeworth was the only person who sometimes remembered previous iterations.

Mia's face, being aghast for a moment when Phoenix talked about her death, regained a neutral expression. After a minute or so after Phoenix explained his tale she spoke, "Maya. If what Phoenix said is true then you were the Master of Kurain, am I right?"

"Yes, sis."

Closing her eyes, Mia continued, "In court, evidence is everything, but we as lawyers must trust in our clients to find the evidence." Removing her necklace, she handed it to her sister. "This magatama is uncharged. If you really were the Master of Kurain you should now be able to charge it."

Nodding once, Maya concentrated on the jewel she had been handed for a minute or two. "It's ready, Sis," Maya said as she returned the magatama back to her.

Closing her eyes, Mia pushed the magatama against her breast, close to her heart. "It's warm..." she muttered softly but loud enough so that Phoenix and Maya could hear. A moment later she opened her eyes and smiled. "Hello Maya, long time no see." she said to her sister as she opened her arms. "How have you been?" she asked, causing Maya to throw herself at somebody for the third time that day.

As both sisters hugged each other, Phoenix wondered how they'd deal with the Kurain Master succession problem this time and if Maya would really prefer not to take the role of the Master. However, looking at the pure look of happiness in Maya's face, he decided it could wait until tomorrow.

2.5 (Dr. Tempo)

Phoenix Wright looked around as the Groundhog Day-style occurrence happened yet again. He found himself in a familiar library... *'Looks like I'm going to have to defend Rainbow Dash again...'*

However, compared to last time, Twilight was acting odd, mumbling to herself. Phoenix heard her talking about how odd a 'Loop' this was compared to 'usual'... *'Has whatever got me stuck in this loop affected her too?'*

Phoenix, with a gulp, asked Twilight, "Has time been Looping for you since we last met?" Her reply was unexpected by Phoenix.

"I've never met you before...But I have been Looping for millennia."

Phoenix expected his Magatama to trigger Psyche-Locks from that statement, but nothing. She was telling the truth. They both said in unison, "We need to talk."

'So, time's been looping due to a massive crash in what amounts to a computer running all of existence...Guess a reboot wouldn't work. Explains a lot...I suppose. Just my luck to experience this.'

After Twilight gave Phoenix the "Welcome to the Multiverse" speech, Phoenix quickly explained how he'd had to defend Rainbow Dash. Twilight nodded. "I don't remember that...You have to be an Anchor."

'So I'm keeping my WHOLE WORLD safe from collapse and utter nonexistence? The cosmos must love embarrassing me...'

Twilight gave Phoenix a cup of coffee, inquiring, "Guess all this had overwhelmed you." Wright shrugged.

"Actually, no. Sometimes, with all the odd things I've seen in baseline...I wonder if I wasn't the multiverse's favorite chew toy BEFORE the Loops started. Still, I guess I'll have to get used to it. Got any spells for a power nap? I'm going to need it."

With a nod, Twilight responded with, "Actually, I do. Good night, Phoenix."

As Phoenix Wright fell asleep, he smiled. At least one thing was explained to him now...

Hopefully, Twilight being Awake for this was the only change...

2.6

Phoenix Wright Awoke in mid-stride, almost tripping over his own feet because of the sudden jarring. As he tried to keep himself from falling over, he idly remembered that this tended to happen to Twilight as well from what she said. As he successfully kept from falling over, he looked back through his Loop Memories. As he did, he sighed. *'Yet again, I Wake up AFTER the Chief's death. What is it with my Loop start point anyway?'*

It was the day after Mia's death, and as usual, Maya was arrested for it. Searching a bit further through, everything SEEMED Baseline, but a few things were off. For one thing, when Mia wasn't in the middle of a case, she was often gone somewhere. His in-Loop self had questioned her a bunch of times, but the questions had all been steadily dodged. He really hoped that this Loop's version of Mia wasn't a criminal... And there was something odd about the actual crime scene too now that he thought about it...

'Now, what was I doing...? Oh, yeah, I was about to go visit Maya. Actually, I'm already here, now that I think about it.' He opened the door to reveal a smiling Maya Fey. "Hey, Nick!" she greeted him with a cheerful wave. *"Nick'. Maya's Awake then.'*

"Hey, Maya," he greeted back. "You get a chance to look through your Loop Memories yet?" he asked.

"'Loop Memories'?" she asked in confusion. "You mean the memories belonging to our other selves we've been replacing?" she

added.

Phoenix facepalmed. *'Right... I only told Edgeworth. Maya doesn't know yet.'* "I managed to get the explanation of WHY this is all happening," he said, making sure not to mention the Time Loops thing in front of the Detention Center guard. "I'll explain later once we get you out of here. That is, if you still want me as your Lawyer," he added.

Maya put on a wry smile. "There's no one else I'd trust with my defense, Nick. It'd be like having tacos instead of burgers!" *'...And as usual, Maya uses a food analogy. Maybe it's just that we've known each other for a long time, but I think I'd honestly miss that if she ever decided to stop.'*

"Well, if that's the case," Phoenix said, getting out of the Visitor's Chair, "Then I better get looking for the clues I know are there."

"See you later, Nick!"

Phoenix paused. Something about this seemed kind of off... *'Where's Detective Gumshoe? Is he just not here yet?'* "Excuse me!" he said to an Asian-looking man in red. "Do you happen to know where the detective in charge of this case is?" he asked.

The man turned around, looking slightly uncomfortable. "Um... I guess that's me," he said with the tone of someone who was had just woken up and was slightly confused. It dawned on Phoenix what was going on. *'Oh, I get it. This must be a Fused Loop and this guy has replaced Gumshoe.'*

He looked around to see if anyone was listening before saying in a quiet tone, "Are you a Looper?"

The man shook the cobwebs out of his head before replying. "Yes, as a matter of fact, I am. Are you the local Anchor?" he asked.

Phoenix nodded his head. "Yeah. Phoenix Wright, defense attorney," he said, holding out his hand.

The man took it and gave it a firm shake. "I'm Ryu Terui. Now, what can I do for you, Mr. Wright?"

"So, are you your Loop's Anchor?" asked Phoenix of Ryu.

The visiting Looper shook his head. "No, but they're around here somewhere. They're a bunch of freelance detectives I usually work with back home where I'm the Department Superintendent. We've solved a lot of cases together. Of course, I didn't exactly expect to wake up on the other side of the Pacific when I went to sleep yesterday," he said in a wry tone.

Phoenix sheepishly grinned. "Yeah... L.A.'s a bit of an acquired taste," he admitted. "Anyway, Detective, I was hoping you'd be able to give an update on the case," he asked at a more normal volume.

Ryu nodded. "Right. I assume you're defending the suspect?" he asked.

"Yeah. This is part of our baseline. Well, it's supposed to be, but I usually Wake up in time to prevent it. My Loop Start Time is kind of glitchy apparently," Phoenix admitted.

"Right, well, here's the Autopsy Report as well as the Defendant's Cell Phone."

[Mia's Autopsy Report added to the Court Record]

[Maya's Cell Phone added to the Court Record]

"Thanks," said Phoenix, who immediately started reading the Autopsy Report. It was the revised copy that Edgeworth normally submitted into Court. The fact that he was getting it now meant that there was a pretty high chance that the Prosecutor was Awake. The

Cell Phone contained the same message conversation that Maya and Mia usually had, save for one thing.

{Mia: Oh, and ask Phoenix to show you his place some time. I stashed them at his place.}

{Maya: Really? Does he know about them?}

{Mia: Uh... I'll tell him when we meet up.}

{Maya: Alright then! Bye, Sis!}

"Them'? What did she stash at my place and why don't I remember her doing so? ...Tackle that later, Wright. Focus on getting Maya acquitted first. ...Hm? What's that on the floor?'

Phoenix knelt down to the floor. All over the place where he had found Maya last night were strings. 'That's weird... I don't remember these being here before.' "Hey, Detective; do you know what these are?" he asked.

Terui shook his head. "No. They're still undergoing forensic testing. Although... they do look familiar," he noted, narrowing his eyes in the process.

"Something from your Loop?" Phoenix asked.

"Yeah, but I don't remember what-... On second thought, I'll see you later, Mr. Wright. I have a supposed hard-boiled detective to visit," Ryu said with a hard look on his face before exiting the office.

'...What's up with him? At any rate, I suppose I should make a note of these anyway, even if they're still undergoing testing.'

[Strange Fibers added to the Court Record]

Half an hour later...

[Wiretap added to the Court Record]

'Alright, distracted April May enough that I was able to get the Wiretap easily enough. Now to check on Maya real quick.'

"...Why...?" *'...? What's up with Maya?'*

"Maya, are you alright?" asked Phoenix as he had returned to the Visitor's Room in the Detention Center only to find Maya crying.

"Nick..." Maya said with tears in her eyes. "I... looked at my Loop Memories and..."

"'And what, Maya?"

"I... I did it. I'm the one who killed Sis." *'Wait, WHAT?!'*

"WHAT! But that's impossible!" Phoenix shouted in alarm.

Maya shook her head. "I don't understand why, but I... the me here DID kill Sis..." she said. She had cried so much that the tears wouldn't flow despite the pain.

Phoenix just fell back into the chair. "I can't believe it. I can't ever believe that any version of you would ever kill Mia!" he exclaimed. "Was there anything in the Loop Memories that might have indicated anything that might have caused her to think that?"

Maya just shook her head. "It... it was too painful to look at. All I could get was that she DID love Sis as much as I did. So why... WHY DID SHE KILL HER?!" she screamed in agony.

'...Maya... I don't know what's going on, but I KNOW that you or any version of you would never kill Mia. I'll get to the bottom of this, or I'm not Phoenix Wright!'

TO BE CONTINUED

SAVING. DO NOT TURN OFF THE POWER.

THE GAME HAS BEEN SAVED.

2.7

Terui Ryu was not happy. He had hoped that this Loop could be a bit of a vacation; do his Loop job, go home, and spend time with his wife. But nope! Yggdrasil just had to throw a little of something of home into the mix! *'If those strings are what I think they are, this may be more of a job for us than Mr. Wright...'* he thought as he drove off to where two certain detectives had set up shop this Loop on the Diablossa, his personal Ducati 999 motorcycle... only to quickly swerve as a fireball came out of nowhere, impacting where his bike had been a second before. As he skidded to a stop, he quickly got off and looked around for the responsible party.

As he looked around, he quickly dodged to the side as another fireball impacted where he had stood. As he got back up on his feet, he noticed the perpetrator. He quickly recognized it for who is was. "Heat Dopant? So I was right...Dopants are involved," he snarled. Based on the intensity of the flames, he could tell that whoever this particular Dopant was they were using a T2 Heat Gaia Memory. He quickly withdrew the Accel Driver from his Subspace Pocket and placed it on his waist, the belt strap wrapping around him automatically. "You're under arrest for illegal usage of Gaia Memories!" he said as he withdrew the Accel Memory and hit the button on the front.

ACCEL!

The Dopant only chuckled. "So sorry Mr. Detective, but you're holding on to evidence that could convict my boss. Nothing personal, right?" she said in a cutesy tone.

Terui was not impressed. "No, nothing personal...just like the beatdown I'm going to give you! Hen...shin!" he yelled as he placed

the Accel Memory into the Mono Slot on the Driver, revving the Power Throttle on the right handlebar.

ACCEL!

A circle of red flames surrounded him, releasing red particles that formed over Terui, transforming him into Kamen Rider Accel! "Now, let's break through!" he said as he drew the Engine Blade and went after the Heat Dopant. She shrieked in surprise as she chucked more fireballs at Accel. However, he deflected them away with the Engine Blade, and slashed at her, causing sparks and knocking her back. Accel paused; something about this didn't seem right. It didn't seem like she was especially skilled, and she had reacted in shock when she had seen him transform so why would someone with the means to send her after him when his in-Loop history still included being Kamen Rider Accel not take the time to tell her who he was?

Suddenly, a dart flew in out of nowhere; luckily, Accel was able to dodge it in time. He turned to notice..."The Liar Dopant?!" Accel asked in shock. But he was so sure that there was a different Dopant involved...

"Liar? Are you perhaps speaking of me?" he asked in a echoed voice. Accel knew then that he wouldn't be able to place the voice even if he heard him again without the Memory. He pointed the Engine Blade at him threateningly.

"Don't ask me questions. Who are you?" he asked.

"You wish to know the title of my personage? Unfortunately, I cannot give it to you. And I must also say, that you will not be able to follow us," the Dopant retorted, before placing his hand by his mouth. A speech bubble that held the last sentence he had said formed, and shot off like a dart towards Accel, who immediately reacted by placing the Engine Memory in the Engine Blade.

ENGINE: JET!

Accel fired off a Sword Beam from the Engine Blade, which collided with the bubble dart and caused a small explosion. When the smoke cleared, both Liar and Heat were gone. Accel cursed as he removed the Memory from the Driver, returning to normal. He went over to the Diablossa and immediately headed off to the new site of the Narumi Detective Agency. *'If three Dopants are involved in this case, this may be completely different from anything Mr. Wright has handled. I hope he can manage while we start looking...'* he thought as he sped off.

2.8 (Xomniac)

"...And voila! All the milk is gone!"

Phoenix chuckled and applauded politely as Trucy giggled and took a bow. "Thank you, thank you! And now for my next trick...!"

The lawyer sighed contentedly as he leaned back into his chair. Even when he was alone in the Loops, there were still moments in life that he loved to sit back and enjoy. Trucy practicing her magic tricks with him was a particular favorite of his. She might not be the exact same one he remembered, but she was still his daughter, and that was all that mattered to him.

Suddenly he blinked in confusion as he noticed that Trucy wasn't performing her next trick and was just standing in the middle of the living room. "Trucy?" He asked hesitantly.

She didn't respond, merely swaying on her feet, a dazed look in her eyes. "Uhh... Daddy? What's... this isn't my bed..."

Phoenix blinked in confusion. "Your bed?"

Trucy shook her head to clear the haze. "Yeah, my bed, I just went to sleep..." She blinked in confusion as she caught sight of Wright. "Daddy? Why are you wearing your hobo clothes?"

The lawyer's breath stuck in his throat. *'C-Could it be...?'* He barely dared to hope. "T-Trucy..." He asked hesitantly. "W-What's the last thing you remember?"

The young magician blinked in confusion before tilting her head in her usual thinking pose. "Well... we had just finished celebrating Simon's acquittal, right? We partied all night long and I performed my magic tricks!" She jerked in shock as a sudden realization hit her, causing her to look around frantically. "Hey, wait, where are Apollo and Athena? And Mr. Edgeworth and Mr. Blackquill too!"

'It is!' Phoenix choked back a sob. "T-Trucy..."

His daughter looked at him in confusion. "Daddy?" She yelped in shock when she was suddenly enveloped in a hug. "D-Daddy!?"

Phoenix didn't respond. He just stood there, holding her tightly as he was wracked with sobs. "T-Trucy... I... I missed you so much..."

Trucy was stock-still for a moment before she finally relaxed and slowly hugged her father right. "It's alright, Daddy. I'm here, everything is alright."

The Wright Anything Agency was filled with the sound of tears of joy.

2.1 - I'd take the Judge over the Queen of Hearts any day.

2.2 - **Turnabout Effect: Part 1** . Also Edgeworth's first Loop.

2.3 - Phoenix Wright: Mighty Magistrate.

2.4 - Maya's First Loop. It's moments like these that make the Loops Worth It.

2.5 - Phoenix's Introduction to the Multiverse, a repost of MLP Loop 86.9.

2.6 - **The W Turnabout: Turnabout Sisters Revised - Part 1** . A Fused Loop with Kamen Rider Double.

2.7 - **Turnabout Sisters Revised - Part 1 Interlude** . Terui had Woken Up that morning along with Akiko. Shotaro and Philip had Woken the day before and set the Narumi Detective Agency up in L.A.

2.8 - Not a lot of Loops touch on just how lonely Loopers, especially the Anchor, gets. To be able to not be alone anymore is truly heartwarming.

Chapter 3

3.1

"...And here's the host of Jeopardy! Alex Trebek!"

"Thank you, Johnny. And I must say, ladies and gentlemen, that this is one of the strangest rounds of Jeopardy! I've ever hosted," commented the aforementioned Trebek. "I mean, we have here a unicorn, a Pokemon, and a lawyer competing today. Not exactly your usual crowd. Oh, no offense meant," he apologized.

"Don't worry about it, Alex," Twilight Sparkle said amiably.

"I'll be honest; I didn't expect this either," Phoenix Wright admitted.

"...Why am I even here?" Mewtwo wondered. *"I don't even know what this show is!"* he complained.

"...Actually, neither do I," Twilight admitted.

"Seriously?" Phoenix asked in disbelief. " *You* of all people don't know what Jeopardy! is?"

Twilight blushed. "I *may* have been a bit distracted last time I was here..." she admitted.

"Okay then, guess it's up to me to explain," Phoenix mumbled before launching into an explanation. " Jeopardy! is a Quiz show where we compete for a cash prize. There are 6 categories with 5 questions each, with each question in a category getting progressively harder as you go along. One of the questions is a Daily Double, where you can bet up to all of your current score to try to answer one super hard question."

"Couldn't have put it better myself," Alex said, causing Phoenix to remember that he was there.

"Oh...sorry about that, Alex," he apologized. But he just waved the apology off.

"Don't worry about it. Now, these are the categories in today's round," he said, waving to the board. The categories lit up on the board. They were the following: **Magic is Friendship** , **Objection!** , **I choose you!** , **Move Tutoring** , **History of Law** , **Genetics** .

"...Those seem oddly tailor-made for this group," Mewtwo pointed out.

"They were the idea of this game's sponsor," Alex replied.

"Who's that?" Twilight wondered, just as a platform came down from the ceiling, revealing a familiar pig-tailed martial artist.

"RANMA?!" both of the other two present Anchors cried out in shock. Mewtwo was just confused; Pikachu had neglected to tell him about the O7.

The Original Anchor grinned in response. "Thought I'd make things more interesting," he said. "Don't mind me; just get on with the show!" he added as his platform retracted into the roof.

"Alright, so which of you will start first? ...How about you, Mewtwo?" Mr. Trebek asked.

Mewtwo started before looking at the board. *"Um... **Move Tutoring for $200?"*** he hesitantly asked.

"Alright, now here's the question:..."

3.2

Phoenix sighed. Because of his stupid glitchy Loop Start Time, he had Awoken barely a couple of weeks into his disbarment this time. Meaning that unless he could head off the Phantom quick enough,

the Dark Age of the Law was doomed to go as it did during baseline. Still, at least Trucy was Awake...and tugging on his hoodie?

"Daddy?" she asked. It was funny how small she looked to Phoenix now, despite being the same age of 8 she always was when he adopted her. For all that he had raised her Unawake self countless times throughout the Loops, never had she seemed as small as she did now when he could clearly see her teenage self looking out from behind her eyes.

"What is it, Truce?" he asked. Trucy looked down for a bit, as if thinking very heavily about something, before raising her head back up.

"Daddy...is it okay if I want to be a lawyer this Loop?" she asked.

Phoenix reacted in shock. Of all the things she could have asked, she asked *that* ? "Of course you can, Trucy. You can do whatever you want to do, as long as it's not illegal of course," he said. But he couldn't help but ask, "But why do you want to be a lawyer this Loop?"

Trucy looked down sadly. "You're the best Daddy I've ever had; not even my real Daddy was as good as you are. But all I've done so far in the Loops is magic, magic, and more magic. I feel like I haven't been appreciating you enough..." she said, before Phoenix cut her off.

"'Not appreciating me enough'? Trucy, I don't care about that," Phoenix said kindly. "You're my daughter, whatever you do is enough for me. And as for not appreciating me," he paused, taking his hat off his head. "This may not be the same hat you knitted me back in our baseline, but the same love is stitched into it," he continued. "How can I think you don't care when your love is always on my head?" he asked.

Trucy started tearing up. "Dad..." she mumbled as she leapt into Phoenix's arms. They held each other for a little while, before the

diminutive magician in red let go. "I still want to be a lawyer though, if only so I have an excuse to let off an 'OBJECTION!' every now and again," Trucy said.

Phoenix laughed. "Come on, Truce; you don't need an excuse to do that," he pointed out. Then he got serious. "Now, if you're serious about being a lawyer, remember the golden rule: 'A lawyer can only cry...'"

"'...when it's all over', right?" Trucy finished.

Phoenix nodded. "Right. Never forget that, and you should do fine. Now, depending on when you want to start practicing, you'll have to start the coursework at a certain time. When do you want to start practicing?" he asked.

To Trucy, the answer was obvious. "When Polly starts!" she declared.

Phoenix was taken aback. "Just seven years?!" he asked incredulously, before calming down. "In that case," he said, "We'll have to use the Franziska method. Good thing Edgeworth's Awake this Loop..."

"To Europe?" Trucy asked.

"To Europe!" was her father's reply.

Seven years later...

In the multiverse, a lot of things can change at the drop of a hat. In the case of this particular Loop, the butterfly that was Trucy Wright deciding to take up Law meant that while one 'Shadi Smith' was still murdered by a certain somebody with a German name, the one accused of the crime ended up completely different...

"Court is now in session for the Trial of Apollo Justice," the Judge proclaimed.

"The Prosecution is ready, Your Honor," screeched Winston Payne in his garish yellow suit.

Across the Courtroom, the Defense Lawyer licked her lips as a determined look formed on her face. As she adjusted her cufflinks, one could see her blue suit with pink tie, rather reminiscent of a certain Comeback King. The only thing that off-set the whole look was the incongruous blue hat on her head, but lawyers were allowed their little idiosyncrasies.

She slammed the desk. "The Defense is Ready, Your Honor!" declared 15-year-old Attorney, Trucy Wright.

3.3

"Hey look, a ladder!" Maya pointed out as she and Phoenix entered the Employee Area of Global Studios.

"Maya, that's a stepladder," Phoenix pointed out in an exasperated tone.

Suddenly, Maya got an irritated look on her face. "You know what? That's it! I'm tired of quibbling about this every Loop!" she exclaimed.

"Every *Loop* ?" Phoenix asked incredulously. *'Try every single* Case *,'* he thought to himself.

Maya ignored him as she brought out her phone and opened the Internet browser. "I'm getting to the bottom of this; just what is the difference?!" she wondered...loudly.

Unfortunately, that was when the Loop ended due to Lina Inverse being on the other side of the world. While Lina got sent to Eiken, Phoenix and Maya were sent to Equestria, where Maya proceeded

to continuously bug Twilight for the rest of the Loop over what the difference was.

3.4

"Hey, Nick? Why do you think most Loopers go a bit crazy?" Maya couldn't help but ask Phoenix.

"Huh...that's a bit of a tricky question, Maya," he admitted. "I'm not sure what it is for everyone, but I think it has something to do with the monotony of living your life over and over again. Maybe it's also a question of age. I'm not really the right one to ask," he pointed out. After all, he was only a Crash Generation Anchor.

"I guess that's true..." she agreed. Then, she changed the subject. "By the way, Nick?"

"Yes, Maya?"

"Why is it that when we tried to have a picnic, we've now ended up hanging off a cliff?"

"Because our luck is schizophrenic, Maya. It has been since baseline."

3.5 (jxz)

Phoenix just sighed. It was all that he could do.

The Loop had started as normal, but there was a little difference. First, they were in Japan (Not unusual, half of the Loops they ended in that country), and it seemed that it was a Fused Loop, Layton and Luke notwithstanding.

Then one of the heroes of the other Loop was accused of murder in cold blood...

"The Court is now in session for the Murder of King Selfish!" The Selfish made from the heart of the Judge said.

... And now he had to protect Cure Sword for a crime she didn't commit.

"The prosecution is ready?"

"Yes. Now let's end this before I get bored," Bell, the prosecutor of the trial, and real murderer, said.

"And the defence?"

"I just have one question, your highness," Phoenix said.

"And that is?" The Selfish Judge asked.

"Why do I have to become a male Cure for this trial?"

"I don't know. Ask your assistant."

Phoenix turned to Mana, his main assistant for the trial. "Why?"

"I wanted to see how 'Cure Lawyer' would look," she said with a smile on her face.

"And Maya asks me why I don't want to defend magical girls anymore..." Phoenix thought, as he felt Maya taking photos of him.

He just hoped she wouldn't show them to the others, or the shame he felt that time he defended Rainbow Dash would be really soft compared to what he would feel now.

3.6 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"Finish Him!"

Phoenix awoke just as he finished his opponent, and now he had to perform his special move to kill his enemy. It made him sick to his stomach, so instead, he pulled out an old man wig, his judge robe and a hammer and stand. He pointed the gravel at his opponent and shouted, "This Court finds you...

Guilty!"

And with a heavy slam of his gravel on the stand, two police officers appeared out of nowhere, leading his opponent away in chains.

"Legality!"

3.7 (Golden Darkness)

"What's the meaning of this? Why is there a child standing across from me?"

Having dealt with Manfred von Karma for so many times throughout the Loops, Phoenix Wright just kept his cool and stood his ground. The man just didn't frighten him anymore. The now nine-year-old lawyer did however had to repress a smirk that was starting to form. "Oh, you're talking about me? I'm assisting Mr. Edgeworth here as a fellow ace attorney. Together, we will prove that our client isn't Isaac Dover's killer."

"Pre- preposterous! A seven-year-old attorney? Do you take me for a fool?" The 50 year old prosecutor snapped his fingers. "Bailiff, remove that child! I will not have him make a mockery of the court!"

"Objection!" Despite being merely a child, the lawyer's desk slam was as loud as ever. "For your information, Prosecutor von Karma, I have an provisional attorney's badge pinned to my jacket. As long I have an adult lawyer supervising my actions, I can stand in court as an attorney. And furthermore, I'm nine years old, not seven!"

"Mr. Wright is correct," the judge chimed in. "I'm surprised that you of all people are surprised at this, Prosecutor von Karma. The lad becoming a lawyer was reported on the news, after all, but I didn't expect him to get involved in an on-going trial as his first case."

"You... you can't be serious." For a moment, Phoenix could see an unnerved look on the prosecutor's face. As predicted, the prosecutor did not deal well with him joining the defense in the middle of Jeffrey Master's trial, which boded well for his plans. Given that Phoenix's achievement of passing the bar and getting a conditional license to practice law at such a young age was quite the newsmaker, the fact that von Karma was ignorant of this most likely meant that he was ignorant of Phoenix's investigations into the IS-7 Incident as well. A fact that he was ready to take full advantage of.

The unnerved look proved only to be fleeting as von Karma regained his confidant pose. "Fine then, but you'll regret facing me," the prosecutor stated, staring at the child lawyer. "I will not hold back because you're a child! A fool who can not see his client is guilty!"

"No, you're the one who is going to regret pursuing our client as the real murderer!" Phoenix's declaration set the gallery abuzz in sound. They must not have expected someone so young to be so confident against a veteran with a 25-year record of nothing but convictions. To his side, Phoenix could see Raymond Shields, Gregory's protégé, give a thumbs up in approval, while the father of Miles was calm as ever.

Before the prosecutor could retort, the sound of the gavel striking wood reverberated through the courtroom, silencing the gallery.

"Enough, both of you," the judge warned. "Save the arguments for the trial."

3.8 (Leonite)

Phoenix couldn't help but feel a little tense as he walked into the Detention Center. Usually when he was approached to defend someone it was by the client directly. That he had been asked directly by the Detention Center to come down instead was definitely an oddity, but at the same time not entirely unexpected. Even so, he hadn't been told anything else even as he strolled up to the visiting room. Maya wasn't with him for the moment as she had to deal with some emergency Kurain business so he felt oddly alone. As he approached the door he stopped. He heard someone speaking on the other side. He couldn't make out the words but he definitely heard a young voice... the voice of a young boy. One that sounded a little familiar.

Phoenix opened the door slowly and stepped through... and could barely hold back his shock. Sitting on the visitors side of the room was a young boy in blue, including a blue flat hat... and on the side of the accused was a man in dark clothing and a top hat. A soft smile was on his face as he spotted the defense attorney enter. "Ah, Mr Wright, welcome. I trust that the sudden summons didn't drive you too loopy," the man commented, his voice coming out well spoken and- wait what did he just say? Phoenix glanced over at the boy who looked back at him almost expectantly... and then a grin slowly crossed Phoenix's face.

"It's been a long time, Luke, Professor."

Luke, the young boy, was practically beaming as Phoenix said this and even Professor Layton, the well dressed gentleman, couldn't help but smile a little more. "Not since the baseline I take it?" Layton asked. Phoenix inwardly sighed in relief knowing that he wouldn't have to give Layton the 'Welcome to the Multiverse' speech.

"Not once... but I still remember it. Maya still remembers it," Phoenix admits.

Luke hops out of the chair, letting Phoenix sit in it. "Oh, so Miss Maya is Looping too?" He asked eagerly.

"Yeah, but she's a little busy at the moment," Phoenix said with a smile. Even so he looked at Luke and saw not simply the boy that had helped him in Labyrinthia for a time, but a man who had matured, an aspiring gentleman to be sure... almost like the Professor. "But I'm willing to guess you didn't ask for me for small talk," Phoenix continued as he turned his attention to Professor Layton.

Layton nodded. "Indeed, although it was my intention to visit you and Miss Maya while Luke and I had a little vacation," Layton said. "However there was an incident at the airport with a rather rude man."

"And let me guess..." Phoenix noted with a sigh. "He's ended up dead and you've been accused of his murder. Right?"

"I take it that this is a common scenario for you?" Layton asked.

Phoenix sighed and nodded slowly. "My time with the Lawyer Exchange program was an exception... a lot of my big cases all end up being murder cases." He said.

"Even if they involve animals?" Luke asked curiously.

"I usually end up defending a water park whale in a few years, but that's it," Phoenix answered as he thought to himself, *'Because I'm never telling Luke about the OTHER time I encountered a parrot in the courtroom.'* Phoenix shook his head a bit. "But back to the crime... you want me to defend you Professor?"

"But of course. I've seen how you've handled yourself in a courtroom before after all," Layton remarked. "In fact, if you are lacking an assistant, perhaps Luke could assist you for the duration?"

Luke smiled at Phoenix, who couldn't help but grin back. "Actually that's not such a bad idea. A sharp mind is always useful on a case," Phoenix said.

"I won't let you down, Mr. Wright!" Luke insisted. He had a bit of a spring in his step now.

Phoenix slowly turned to look at Layton."Just one thing though, Professor. Why do they think you did it?" he asked. After all, they had to have some sort of motive to stick him with.

Layton frowned and pull forward the brim of his hat... and then the room around them seemed to go dark and cold, chains rattling as they surrounded the Professor with a pair of red locks holding them together. "That... is something you may have to figure out yourself Mr. Wright."

3.9 (farsan)

"OBJECTION!" Phoenix yelled. "According to the Magical Contract Law of 1749, a summoner CAN'T be held liable of the actions of a channeled spirit if the contractor withheld relevant information! My client wasn't informed that the spirit held a grudge against the victim!"

Phoenix's triumphant smile fell when he saw the Judge's confused face.

Did he actually...

A quick glance to the livid face of the Prosecutor, gritting her teeth as she clenched her whip in her hands confirmed it.

He had just cited a law from a completely different legal system from another universe.

Again.

This was going to hurt...

3.10 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Mayor Mare sighed as she looked over to the two ponies, "I'm sorry, Miss Scratch, but according to Zoning Laws section 11 paragraph 2, sentence 3 of the Ponyville charter does not allow for Nightclubs in the outer district."

Vinyl's partner looked up from his book, "OBJECTION! These laws were put in place over 50 years ago during the days of Nightmare Moon's cult to prevent radicals from gathering in this rural community. It has since been repealed by the Lunar Charter, 3 months ago that simultaneously pardoned Nightmare Moon's cultists and allowed evening establishment like nightclubs a place in towns and cities once again."

Phoenix slammed his hoof against the table, "My client saw a niche in the Ponyville Marketplace and seeks to rectify it and earn a decent livelihood. Surely, Mayor Mare, you would not want the newspapers to declare Ponyville a job killing town by driving potential business owners because of outdated laws, would you?"

3.11 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

It was many firsts for Phoenix, first for negotiating a release of a hostage (which was an android of the old man's daughter), a first for using such high tech gadgets like briefcase rocket, and the first time he had seen a giant android terrorizing his city, the city of amnesia. The military couldn't put a dent into the android, so it was up to him.

Phoenix sighed and lifted his watch to his mouth, "Now Big O, it's show time!"

Two massive hands broke through the street below him as a blue mecha rose to match Dorothy-1. Those two hands deposited Phoenix into its...cockpit for lack of a better term. His hands moved with purpose as he allowed his Loop Memories to guide him, flipping switches and pushing what seemed to be typewriter buttons. A

circular pair of joysticks lowered around him and a screen raised up from the floor. The screen flickered on, the following scrolling across the screen:

CAST IN THE NAME OF GOD

YE NOT GUILTY

Phoenix grinned and decided to just roll with it, "Big O, and action!"

3.1 - You may recognize this from my Pokemon Loops and Saph's MLP Loops. Yeah, I went a bit nuts with posting it.

3.2 - Trucy Wright: Ace Attorney.

3.3 - Wikis are useless! I was going to have a better punchline, but Wikipedia couldn't tell me the exact difference.

3.4 - When you consider that Phoenix fell off a burning bridge and into a rushing river and only got a cold, it makes sense.

3.5 - Mana Aida, Cure Heart from Dokidoki Pretty Cure, by the way. Still need to watch that for the SOTRC project.

3.6 - Only Phoenix can get away with not killing somebody in Mortal Kombat.

3.7 - Take That, Franziska!

3.8 - Professor Layton VS Ace Attorney is a Tandem Run, where two Loops cross in baseline. Like Classic Mega Man and Sonic the Hedgehog.

3.9 - -Wince- That had to hurt...

3.10 - Incidentally, he was a Unicorn.

3.11 - Big O is supposedly a lot like Batman: The Animated Series. Haven't seen it myself though, so I wouldn't know.

Chapter 4

4.1

Phoenix sighed in relaxation. Compared to how hectic the court system was back home, the system in the Hub was much more relaxing. *'Why DID they change the court systems all over the world back home to emulate the Japanese model anyway?'* he wondered. Just as he was about to pick up the TV remote, there was an incessant knocking on the door to his in-Loop apartment. Sighing in annoyance this time and hoping it wasn't a salesman, he went to the door. When he opened it, it was to see Edgeworth's frowning face.

"Edgeworth," Phoenix greeted. "What's the matter?" he asked, seeing the look on his friend's face.

"Wright, have you been checking the Internet lately?" Edgeworth demanded without ceremony, coming inside as well.

"Um, no. You know I have problems with computers, Edgeworth," Phoenix pointed out.

"Why am I not surprised you have no clue what is going on," Edgeworth sighed. He went over to Phoenix's room and turned on his computer. Which was incredibly easy too. "Wright! Don't you have any computer security?! I was able to log in without a password!" he yelled.

"I told you, I'm no good with computers," Phoenix grumbled. "What is this about anyway?" he questioned while Edgeworth had opened his Internet browser.

"Brentalfloss...alright, here. Listen to this," Edgeworth ordered as he pulled up a certain Youtube video.

After watching it, Phoenix could only look at it with a deadpan face. "What. Was. That," he almost said rather than asked.

"That, would be the work of our *fanbase* ," Edgeworth said disapprovingly.

"...Well, I guess I can't fault them for enthusiasm," Phoenix said begrudgingly.

"Suppose so. By the way, our series here is getting another game. It's going to tell the story of one Ryuunosuke Naruhodou. Since your Japanese name is Ryuichi Naruhodou, you wouldn't happen to know who he is, would you?" Edgeworth questioned.

"Him of all people is getting a game?" Phoenix questioned. "Huh...wonder if that means he's going to start Looping soon," he wondered.

"So he really is related to you?" Edgeworth asked.

"Oh yeah. But his name wasn't Ryuunosuke Naruhodou, it was-"

4.2

Phoenix sighed, just sitting at his desk and enjoying some nice, quiet relaxation. He was lucky that he had Awoken just in time to stop himself from presenting the evidence that sealed his fate and got him disbarred, but after this, he'd have an ordeal ahead of him. Aside from having to deal with the case surrounding the Phantom and Metis Cykes (which he still had not been able to adequately get around so that not only did everyone live, but the Phantom was caught as well), the next seven years tended to be very variable in the kinds of cases he received. A lot of them tended to be even more headache-inducing than the cases he, Apollo, and Athena had taken in baseline! But he typically got a few months of rest before it started, so he was just going to enjoy it for as long as it...

KNOCK KNOCK

"It's open!" Phoenix said in a resigned tone. He had thought that he'd be able to spend some more time relaxing, but either he had a client, or there was yet another door-to-door salesman on his case.

As it turned out, it was neither. It was Maya, who was looking rather put-off. "Maya, what's up?" Phoenix asked.

"Nick...I just saw Gregory Edgeworth walking around on the street," Maya said in a creeped-out tone.

"Wait, what?!" Phoenix asked in shock. "Are you sure?!" he hurriedly asked. If Edgeworth found out, he was going to go ballistic again. Every time his father seemed to be in their contemporary time period, Edgeworth tended to immediately find him in an attempt to see if he was Looping. Unfortunately, it was usually an imposter trying to scam someone, or, on the rare occasions it was him, he wasn't Looping so Miles tended to get incredibly depressed, as well as fly off the handle at the slightest provocation.

'He usually gets over it after the Loop ends, but I'm not going to let his hopes get crushed again! We got to make sure Edgeworth doesn't find out!' Phoenix thought to himself.

"Where did you see him?!" Phoenix asked.

"Funny thing that. He was standing outside the office, as if contemplating it. But he left just as soon as I walked in. I think he was heading somewhere downtown," Maya hurriedly said.

"Come on!" Phoenix said, rushing out the door. As Maya rushed outside after him, a roaring sound was heard. Out from behind the office, Phoenix pulled up in front of Maya on a Honda CBR1000RR Motorcycle, painted white with blue highlights. There was a yellow 'E' painted on the side, and the front of it looked suspiciously like a certain Rider's helmet. Technically speaking, this was Phoenix's Rider Machine, the Machine EternalBoilder, a gift from Shotaro and Philip before that Loop had ended. Phoenix had placed the bike in his Subspace Pocket after all was said and done, and Maya tended

to rib him endlessly over him caring enough to get a Motorcycle License every Loop after, but not a Driver's License.

Phoenix motioned to Maya, and, after retrieving her helmet from her Pocket, she got on behind him. Phoenix revved up the engine as they rode into downtown Los Angeles.

As the two drove near the Precinct, Maya noticed the person they were after standing in front of it. *'Oh no! If Gumshoe sees him, he'll immediately tell Miles!"* she panicked. "Nick! In front of the Precinct!" she yelled over the wind.

"Got it!" Phoenix replied, the Ace Attorney turning into the Precinct's parking lot in a hurry.

4.3 (TrueZero2)

"Alright, nobody move! We received a report from the building across the way; the caller claims that they witnessed a murder. Please bear with us while we investigate, and I ask that you cooperate with us."

This was an interesting Loop for Carmelita. No Sly and the Gang, but she was human for this one. The catch was that she'd Looped in as an Inspector from the city's police force. From the look of her Loop memories, she was one that had a tendency to jump to conclusions, but ultimately got the right culprits. She'd also discovered that her name here was Carly Gumshoe.

Well, she'd be going all out this time around.

"Men, cordon off this room and start the investigation!" She shouted, as she approached the victim's corpse and the girl that was knelt beside it.

"Hey, are you alright?" Carmelita asked, placing her hand on the girl's shoulder. "I'm Carly. What's your name?"

"M-Maya… my sis… why'd someone decide to kill her?!" Maya replied, struggling to keep herself from breaking down right there.

"I don't know, but I intend to find out," Carly replied. "Come on, let's sit down and calm you down a little, I'm afraid that right now I need to gather all the evidence I can, and part of that means that I need your statement."

She turned to the man that had been in the room when she entered.

"Is there anywhere that we can use to sit down and talk?"

"Yeah, right over here," the man replied, leading Carmelita and Maya over to a small furniture suite.

"My name's Phoenix Wright. I work here, and the victim was both my employer and my mentor, Mia Fey."

"Ok, thanks for your assistance. I'd like to take a statement from you as well, see if we can get an idea on what's going on."

After Phoenix had given his statement, he and Carmelita had managed to help Maya calm down enough to give hers.

"Detective Gumshoe! We believe that we've found incriminating evidence!" One of the officers that had been investigating said, presenting Carmelita with a clear plastic bag with a scrap of paper inside. On the paper, written in blood, was Maya's name.

"Not good. Maya, I'm afraid that right now, I've got to take you to the station for further questioning. I wish that there was some other way, but this evidence points to you, so my hands are tied." Carmelita said before turning to an officer. "I'd like you to escort Miss Fey to the detention center. Treat her carefully. She's a suspect yes, but keep in mind that she's not fully fit for questioning at this time."

With a salute, the officer approached Maya.

"Please, come with me, Miss."

As the officer led Maya out of the office, Phoenix turned to Carmelita.

"That's more care than the usual detective takes during this case. So, how're you enjoying this Loop?" He asked.

"I had a feeling that you were a little too calm. It's different from the norm for me, but it'll be good to do a little police work for once. Looper?" Carmelita replied.

"Anchor," Phoenix replied. "And to be perfectly honest, this never really gets any easier to deal with. After all, Mia was my mentor in the Baseline. I can tell you though that Maya is innocent. The call was made by the killer's accomplice."

"Alright then, where do we start?" Carmelita asked.

"I thought you were the detective on this case?"

"I'm the Inspector, yes. I should be able to set things up so that Maya receives you as her Attorney, and then I'll work to help you where needed. I'm not about to let an innocent girl be declared a murderer," Carmelita replied, "Now if you'll excuse me, I've got some paperwork to deal with and a young girl to help. I'll see you at the detention centre, but you should probably head there now."

With that, Carmelita left the room, leaving Phoenix in there on his own.

"Huh. This Loop seems like it'll be-" Phoenix started, as Carmelita poked her head back into the room.

"Erm, Phoenix? I kind of need you to come with me. I got a little carried away there."

Yeah, this would be an interesting Loop alright.

"On my way, Inspector," Phoenix replied. "We've got a job to do."

4.4 (OracleMask)

Naegi wilted a little at the stern look the bartender gave him once he sat down. He'd never been to Eden Hall himself before, but he'd heard about it from visiting loopers. The stern look softened a bit once the famous bartender behind the counter noticed he was intimidating his newest customer.

Though to be fair, it wasn't that Ryu was being all that scary: Naegi tended to get nervous around unfamiliar people these days. Too many loops in a row hosting visitors who managed to make things worse or at least far more complicated than necessary while trying to 'improve' the situation was hell on his nerves.

The most recent one had had some guy named Light replacing Kirigiri as the Super High School Level Detective, and it had ended... *messily* .

"Sorry," Ryu apologized, "But the rule is no alcoholic drinks unless you are physically of age to process it."

"That's alright," Naegi replied, "I'll take a soft drink instead."

It turned out that Eden Hall had milkshakes on the menu as well as alcohol, and really *good* milkshakes at that. Naegi relaxed and savored every bit of his as slowly as he possibly could. He'd only gotten halfway through when a tired-looking man in a business suit sat at the bar next to him. Unlike Naegi, this was clearly a more usual customer because the bartender had a drink (it was something purple) ready for him as soon as he'd sat down.

"Hmm? Haven't seen you around here before," the man in the business suit said after spotting Naegi next to him, "Are you a new looper?"

"No, I've been looping for a while," Naegi replied, "I've heard about this place from other loopers, but I've never been here before."

"Really? What a shame. I'm Phoenix Wright, pleased to meet you."

"I'm Naegi Makoto," Naegi replied, shaking the man's outstretched hand, "Um, by 'Phoenix Wright', do you by any chance mean you're that character from that lawyer game...?"

"I might be a video game character in your world, but I assure you that I'm very real," Phoenix replied, sounding a touch amused.

"Ah, sorry, didn't mean to offend," Naegi said hastily.

Then his expression brightened.

"In that case...could I ask you for some legal advice? In my loops -"

"Let me stop you right there," Phoenix interrupted, "Just because I'm a lawyer doesn't mean my advice will help that much with your loop's specific legal system. Especially since I don't think I've been to yours before."

"Even general advice would be helpful. You see, in my loops we have what's called a Class Trial..."

"...and then we get a few days, if we're lucky, of wandering around in a post-apocalyptic wasteland before the reset," Naegi concluded, "I think it has something to do with how fast we get to Enoshima, but I'm not one hundred percent sure yet."

Belatedly, Naegi realized that Phoenix was staring at him with wide eyes. And it occurred to Naegi that maybe living out Hope Academy time and time again had desensitized him a little bit to how *horrific* the School Life of Mutual Killing was compared to other loops.

Naegi fidgeted for a minute. He was about to say something before Phoenix abruptly pushed his glass back across the bar.

"I'm going to need something stronger. One for my friend as well."

Naegi was about to protest, but to his surprise, the bartender only nodded and produced two glasses of something else that was also purple. Feeling immensely awkward, Naegi took a tiny sip. And then another one, just to make sure.

"Is this...prune juice?"

"So what?" Phoenix replied, a little defensive, "It's a warrior's drink."

Other loopers, Naegi promptly decided, were *weird* .

4.5 (XeroM52)

Phoenix was the first to admit that this had been a long time coming. It surprised him how Maya hadn't done this sooner; specially after their visit to Naruto's Loop.

Sighing, Phoenix sighed as he put the morning newspaper down.

"Mysterious Hero Emerges!

Who is the Pink Princess?"

Despite knowing Maya was capable of defending herself, Phoenix naturally worried for her; it was a dangerous world out there. But as long as these heroics limited themselves to stopping purse snatchers and things like that, everything would be just fine.

' *Me and my big mouth* !' Phoenix thought as he was held at gunpoint in a failed attempt at a bank robbery.

"Don't move! Take another step, Pink Princess, and the porcupine head gets it!" The gunman said as he pressed the barrel against the side of Phoenix Head.

' *Hey, watch it with the hair jokes* !' Phoenix wanted to say, but he didn't feel brave, or suicidal, enough to voice his complaints. ' *Please*

Maya! Do something! '

"Don't worry Mister Wright, I'll save you!" The Pink Princess announced as she gave a heroic pose.

"I said don't move!" At that, the gunman made the serious mistake of taking the gun away from Phoenix's head and aimed directly at the Pink Princess.

Something she took advantage of, "MOMOIRO SHURIKEN!" she shouted as she threw a blunt pink shuriken that knocked away the robber's gun.

"What the…!?" Was all the robber could utter before he was pummeled to the ground by the Pink Princess trademarked Power Pink Punch.

"Are you alright, Nick?" Maya asked as she helped Phoenix stand from the ground.

"I'm alright, Maya. Thanks." Phoenix reassured her. He could get out of a situation like that, but that would've made everyone that knew him suspicious of him; because he was the mild-mannered Phoenix Wright after all, not a kung-fu expert **(OTO: Or a Kamen Rider…)** .

"Thank goodness! Now I have to help untie the other hostages, see you later tonight at my secret lair!" Maya said before going to help others in the bank.

' *Secret lair? Since when my office is your secret lair Maya?!* '

Later that night, Phoenix was waiting at the office for Maya to finish her 'patrol'. That's was until a knock came from the door.

' *Huh? Who could that be?* ' Phoenix wondered. It couldn't be Maya since she got the habit of entering through the window. Something she got from Kakashi in the Naruto Loop.

Opening the door, Phoenix found his childhood friend and court rival, Miles Edgeworth at the door. "Oh Edgeworth! I wasn't expecting you to visit." Especially because Edgeworth was not Awake this Loop.

"I apologize for arriving unannounced but I need to have a word with you immediately." Edgeworth said in his classic refined manner. "May I be allow to enter?"

"Of course, please come inside, Edgeworth." Phoenix led him in wondering what was so important that Edgeworth had to come personally this late at night. "May I offer you some coffee?" Something that was vital when waiting for Maya late at night.

"No thank you." Edgeworth declined and jumped straight to business. "Wright, I've came to ask you a very important question and I want you to answer me with the truth!"

"W-what is it Edgeworth?" Phoenix didn't like the solemn tone his friend was using. It would always mean bad news.

"This couple of months, I noticed you have been involved in several 'incidents', all of which the famous vigilante known as the Pink Princess ends up involved."

"Really? I-I haven't noticed..." Phoenix was trying to remain composed under the Edgeworth scrutiny.

"Don't take me as a fool, Wright! I'm neither blind nor stupid to not realize what is going on!" At this point Phoenix was starting to sweat. He should've known Edgeworth would've put two and two together.

"Now tell me the truth, Wright! What is your relationship with the Pink Princess?" Edgeworth demanded seriously.

"Relationship…?" Phoenix repeated dumbfounded.

"Do not play ignorant! I can see that the Pink Princess and you have a secret affair!"

"A-Affair…?!"

"Must I spell it out for you, Wright? It is obvious you have an affair; why would someone like the Pink Princess would go out of her way to save you over and over again?" Not to mention that one time the Pink Princess interrupted court to deliver an important piece of evidence that helped Phoenix win a case.

"Wait, Edgeworth! You got it all wrong! There is nothing going on between the Pink Princess and me!" Well other than friendship, but that wasn't the point. "I'm just unlucky enough to get involved in dangerous situations where the Pink Princess always ends up involved, that's all."

"Hn, is that so?" Edgeworth looked at him suspiciously.

"I swear, Edgeworth!"

"Ok then." Edgeworth finally said, making Phoenix mentally sighed in relief. "In that case I want you to deliver this to the Pink Princess next time you find yourself in another 'incident'"

Phoenix then took a white enveloped intended for the Pink Princess.

"Wait, Edgeworth, is this…?" Phoenix couldn't finish his sentence because he didn't like the implications.

"Do I have to remind you that whatever is written in that envelope, it's only meant for the Pink Princess to read, and that reading other people's mail is against the law, Wright?"

"Y-yes. Of course." Just his luck; apparently Edgeworth had a secret crush for the Pink Princess. Who was Maya. Something he didn't know how to feel about. ' *Does Edgeworth have some sort of Toku-Hero fetish?* '

"Then I shall bid you farewell for tonight, Wright." Edgeworth said as he got up. "I shall see you another time."

"Yes. Uh…have a good night, Edgeworth!" Phoenix said as he too got up and showed his friend to the door.

"Good night, Wright!" And with that, Edgeworth was finally gone.

Then a window behind him opened and Maya, still dressed as the Pink Princess dropped in. "Hello, Nick! You wouldn't believe what happened later today after I saved you."

"And you wouldn't believe what happened to me just now!" Phoenix said as he got away from the door and towards Maya, wondering if he should deliver the letter or lie to Edgeworth and say he lost it.

"Well…since I know your story won't beat mine, I'll Iet you go first!"

"Well you see…" But before he could begin his tale, the front door suddenly opened.

"Excuse me, Wright, but I forgot to tell you..." Edgeworth trailed off when he saw who was now in Phoenix's apartment.

"Well, ****!" Phoenix ended up cursing.

4.6 (generiguy)

"Objection objection!" yelled Phoenix.

"Objection objection objection! Objection objection objection, objection?" asked Edgeworth.

"Objection objection, objection. Objection objection objection."

"Objection objection objection! Objection objection objection objection."

" **OBJECTION!** "

"...objection."

4.7 (jxz)

Von Karma fumed. How dare that Edgeworth destroy his perfect record? He would pay. He would pay with his life!

He reached the elevator where that excuse of a lawyer and his son were. He pulled the trigger...

And suddenly, everything went red.

Von Karma suddenly found himself in front of the kid of Edgeworth, Miles. But... He looked older. And he was in the judge's place? And what was he doing in the accused stand? And why did it become a jail hanging over a fire pit?!

The young Edgeworth looked at Von Karma, with an expression that shouted "revenge" all over the place. His anger was so hard, Von Karma could swear he felt the entire power of it throwing him out of balance.

"Manfred Von Karma..." The kid(?) said. "For your crimes of forging evidence, and intent of homicide, I judge you... GUILTY!"

Suddenly, the jail started to fall at terminal speed towards the fire! Von Karma felt the fire touching him, burning his very soul.

He screamed...

And everything turned back to normal... Well, almost. Von Karma was still screaming, and foaming by the mouth.

An almost unconscious Edgeworth smiled. It was really hard to use the Sharingan he had learnt from Sasuke without killing Manfred, but it worked anyway. And now that guy had what he got deserved.

His last thoughts before drifting to sleep were how to make Franziska come with him... or he coming with her to Europe. He had to think on that in his dreams.

4.8 (crossoverpairinglover)

"...and now Ragyo's sueing me for character defamation, libel and for calling her an old hag!" a rather angry looking teenage girl with a red streak in her hair and a black and red uniform that seemed to have a face

[[RYUKO MATOI and SENKETSU!]]

[[Main Character and her super powered, sentient looping Sailor Fuku!]]

explained to Phoenix,

[[PHOENIX WRIGHT: ACE ATTORNEY!]]

[[Drinker of Grape Juice and Defender of Justice!]]

who was observing her with some level of unease about how an attempt to bring down a big bad without violence, mass property damage or having one's internal organs removed went rather wrong. "I've heard you're the best looping lawyer in the multiverse...would you be able to get her off my back?"

"I always take a case, though I do have to point out that it may be hard to get a jury to convict the voice of a world controlling clothing hive mind who has the indirect ability to affect the minds of people wearing cloths over the age of 20, which would cause problems with the Jury Pool."

[[MIND CONTROLLING CLOTHING!]]

[[MORTAL ENEMY OF JUSTICE!]]

"Though I believe that we will need something we can tangibly use to aide in your defense." Phoenix looked pensive for a momen.t "Tell me, do you have anything that does not require future knowledge that could allow for Ragyo to be put into a corner where she will have to leave you alone?"

Ryuko briefly considered mentioning what Ragyo did to Satsuki, but she had no way to prove that at the moment. Also, Satsuki had threatened to kill her loop after loop if she brought that up without her permission to anyone, especially other loopers.

No, there was...a better option. More dangerous for her at the start, yes...but it had several options to it.

[[RYUKO MATOI, DAUGHTER OF RAGYO KIRYUIN!]]

[[IT IS A RATHER GOOD THING THAT RAGYO BELIEVES HER DEAD!]]

[[NO KIDDING, SHE MAKES GENDO LOOK LIKE FATHER OF THE YEAR!]]

"I have an idea...it's a little crazy, but all we need is my DNA and either her DNA or Satsuki's."

The lawsuit was derailed after Ragyo was informed of this, and the alterations of her plans allowed for the non looping Satsuki's murder plot to be advanced and have her disposed of while she was trying to abduct Ryuko and start the end of the world.

After sharing grape juice with the attorney, Ryuko decided to back to just killing Ragyo as quickly as possible. The legal system really didn't work in a world where explosions solved everything.

That, and Nui Harime was M.I.A, which was never a good thing.

4.9 (XeroM52)

Phoenix sighed in frustration. He knew it. This was going to be one of THOSE Loops. Why? For starters, he wasn't called Phoenix in this Loop but Ryuichi. That wouldn't have been much on its own as half the time in the Loops he was called that. But the current situation that he was in could only led to trouble.

"Well, this is no problem at all, Ryuichi-kun!" Arisato Maiko, matriarch of the Arisato Clan, said amicably. "Now I want you to meet my lovely daughters!"

"This is Chihiro, she's nineteen; Next is Mayoi, she's sixteen; and finally Harumi, she's twelve."

"Nice to meet you all!" Phoenix/Ryuichi greeted as formally as he could despite how awkward he felt.

"Now I want you to choose one of them as your future wife!" Maiko announced. Much to the horror of everyone involved, especially Phoenix.

First he gets cursed in the spring of drowned girl, which now transforms him into a woman, who bizarrely looks exactly like Iris, whenever he gets splashed in cold water. And now he was forced to choose between his Mentor, his assistant, or pseudo-little sister as his future wife.

Things couldn't possibly get worse.

"Ryuichi, I know what you are thinking and believe me, it can get worse," His in-Loop father, Saotome Ranma, whispered in his ear.

And worse it got…

"Saotome Ryuichi! I'll never accept your engagement with the fair Mayoi!" Kuno Reiji, or as Phoenix knew him as, Miles Edgeworth, attacked him with a wooden sword.

' *Just what I needed, a delusional Edgeworth that fancies himself as a samurai!'*

"Die, Ryuichi! Because of you, I've seen Hell!" Hibiki Masashi, aka Larry Butz attacked him with an umbrella.

' *Ok, this is getting ridiculous!* '

"Reiji, my brother, I decided that Ryuichi-darling shall become my future husband!" Kuno Mei, aka Franziska von Karma, had him tied upside down a tree with a gymnastic ribbon.

' *Whatever deity is in charge, please strike me down now!* "

4.1 - Brentalfloss. That's all you need to know. Oh, and hooray for Dai Gyakuten Saiban! Since most of the game is in London, I hope it's localized!

4.2 - Edgeworth does not react well to Gregory impersonators. You wouldn't either in his position. I'll probably continue this...hopefully.

4.3 - That's Carmelita Fox, from Sly Cooper. Or rather, Carmelita Cooper. Yep. She and Sly got married. Oh, and Phoenix Awoke right there, once again too late to stop Redd White. Poor Phoenix.

4.4 - Dangan Ronpa, from my understanding at least, plays rather similarly to Ace Attorney, although it's a bit bleaker.

4.5 - Maya, don't you have a Lost Driver? ...Oops! Spoilers~.

4.6 - Objection objection objection, objection! (Translation: A perfectly ordinary day in the Ace Attorney verse, or so says Awkward Zombie.)

4.7 - That sounds like a Loop on its own. Uchiha Reiji: Ace Shinobi.

4.8 - Wright la Wright. Haven't seen Kill la kill myself, but I hear it's a lot like Gurren Lagann, and it's even worked on by the same team.

4.9 - Ryuichi ½. And this won't be the last time a Ranma Fused Loop messes with Phoenix...

Chapter 5

5.1

"OBJECTION!"

"The defendant had no way of stabbing the victim with the knife!" Phoenix declared at the same time as he Awoke.

"And why's that, Mr. Wright?" the Judge questioned, flipping his gavel around in his hand. Phoenix quickly tried to rifle through his Loop Memories, when his eyes landed on the defendant's chair. Then he paled as he noticed what the defendant *was* .

"Because the defendant is a giant bee!" he yelled in horror. Indeed, a giant bee was buzzing above the chair. Upon realizing that it was, in fact, a bee, the entire courtroom screamed in terror. This upset the bee, and it began dive bombing every one it could. Phoenix and the Awake Miles and Maya immediately ran for it.

The Judge smacked his gavel down twice. "ThiscourtfindsthedefendantNotGuiltyAAAAAH!" he screamed, hightailing it out of there. The entire courthouse was evacuated, running away from the giant bee that just would not leave them alone.

5.2 (Crisis and myself)

"Was that... a soup can label you just flashed?"

"No, it's my attorney badge!"

"Really, because it looked a lot like a soup can label... Can you show it to me again?"

"Okay, there!" the item was shown for an instant before being stuffed back into the pocket it came from. "Happy now?"

"That looked more like your driver's license. An expired one at that."

"Oh, come on! Let me into the courtroom already!"

"Not until I can verify your attorney badge, which could be a while if you keep yanking it back like that."

Phoenix grinned as he noticed the commotion. Tipping the courthouse guards off to the fact that somebody was impersonating lawyers had worked wonders. And it helped that Tigre seemed to be slightly stupider this Loop than normal.

"Pardon me," he smoothly said, showing the guards his badge. Upon checking it, they nodded and let him into the courtroom. Phoenix whistled some random tune he had heard on the radio, walking straight past the gaping face of Furio Tigre.

5.3 (Thanatos's Scribe)

Miles Edgeworth glared at the Looper replacing Phoenix as his witness finished his testimony. He didn't have a problem with most Loopers. but *this* Looper was his equivalent of Billy in that not only did the Looper come up with some hare-brained explanations, but they actually let the defendant *off!*

" **OBJECTION** , yer honor!" the defending Looper exclaimed, causing both the Judge and Edgeworth to turn to him with intrigue and ire on their faces respectively.

"There's no way that my client could've killed that man, and I'm willing ta prove that!" the defending Looper declared, and the Judge contemplated this before nodding.

"Very well, Mr. Doe. You may begin your cross-examination," the Judge said. Miles gave the elderly man a quick, nearly unnoticeable glare for letting *him* speak, then turned back to the defending Looper, who had a vicious grin on his face.

"Prepare to be proven wrong, maggots!" Jane 'Soldier' Doe declared as he prepared his cross-examination.

5.4 (XeroM52)

Phoenix Awoke once again. He tried to stretch his muscles but found out that he didn't have a body at all.

' *Huh? Where am I?* ' Phoenix thought to himself.

"Who's there?! Who is talking to me?" asked a very surprised young lady, who turned all around her to find out where the voice was coming from.

' *Wait, what?* ' Now it was Phoenix's turn to be confused. ' *What's going on?* '

"Whoever you are, get out of my head now!" the young woman ordered in a frustrated tone.

' *Wait! I mean no harm!* ' Phoenix pleaded. ' *I just suddenly found myself inside of your head! I don't know what's going on!* '

The girl looked hesitant but she couldn't detect any signs of deception in the voice inside her head. "Who are you?" she asked.

Phoenix remained silent for a moment. He was in quite a situation. He was inside the head of a young lady in a place that he didn't recognized. Should he tell her his real name and about the Loops? Or should he remain silent about his Looper status and get some info before he discussed anything?

' *I…I don't exactly remember,* ' he expertly lied. He needed to play it safe for now. ' *What about you? What is your name?* ' he asked.

"My name is Jean Grey."

Phoenix refrained from cursing out loud...thought...whatever. Now he knew where and who he was.

He was in the Marvel Universe and he was the Phoenix Force.

Fu…..n.

5.5 (Conceptualist)

Mentality, Phoenix sighed: dealing with the more *inane* loop variants was hard.

"Not Guilty!"

Especially when the variance was, well, it was flat out stupid.

"Guilty!"

This loop one of the better examples of how idiotic the loops could get.

"Not Guilty!"

Instead of the more normal practices of law he dealt with, there was this.

"Guilty!"

Two lawyers verbally ping-ponging back and forth about the accused being-

"Guilty!"

- or -

"Not Guilty!"

"Well, old chum, I have to say you've convinced me on this matter. I have no further objections to add to this trial."

"HA! I win again, Phoenix Bunny! My winning streak will continue forever more from this day forth, or my name isn't Miles Duckworth, Ace Prosecutor!"

The Judge's gavel struck wood, and the ensuing BANG brought the court to attention. "Then it is agreed! In the power invested in me as Judge of this court, I now pronounce the accused... **NOT! GUILTY!** "

' *The sad part about this,* ' the aforementioned Phoenix Bunny thought, ' *is that this is the fifth time in a row I won a case this way.* '

5.6 (FTKnight)

August 3, 10:00 AM.

District Court

Courtroom No. 2

Phoenix gulped. He normally enjoyed starting his loop defending Larry. But now, he was not looking forward to this loop at all.

"All rise, the Honorable Judge Thor Odinson presiding," the Bailiff announced.

Phoenix desperately prayed in his head that Thor was Awake, otherwise he might be eating a bolt of lightning before the loop ended.

5.7 (Filraen)

If there's one thing Phoenix could do without, it was Dr. Grey's death and having to defend Maya again. Whenever Maya wasn't Awake (which was often, considering how the Loops worked) and he didn't Awaken early enough to prevent Mia's death, Morgan made it just plain difficult for Phoenix to prevent the murder and the accusation against Maya. Which made sense, Phoenix sadly realized, because Morgan wanted to take the Fey Clan Mastery for Pearls.

This would be the also the first case against Franziska all over again, though this time he was sure to bring some protection: a simple metallic fingerless gauntlet under the right forearm of his suit, which should be good enough to block that whip of hers. His left hand had to be free to point his finger at Ms. Miney this trial.

At the appointed time, the Judge's gavel signaled the beginning of the trial. "Court is now in session for the trial of Maya Fey."

"The prosecution is ready, Your Honor." As usual, Franziska had her eyes closed while her arm gripped her opposite arm.

"The defense is ready as well, Your-!"

"Phoenix Wright!" Franziska suddenly interrupted him and looked right into his eyes. "I have one thing to say to you before we start this trial: I don't know what happened or if you'd understand my words, but I'm afraid I have misplaced the fourth and final piece of evidence from the Gatewater Hotel case."

Phoenix blinked. A Gatewater Hotel case with Franziska? ...Wait! Could it be the pieces of evidence Detective Gumshoe took from the time Maya was kidnapped by Shelly de Killer? They only really needed the tape recording to convince de Killer to let Maya go unharmed, so Franziska kept the fourth piece of evidence with her almost every loop, as Edgeworth once confessed to him. But that wasn't going to happen until next year! Did that mean Franziska was looping too? Only one way to find out.

"Would that piece of evidence be a calling card which has been drawn on?" Phoenix said as he produced the card from a previous loop from his subspace pocket and showed it to the prosecution. "Something like this card right here?"

The prosecutor flinched as she saw the card Phoenix showed her, but quickly regained her composure with an air of anger and revenge. "You foolish fool!" Franziska said as she started lashing her whip. "How did you manage to foolishly get this card, when I was going to return it to you?"

The gauntlet worked somewhat fine. It managed to stop one or two lashes but Phoenix's instinct took over and he quickly hid under the defense bench.

"Come out and face me, Phoenix Wright!"

"Are you going to let me explain myself before bringing out the whip again?" Phoenix asked.

It was almost a minute until Franziska von Karma answered "Fine. Let's hear your answer."

With a bit of trepidation, Phoenix stood up and showed a second and a third identical copy of the card he had in his pocket. At Franziska's slightly surprised look, Phoenix explained. "For now, I'll just say all of these three cards are real, none of them are a forgery."

"How can this be?" Franziska asked, stunned.

"I'll tell you all the details later, Miss von Karma, when we aren't in the middle of an unrelated trial," Phoenix taunted. "After all, you've already realized the calendars aren't showing the date you think they should, am I right?"

Getting out of her stupor, Franziska von Karma smirked. "You'd better, Phoenix Wright! As for now, I've always wanted to battle you in court again. My mind is sharp and my whip is itching to be used."

Phoenix braced himself. Usually Franziska only wanted to trounce him to prove herself better than Edgeworth, now she just wants to "battle" him in court. Her being very whip-happy, in both halves of the word? He had to suppress a shudder.

5.8 (XeroM52)

Sometimes Phoenix felt like the multiverse had something against him. And if this Loop was any indication, it also liked to make fun of him.

"Don't worry Nick, I'll prove your innocence, dude!" was said by none other than his childhood friend and lawyer, Larry Butz.

' *I hate this Loop already* !'

In the end his only consolation was that he got to see what his life would've turned out to be if he had remained studying Art in college.

' *Phoenix Wright: Professional Post-Modern Painter has a nice ring to it.* '

That and he now had an excuse and free time to visit the Hazakura Temple at Eagle Mountain and meet a certain someone from his past again.

5.9 (OracleMask)

The downside of Awakening at random times in his baseline, Phoenix found, was that meant he sometimes Awoke too late to head off the worse cases he'd had to face in his baseline. Contending for the top spots on that list was Mia's murder and the Engarde case, but there was another certain person Phoenix tried to avoid seeing in court if he could help it: one Prosecutor Manfred von Karma.

But sadly, he'd Awoken this time just before entering court on the first day of Edgeworth's trial. Phoenix took a look at the Court Record and was glad to see his unawake self had gotten the right pieces of evidence ready. But it was still depressing to hear the unawake Edgeworth calling von Karma a 'god' of prosecuting.

"Not only will he do anything to get a guilty verdict," the man continued, "His fearsome skills usually end trials on the first day. They have never lasted for more than two."

Huh? That was new...and ominous...

"What do you mean, the trials never last more than two days?" Phoenix asked.

"It means what I said. On top of forty years of 'Guilty' verdicts," Edgeworth explained, "No defense has ever managed to keep the trial going more than two days. Manfred von Karma is a man to be feared."

Yeah, that explained everything...not. This sounded like one of those nasty variant loops. While they were being ushered into the courtroom, Phoenix wondered what sort of evil plots or plans were in store for him this time.

As it turned out, the answer was a lot more simple.

"Err...is the prosecution ready?" the Judge asked.

The small white figure perched on the prosecutor's desk abruptly pointed his matching white cane at the Judge. Well...the ruffles on the collar matched those of the regular von Karma, but otherwise there was no way you could mistake this guy for a fearsome prosecutor.

"FOOL!"

"Wh-What?!"

"My legend dates back to the Twelfth Century! That was a long time ago, you know. So naturally I have prepared well in advance for this trial. Do you understand?"

"O...of course!"

' *...And yet, he's not the strangest person I've ever faced in this court* ,' Phoenix sighed.

"Now then, Ms. Hart -"

"OBJECTION!"

Phoenix nearly bit his tongue as 'Manfred von Karma' interrupted him before he could even ask his question. ...For the tenth time today.

"What? What now?!" Phoenix protested.

"You were about to ask how the prints of the defendant's right hand got onto a gun held by a left-handed individual, were you not?" von Karma said, sounding a bit smug.

"Wait, Mr. von Karma! Does that mean you know how it was done?!" the Judge exclaimed.

"It's quite basic actually, perhaps the simplest of tricks there is. True it may not seem so simple from an ordinary person's point of view, some people may even consider it a baffling, utterly perplexing problem. Things will often appear complicated on the outside while in truth they are simplicity itself. Of course how one sees these things depends on the person, many people find there is a fine line separating the complex to the very simple."

"I see, I see," said the Judge, nodding, "That does make sense."

Phoenix wasn't sure who was making less sense at the moment, the Judge or the 'von Karma' currently spinning around like a top.

Somehow, despite all the interference, Phoenix had dragged this trial kicking and screaming into the second day. Phoenix could see perfectly why this version of von Karma usually never had trials last this long.

' *Even the best attorneys must have given up just so they could get away from this guy's craziness!* '

And somehow he had to get them to the *third* day and prove this 'von Karma' guilty for DL-6...some loops, it didn't pay to be the multiverse's personal whipping boy.

...Actually, how *would* this version of Manfred von Karma have done it? Phoenix usually had to finger the bullet still buried in the man's shoulder to prove he murdered Gregory Edgeworth. But this guy...he was too short for that! This could be a big problem...

Still, once Yanni Yogi was on the stand, Phoenix began prodding at the man's 'forgotten' identity like normal -

"OBJECTION!"

"Wha- huh?! What now?!"

"Is there something you wish to prove, Mr. Wright?" von Karma chided him, "Then don't skip ahead! One must take time to think! Rushing forward without considering things beforehand is the height of foolishness. Ahh yes, that reminds of of another time when I had to consider things, that case was long ago but I remember it still. It was back when I still hung my hat on Bakers St. and called it home."

"...Isn't that Sherlock Holmes...?" Phoenix protested.

"And you wish to link these two cases now? And prove that this man before us is the culprit in both this and a certain other case?"

'von Karma' swung back and forth from making terrifying amounts of sense to making none at all so fast that Phoenix was afraid he was going to get whiplash. But he couldn't be confused for long, not when this guy was giving him such a perfect opening!

"Err, yes! Yes, that is exactly the defense's position!" Phoenix declared, pointing dramatically, "This witness is -"

"FOOL!"

There was a long, tense moment of silence. Which started dragging on when no one broke it.

"...Mr. von Karma?" the Judge hesitantly asked when von Karma made no move to speak or even lower his cane for two whole minutes.

"FOOL! A dramatic pause is required before an announcement of this importance is made!"

"R-Right! Forgive me!"

"The prosecution's position is this, Mr. Wright," von Karma continued, "That the catching and condemning of criminals is a task for the prosecution alone! Therefore I am glad to inform you that -"

The cane whipped around to point at Yanni Yogi.

"This man is the culprit! That's right! This man is the brother of the girl who went missing 10 years ago and the author of this terribly tragic tale of revenge and murder."

' *What?* '

Yanni Yogi abruptly dropped his brain-damaged old man routine to gasp in horror.

"Damn you, von Karma! How did you find me out?! My plans were perfect!"

' *...What?!* '

"My legend dates back to the Twelfth Century. This means that I knew in advance that the killer was you! Now, Judge, declare a verdict on this witness! Immediately!"

"Of course!"

The Judge immediately banged his gavel.

"In this case, the court finds the witness...GUILTY!"

' *...WHAT.* '

"And that is the tale of how my glorious record in court remained unbroken!"

"A fascinating tale indeed," Edgeworth replied in total seriousness.

"...Uh...weren't we all there? The case ended two hours ago." Phoenix asked.

Upon 'winning' the case, 'von Karma' had promptly invited everyone involved out to eat - and at a karaoke bar of all places. While the rest of the group got to chow down, Phoenix and Edgeworth were treated to a lengthy retelling of the events that had already happened.

"FOOL!"

The cane nearly poked Phoenix in the nose.

"Only an unawake fool such as you can fail to appreciate when those wiser than you share their history!"

As 'von Karma' promptly trotted off towards the karaoke machine, Phoenix's brain ground to a halt. Wait...'unawake'...did that mean this guy was...!?

"I'm looking for him, from United King, I'm going to Californiaaaaaaa~"

5.10 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Another day, another loop for Ryu Sasakura, until a rarely seen looper entered his bar. Somehow the loopers always found their way to his bar. Miles Edgeworth, Ace Prosecutor of the Ace Attorney Universe, took a seat and looked to the man, "a glass of red wine, master."

Sasakura nodded, "Must have been a bad loop, since you first try my latest black tea recipe each time you visit."

After slowly pouring the bottle into a high glass, he corked the bottle and put it away. Edgeworth picked up the glass and took a sip, then gave a small grin, "On the contrary, it quite a productive loop. Have you ever heard of Harvey Dent?"

Sasakura blinked, "Mr. Wayne sometimes has a drink in his old friend's honor, since he has difficulty saving him from becoming Two Face."

"Even with Bruce's warning, I was unable to escape Mr. Dent's fate. However, I was able to heal my injuries almost immediately thanks to some application of medigel from the Mass Effect Universe. With Batman's assistance and Commissioner Gordon's experience, we were able to root out the evils plaguing Gotham and made it into a new Metropolis."

The bartender looked melancholy, "It must not have been a baseline then, since the very land Gotham was built on is rumored to be cursed by an evil warlock."

Edgeworth took another sip, "So I've been told. However, the three of us chalked it up as a victory since Batman was free to spend more time on the watchtower while Gordon and I kept the streets of Gotham clean. Gordon told me that thousands of lives had been saved thanks to my help."

He lifted his glass in toast, "To the stability and safety of those not looping, that we may find a way to safeguard the innocent and bring justice for the victims."

Sasakura nodded, "Here, here."

5.1 - Err...long story. Basically, Yggdrasil has a bee infestation. I can say that Sherlock Holmes doesn't see what the big deal is, though!

5.2 - wildrook: BURNED!

Drakohahn: What do you expect? He was trying to mess with a Phoenix.

5.3 - ...I've got nothing.

5.4 - In retrospect, I'm surprised this didn't happen sooner.

5.5 - "DUCK SEASON!" "RABBIT SEASON!"

5.6 - Or get tossed around by Category 5 Hurricanes. Whichever works.

5.7 - And our favorite whip-toting von Karma joins the Loops! Just guess where her first Fused Loop is.

5.8 - The irony is that Larry was a better lawyer than baseline Phoenix was at that point.

5.9 - Oh no, not him!

5.10 - I don't know about the cursed part being DC 'baseline', but good job you guys!

The Trial of Jeremy Fitzgerald

The Creation of Turnabout's Joy - A Five Night's at Freddy's 2/Ace Attorney Fused Loop

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'Why me? What did I do that had me have to deal with this?' Phoenix pondered in court.

"Witness, your name and occupation, please," the Judge ordered.

"Freddy Fazbear, Your Honor. Mascot of Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria," the animatronic bear informed, tipping his hat.

"...This is the Sparklestar Character Show all over again. Defense, please remove the costume from the witness," the Judge ordered.

"Um...I can't, Your Honor," Phoenix informed him. "The Witness is an Animatronic."

"I beg your pardon?" the Judge asked before Freddy removed his mask, revealing the robotic face under it, "Good heavens! The Witness will put their head back on this instant!" He shuddered. "Reminds me of those things from Chuck E. Cheese's..."

'Well, it's time to see just who really is the murderer...' Phoenix thought, glancing at the Defendant, Jeremy Fitzgerald. *'At least...for this Loop.'* he glanced at the Prosecution, Simon Blackquill. *'I really would've felt better cross-examining the whale again instead of this.'*

Blackquill slammed a hand on the table he was at, earning the Judge's flinch, "O-Oh. Right, let's move on. Mr. Fazbear, please tell

the court what you saw the day of the murders." It was then the lights went out. "Blast it all. Burnt fuse again."

'I really want the whale again,' Phoenix mentally sobbed as the Toreador March began to play, Freddy's eyes and mouth lighting up as it played, *'Or the parrots again.'*

Witness Testimony

-Day of the Murders-

"It was the good old days back then, me and my friends could roam freely without problems."

"It was like any other day. There were children having fun, and having a good time."

"And then some man came and took five of the children."

"I gave chase, trying to protect the children."

"But when he made a turn and I followed, there was no place he could've went. It was a dead end, but he... disappeared."

"Disappeared, you say?" the Judge asked.

"Yes, Your Honor. I couldn't find a trace of the man, or the children."

"Hmm. It seems to everyone here that Mr. Fazbear tried everything he could to help those poor children," Blackquill said. "To be perfectly honest, whoever did this is the lowest of all life. I'd take great pleasure in ensuring that the culprit is put to justice."

Phoenix nodded. "Glad to see that we're in agreement. Regardless, I intend to cross-examine this witness."

"Very well, Mr. Wright. You may begin your cross-examination."

"Yes, Your Honor."

Cross-Examination

"It was the good old days back then, me and my friends could roam freely without problems."

"HOLD IT!"

"Good old days?" Phoenix questioned.

"Yes. As you may be aware, 1987 wasn't a good year for Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. We used to be able to roam freely before then."

"And as we all know, 1987 was also the year the victims suffered their terrible fate." The Judge affirmed.

"Very well. Mr. Fazbear, would you explain what went on that day?"

"Yes, Mr. Wright."

"It was any other day, there were children having fun, and having a good time."

"And then some man came and took five of the children."

"HOLD IT!"

"Did you catch any details about the murderer?"

"He wore a yellow suit."

"Anything more specific?"

"I wish I could." Freddy seemed to be distraught.

"Your Baldness, it's worth noting that Freddy, back before the opening of the new Fazbear's Pizzeria, was only able to discern

minor details to tell child from adult, and what they wore." Blackquill added.

"Do you have proof of this, Prosecution?"

"Yes, I have the schematics of the model of Freddy Fazbear and related animatronics at the time of the murders."

Animatronic schematics added to the Court Record.

"Alright then. Witness, please tell us what you did when you caught the kidnapping," the Judge ordered.

"I gave chase, trying to protect the children."

"But when he made and turn and I followed, there was no place he could've went. It was a dead end, but he... disappeared."

"OBJECTION!"

Phoenix slammed his hands on the table.

"Mr. Fazbear, I've noticed something about your testimony."

"What is it?" Freddy asked.

"As we all know, there was a kidnapping of no less than five children by a man."

"Yes."

"And no trace of the children have been found, right?"

"Of course."

"However, there is one thing that bothered me."

"What?"

"If there was a kidnapping, and they were never found..."

Phoenix slammed his hands on the table again.

"Then where did they go?"

Freddy's top hat flew off his head as he widened his eyes in shock. Murmurs among the crowd came loudly.

The Judge banged his gavel.

"Order! Order in the court. Mr. Wright, what is the meaning of this?"

"Your honor, this document tells me that in every Fazbear restaurant, there is a safe room."

"Safe room?" Freddy asked.

"Yes, a safe room. Safe from animatronics, *LIKE YOU!* "

"WH-WHAAAAAT!"

"The room was specifically designed so that only humans could enter and exit without issues."

"What are you implying, Wright-dono?" Blackquill asked.

"I'm not implying, I'm saying that the murderer escaped into the safe room, away from the animatronics' eyes!"

"So you're saying that the murderer escaped pursuit of the animatronic by entering this safe room?"

Phoenix nodded his head. "That's correct your honor."

"OBJECTION!"

Blackquill let his hawk, Taka land on his shoulder.

"Wright-dono, if I'm not mistaken about your reasoning, the murderer escaped into the safe room, and evaded Mr. Fazbear. Tell me an answer to this question."

Blackquill slammed the table.

"How did the murderer know what the safe room was?"

Phoenix panicked. He hadn't prepared for this.

"As you stated, the safe room is safe from animatronics. But since it's property of Fazbear Entertainment, that would mean that only Fazbear employees would know of such a thing. *Just like the defendant!* "

"G-GAAAAHHH!"

Murmurs roared out.

The Judge banged his gavel.

"Order in the court! Mr. Fazbear, it seems that there is still a powerful amount of evidence against the defendant."

"Yes, Your Honor. Safe room, whoda thunk?"

"Your honor, there is still the possibility that Mr. Fazbear reported this event to the manager, or a security guard on duty," Phoenix claimed.

"That's correct!"

"Very well, Mr. Fazbear. Please tell us what you did after you lost the kidnapper and the children."

"Yes, Your Honor."

Witness Testimony

-What Happened After-

"After they had disappeared, I went off to find someone."

"It took me ten minutes to find someone, I'm ashamed to admit."

"After I informed them of the missing children, the told me to act like nothing happened and went to the phone room."

"You were...told to act like nothing happened?" the Judge asked.

"Yes, Your Honor," Freddy replied with a nod. "It was meant to make sure none of the other kids or parents were worried. Though, it failed when the police arrived."

"That must have been dreadful," the Judge shook his head.

"It was. That poor little girl..." Freddy agreed.

"...What little girl?" the Judge asked.

"Why, the birthday girl," Freddy informed him. "There was a birthday that day. But the original Day Guard quit the day before, so the Night Guard had to be put on there." He snorted, "Though, some Night Guard. He never once showed up on any night. We had to try to get this malfunctioning Animatronic out of his room every night this week, but it kept vanishing with one fully-suited."

"My, my, what a terrible night guard," the Judge scolded Jeremy, who hit his head on the table with a sigh. "Mr. Wright, you may proceed with the cross-examination."

Cross-Examination

"After they had disappeared, I went off to find someone."

"HOLD IT!"

"Who did you go off to find?" Phoenix asked.

"One of the day workers. I knew who they were because all of them always wear a hat shaped like my head," Freddy said.

"It took me ten minutes to find someone, I'm ashamed to admit."

"HOLD IT!"

"Mr. Fazbear, why did it take you so long to find someone?" Phoenix asked.

"A group of kids wanted to ask me some questions," Freddy informed.

"Fatbear's programming has it so that his top priority is children in the vicinity of his form," Blackquill informed the court. "It isn't surprising a child could distract him from his task."

"Mr. Fazbear, please continue. What happened when you found one of the workers?" the Judge asked.

"After I informed them of the missing children, they told me to act like nothing happened and went to the phone room."

"HOLD IT!"

Phoenix slammed his hands on the Defense stand. "Mr. Fazbear, please. Try to remember. Did they say something aside from acting like nothing happened?"

"Hmm...Well...Oh! I remember now. They said something about 'how'd they find a bare suit?'" Freddy remembered.

"A...bear suit?" Phoenix asked.

"Yes. A bare suit," Freddy restated, before removing his head and showing the inside. "See?"

The Judge banged his gavel. "Mr. Fazbear! Please! Alert the court *before* removing your head!"

"My apologies," Freddy apologized as he put his head back on.

"Oh, I get it now," Jeremy spoke, "Did you think he meant 'bear' like him, Mr. Wright?"

"Um...Y-Yeah," Phoenix replied before blinking, "Mr. Fazbear, what do you mean by 'bare suit?'"

"Well...It was really early on," Freddy tapped his chin, "About ten years back, back when we were just starting, there was only me and two people wearing special suits."

"Special suits?" Phoenix repeated.

"Yes," Freddy nodded, adjusting his tie. "They were Spring Freddy and Spring Bonnie. They were designed for me to wear, too. You could just wind them up and the parts in them moved apart enough for no discomfort for the wearer but also let them move about."

"Your Honor, I demand we search the extra room immediately!" Phoenix demanded, "If what Mr. Fazbear says is right, then that means our murderer wore one of these suits to perform the killings!"

"Um, Mr. Wright, I do apologize but they've been destroyed," Freddy informed.

"...C-Come again?"

"Nine years ago, the other location we had at the time had...an accident. Five people in those special suits died when the locking mechanism malfunctioned," Freddy informed sadly, "The suits at our location were then scrapped."

"Do you remember seeing them being destroyed?"

"No. I do not," Freddy replied, "But I know that the man in charge at the time was ordered to get rid of them. I remember seeing him vanish with the suits."

"Vanish?" Phoenix blinked.

"Hmph. Well, Wright-dono, what are you thinking?" Blackquill asked.

"What I think..." Phoenix smirked, "Is that we need to look back there immediately."

"?" Blackquill slightly tensed.

"Why do you ask?" the Judge asked, "What evidence do you have that we should check back there?"

"TAKE THAT!"

Phoenix presented the floorplans for the pizzeria, "As we found out in your earlier testimony, Mr. Fazbear, you couldn't see the murderer or children because they went into the room that you can't see. And just now you added that 'I remember seeing him vanish with the suits.' This means that..." He slammed his hands on the desk and pointed at him, "...THE SUITS MAY BE BACK THERE!"

"Ghhhh!" Freddy yelped, his hat shooting off his head as his bowtie spun around. Murmurs erupted in the crowd.

"Order! Order! Order in the Court!" the Judge shouted, banging his gavel, "Mr. Blackquill, send out an order to examine this hidden room immediately! In the meantime, I'd like to hear a bit more about these suits and the man who was supposed to get rid of them."

"I'll be happy to oblige, Your Honor," Freddy said, putting his hat back on and fixing his bowtie.

"Who was it who ran your restaurant back then?"

"Oh, that's easy. He works as the Phone Guy now," Freddy stated. "He gave up his position, but still wanted to work there."

"Very well. Prosecution, please get this 'Phone Guy' ready for Testifying," the Judge ordered before banging his gavel. "We will now take a twenty minute break."

"Jeremy, can I speak to you while we wait for the Phone Guy?" Phoenix asked his client.

"Sure. What's up?"

"Why weren't you working the night shift?"

"Oh, yes. Listen, it's not what you think."

'If I had a nickel for every time someone said that...'

"You see, the animatronics seem to be glitched or something. They always seem to be going after Night Guards."

"How is that possible?"

"I wish I knew." Jeremy took out a Freddy head. "I was told that if they got close to the office, I had to wear it, or else I'd be hurt by the Fazbear crew."

"A Freddy mask?"

"Yes... There's a reason I chose you as my lawyer, the multiverse's best lawyer."

"You're a Looper?"

"Anchor to the backwards expansion. There was an issue with locations for Mike Schmidt, so he couldn't Anchor my Loop. I know what they do to the night guards, Mr. Wright. It's horrible."

"Geeze, I feel sorry for you."

"Don't be. The puppet stopped killing me for some reason. I hope you know what to do."

"Trust me, I always find a way." Phoenix assured Jeremy.

Freddy Mask added to the Court Record.

The two went back to the courtroom, ready to find out the truth.

The Judge banged his gavel. "Court is back in session for the trial of Jeremy Fitzgerald."

"The Defense is ready, Your Honor," Phoenix informed.

"...And the prosecution?" the Judge asked.

"..."

"Very well, then. Now, your opening statement, if you would. I believe it's standard procedure for the prosecution to handle it."

"...Your Baldness..."

"?"

Blackquill tapped the side of his head with a dark smirk. "It's plain to see that you've always dreamed of delivering an epic opening statement."

"I have? Hmm...I don't know if I'd say that," the Judge noted.

"What's going on here?" Jeremy whispered, noticing Freddy was standing by the Judge's stand with a badge reading 'Temporary Bailiff' on it.

"As Athena would put it, he's playing Simon Says with the Judge," Phoenix deadpanned.

"Why, of course you have. I saw it in your eyes the last time you gave the opening statement," Blackquill informed the Judge. "That was the look of one who yearns deeply for the thrill of an epic opening statement."

"Playing him like a fiddle," Jeremy sweatdropped.

"For decades now, you have been watching opening statements from your bench," Blackquill said. "They were the crown jewels of the court! One thing you could not possess!"

"The crown jewels...of the court?" the Judge repeated.

"Now, at long last, they are within your grasp. How could you possibly refuse?"

"...Oh, uh, so you don't mind if I do it, then?" the Judge asked.

"I'll make a special exception, just this once," Blackquill replied.

"I'm starting to wish we had a different judge now," Jeremy admitted as the Judge banged his gavel.

"Well, in that case, I think I might go ahead and make the opening statement myself," the Judge said, before clearing his throat. "Twenty minutes ago, we learned the shocking truth that...the murderer was able to prevent Freddy from stopping him by going into a secret room that the Animatronics are programmed to not acknowledge as existing. It was further revealed that upon learning about what went on after the murderer did this, that there was five deaths already related to the Freddy Fazbear restaurant at one of their other locations, which involved a malfunctioning set of suits. These suits were checked for by the police during the twenty minute break. Prosecution, the results?"

Taka flew over to Blackquill, a sheet of paper in his beak. Blackquill read the sheet.

"The police arrived in time to stop construction workers from sealing off the backroom on orders from the current owner," Blackquill stated. "What was inside the room, already locked tightly up...were the bodies of the five children, put into costumes resembling the four Animatronics Freddy Fazbear, Bonnie Bunny, Chica Chicken, and Foxy the Pirate. A slice of cake was set before each of the bodies."

"Th...The bodies?" Jeremy gasped before Taka swooped over the Defense's bench, dropping a set of pictures. "These are..."

The first picture was that of five children, all dressed up in costumes resembling Freddy, Bonnie, Chica, Foxy, and Golden Freddy. They were all put around a small children's table, a plate with a slice of cake set before each of them and a doll of who they were dressed up as in their laps. Blood had stained the costumes around the eyes and mouths, mucus added to it. The second photo was that of two glass cases, the left case holding a gold Freddy costume while the right had a gold Bonnie costume. The final picture was that of a small room with both images in it.

Murdered Children Picture added to the Court Record

Animatronic-Human Suits added to the Court Record

Secret Room Photo added to the Court Record

"As you can see, the 'Spring Bonnie' suit has been moved, evident by the broken lock on its glass container," Blackquill said. "It was discovered that a hammer was used to break it. There are no fingerprints, though this is a moot point because all employees of both the day and night shifts are required to wear white gloves at all times."

Hammer added to the Court Record

The Judge banged his gavel. "Prosecution, your witness?"

"Um...Right here, Your Honor," a voice noted. Everyone looked at the witness stand to see a phone.

"...The witness is a phone?"

"Your Baldness, he's currently in the hospital for a broken leg and a kidney transplant," Blackquill informed the Judge. "As such, Lone Guy will have to speak to us via phone."

"Um...I-I just like to, um, be called 'Phone Guy', okay?"

"Um...Witness, your real name and occupation, please," the Judge ordered.

"Um, o-okay...Philious Han Gui. Th-Though, uh...I just, um, yeah I like to be called Phone Guy. I'm in charge of the phones in Freddy FazBear's Pizzeria and used to be the manager until I stepped down. Too...too tough, especially with, uh, with what happened," Phone Guy informed.

"His...His name's Philious Han Gui?" Jeremy gawked.

"It could just be the name he has for this Loop," Phoenix replied.

"Ah yes, the suits," the Judge nodded before banging his gavel. "Witness, you will tell us why, despite the fact you had been ordered to destroy the costumes, you kept them hidden in the secret room."

'Okay. Here it comes...' Phoenix readied himself.

Witness Testimony

-The Suits of Old -

"Okay, so... I was told to destroy the suits after we had an... incident with them."

"So I took them to the back room to disassemble them."

"Before I could that, one of my workers came to me, panicking."

"A kid was murdered in front of the restaurant!"

"So I dropped everything and went to the scene."

"I was so worried, that I just... forgot about the suits."

The courtroom was silent. Soon, the Judge broke the silence.

"Another child... MURDERED!?"

"Yes, this was before Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria was a thing. Some guy stabbed the kid in the heart. Poor guy bled out before the paramedics came."

"Is this child's murder related to the case at hand?" Blackquill asked.

"I hope not."

"Well, Phone Guy, it seems that you had a reasonable claim to breaking orders here," the Judge said.

'Hmm, there's something about what he said that makes me suspicious. Could it be possible that he's the murderer?'

"Mr. Wright, would you proceed to cross-examine the witness?"

"Yes, your honor."

Cross-Examination

"Okay, so... I was told to destroy the suits after we had an... incident with them."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Incident?"

"Yes, well, the hybrid animatronic suits were... defective."

"Defective?" Blackquill asked.

"Uh, yes. The springs that hold the suit open... it could suddenly fail, and anyone in the suit would've been crushed and cut up simultaneously. Any poor sap in the suit would be instantly dead."

'Ugh, sorry I asked.' Phoenix looked green.

"Witness, this is an important piece of information. Please amend your testimony to include this information about the suits."

"Sure thing."

"The springs in the suit would fail, and anyone inside would be killed."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"And how do you know that?"

"Ehhh... it was before hours, and someone... Well, you know. It's why we now have waivers."

'Why do I keep asking?'

"Witness, are you saying..."

"Trust me, we gave the family of the man some wonderful compensation out of court. "

"Err... right. So what did you do about the suits again?" Phoenix said, hoping to deflect the topic.

"Right..."

"So I took them to the back room to disassemble them."

"Before I could that, one of my workers came to me, panicking."

"A kid was murdered in front of the restaurant!"

" **HOLD IT!"**

"There was a child murdered?"

"This was a bad... no no... horrible thing. We never caught the murderer. It's still unsolved today."

"Whoever kills a child is a lowlife. I hope that person knows that," Blackquill remarked.

"Agreed. So where was I? Oh yeah!"

"So I dropped everything and went to the scene."

"I was so worried, that I just... forgot about the suits."

"OBJECTION!"

"Phone Guy, there's a huge contradiction in your testimony!"

"What's that?"

"So you say that you just up and forgot about the suits after a child was murdered in the front of the restaurant."

"Yes."

"Phone Guy, while you may not be able to see this photo, it is clear to me that the suits were not forgotten about, considering that *they were in glass cases!* "

The phone rang loudly suddenly.

Murmurs cried out in the courtroom.

"Order!" The Judge yelled out, banging his gavel. "Mr. Phone Guy, how have you not told us that you put these suits in glass cases?"

"What glass cases? This is the first I've heard of them!"

"Wait, so you didn't know that the golden suits were in glass cases?"

"Yeah, I didn't. When I was disassembling them though, they were purple."

"Uh, what?" Phoenix was hoping that this was a joke.

"Yeah, they must have molded over, it was really humid back in the day."

'And like that, I've lost my appetite.'

"Oh, gross!" Jeremy groaned out.

"I agree with the defendant. Suddenly, I don't feel like having lunch anymore," the Judge moaned out.

"Wait, so with the fact that you've never seen these glass cases, and the fact that they're not what they used to look like..."

"What are you talking about, Wright-dono?" Blackquill questioned.

"What I'm saying is, someone must have preserved the suits, and they did so right under the higher ups' noses. Your Honor, we need to find whoever worked at Fredbear's Diner during the time of that murder!"

"Are you sure, Mr. Wright?"

Phoenix nodded. "I'm positive! Whoever worked at that diner, must have been the murderer of the five children."

"Very well. We'll have another twenty minute recess while we find someone who fits the description," the Judge said.

"I never even knew they were purple," Jeremy noted as he and Phoenix waited in the defense lobby. "Always thought they were, well, gold."

"I see..." Phoenix nodded, "So...who did you think was the murderer?"

"Well, I...kinda followed the theory Matpat in the Hub Loops had, that Phone Guy was the murderer," Jeremy admitted. "But I'm starting to think otherwise."

"Defense, court is resuming!" the Bailiff informed.

"Okay, here goes," Phoenix informed.

"Court will now resume. Prosecution, were you able to find anyone that worked at Fredbear's Family Diner around the time of the first murder?" the Judge asked.

"..." Blackquill whistled.

"You called?" Fulbright asked, dashing in immediately.

"Foolbright, bring them in," Blackquill ordered.

"Yes sir! In Justice we trust!" Fulbright declared before dashing out and came back in, dragging in a toy-box with a music box on the top with a few grunts of effort. "The other...Witness...is in the lobby...right now...!"

"A toy box?" the Judge pondered.

"Hmph. It is not the scabbard you should focus on, but rather the blade within," Blackquill stated. Fulbright put the box at the Witness Stand just as the last few notes played on the music box.

The box opened and the Puppet emerged from Puppet gently took out a set of four dolls and put them before him, as if they were prizes to be given. Phoenix shuddered as he looked at the figure.

"Witness, your name and occupation," the Judge ordered.

"...I am...known as the Marionette...and the Puppet...I am good with either name," the Puppet said. *"Giving gifts...to the children...is what I do."*

'How anyone can be excited that something like you is giving them gifts, I'll never figure out,' Phoenix shuddered.

"Did you use to work at Fredbear's Family Diner?"

"I did...it was...happier times...Freddy and myself...and the two suit actors..." the Puppet reminisced. *"Though...the Night Guard...was never there..."*

"The...Night Guard was never there?" Phoenix asked in disbelief.

"Was always...naked Animatronic...breaking rules...the music...forced me to sleep..." the Marionette said.

The Judge nodded, "Witness, please tell us about the day of the child's murder at Fredbear's Family Diner."

Witness Testimony

-The First Murder-

"I... stayed in my... box."

"I... came out of my... box."

"People... were panicking."

"A child... was dead."

"A man... told me what happened."

"Erm... could you be clearer, witness? I barely understood that," the Judge asked.

"Marion here told us what he needed to tell us," Blackquill retorted. "Nothing more, nothing less."

"Yes... I suppose... even if it was... cryptic."

"Cryptic or not, I still have to look at this witness's testimony," Phoenix declared.

"Very well, Mr. Wright. Please begin your cross-examination."

'I have to bring more details out of this... thing. I'll have to press every issue I can.'

Cross-Examination

"I... stayed in my... box."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"You mean the box you're in now?"

"Yes."

"Alright... please continue."

"I... came out my... box."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"How do you do that?"

"I... wait."

"Wait?"

"My box... think it as a jack... in a... box."

"Oh, those things always get me," the Judge remarked.

'And yet you deal with spirits and parrots on the witness stand, your honor.'

"Hey, Mr. Wright... I've noticed that The Puppet only told us the bare minimum," Jeremy noted.

"I know. I'm trying to squeeze whatever extra testimony I can from this thing," Phoenix explained.

"Well, if you find a connection between this puppet and the murder we're supposed to be dealing with, maybe we can catch the real murderer."

"I guess."

"People... were panicking."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Were there any noteworthy people?"

"Workers... children... paramedics... police."

'This thing's always answering in a technically right way, even if it's useless.'

"Mr. Wright, I'm not sure what you are up to, but you are not exactly proving anything here," the Judge warned him.

"I know, Your Honor."

"A child... was dead."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Do you recall any details?"

"He... liked me... he was... my friend."

"Oh. Sorry for your loss," Phoenix offered his condolences.

"I moved on. Do not worry."

'!'

"Mr. Wright? Did he just-?" Jeremy realized.

"He did. Maybe now I can poke around his earlier testimony."

"A coworker told me what happened."

"HOLD IT!"

"I thought you said it was a man?"

"He was."

"Now you say he was a coworker?"

"Vincent was his name."

"Vincent?" the Judge asked.

"Oh yes, that's the name of the witness in the lobby!" Fulbright affirmed.

"Oh... that's interesting."

'I think I found our murderer... I just need to press on!'

"I stayed in my box."

"I came out of my box."

"People were panicking."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Are you completely sure?"

"Vincent was... always calm... always unafraid."

"Witness, this is an important piece of testimony. Please amend your testimony to reflect this," the Judge ordered.

"Yes."

"Vincent... was the one... who stayed calm."

"HOLD IT!"

"How calm?"

"SILENCE!"

The courtroom went completely silent. Blackquill spat out the feather in his mouth.

"Wright-dono... this hoop jumping is utterly ridiculous. And I intend to make sure that this drivel ends," Blackquill then shattered his bonds.

'Oh... this isn't good."

"Mr. Wright, he broke his chains. Is that a bad thing?"

"Yes, Jeremy. Very bad."

'Because as much as Simon is a good person, when it comes to his performance in court, he is really *scary. I guess that's his psychology*

training for you...'

Blackquill tossed something, which cut the feather in half, right in front of Phoenix.

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

"Bailiff! Please restrain the prosecutor before he *murders* someone!"

Murmurs cried out in the crowd.

"Hmph, please. I wouldn't kill unarmed whelps like you. I'm more interested in making sure you fail this ridiculous quest of your, Wright-dono."

"...Try me then."

"Witness, it seems like you've haven't been of any use thus far. We may need to let you go," the Judge said.

"Of course... your honor. I remember... the yellow suits."

Phoenix perked up.

'That's it!'

"OBJECTION!"

The courtroom suddenly became silent.

"Your Honor, I think I can connect this witness to the crime we've been investigating now!"

Murmurs came out of the crowd.

The Judge banged his gavel.

"Order in the court! Mr. Wright, what proof do you have to support this claim?"

"Well your honor, the evidence to prove that is..."

"TAKE THAT!"

"Your Honor, these glass cases contain the suits, and as the Phone Guy claimed, he was suppose to disassemble them, and they've gone yellow from years of neglect. And yet someone found it reasonable to case these suits up."

"What are you saying, Wright-dono?"

Phoenix slammed the table with his hands.

"What I'm saying is... *The witness put these suits in the cases in the first place!* "

The Marionette just stared.

'Wow, the fact that instead of panicking, it stares just makes it... creepier.'

"What! Witness, is this true?"

"SILENCE!"

"Wright-dono, Marion could not have entered the safe room, animatronics couldn't enter there!"

"HOLD...IT!"

The courtroom went silent.

"I... could."

Phoenix smugly smiled.

Blackquill grasped his chest.

The Judge widened his eyes.

"You... you could do that, witness?"

"Yes."

"Your Honor, I think that he might have been involved in the murders of the five children back in the safe room!" Phoenix exclaimed, pushing his advantage.

"Yes... but... I didn't do it."

"What?" the Judge asked.

"Let me... explain."

Witness Testimony

-The Safe Room-

"That room...was special..."

"Spring Bonnie...would bring special children..."

"I...give gifts...and they would give life."

"That day...I was meant...to do so again after...so long had passed."

"Five...children...were in there...asleep."

"I...gave them gifts...but...there was no life. I...didn't understand..."

"You...You were made to go with that room?" the Judge asked.

"Yes..." the Marionette nodded.

"First time I ever heard it," Jeremy noted.

"Your Honor, I would like to begin cross-examination," Phoenix stated.

"You may," the Judge nodded.

Cross-Examination

"That room...was special..."

"Spring Bonnie...would bring special children..."

"HOLD IT!"

"What kind of special children do you mean?" Phoenix asked.

"...A celebration...that only happens once a year...but never happens again once... they are no longer...remembered," the Puppet informed.

"It...That room was meant for birthday children?" Jeremy pondered.

"I...give gifts...and they would give life."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Give life?" Phoenix repeated.

"Yes. Giving...gifts would...give life," the Puppet informed, *"It...is called..the Joy of Creation."*

"You mean...that when you would give children gifts...gifts on their birthday...you were giving them the gift of life as a year older?" Phoenix rubbed his chin in thought.

"Yes...You understand like...Vincent."

"It's quite interesting to hear," the Judge noted, "But tell me, what went on the day of the murders with this room?"

"That day...I was meant...to do so again after...so long had passed."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"You... stopped doing it?"

"The...new management...got rid of...that. But...I put them...in there to...remember that time..." the Puppet informed the court.

"The two suits," Blackquill noted.

"Yes. But...it was strange that day..." the Marionette noted.

"Five...children...were in there...asleep."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"You mean..." Phoenix showed the picture of the children, "... *these* five?"

"Yes. ...They were...sleeping. So..." the Marionette informed.

"I...gave them gifts...but...there was no life. I...didn't understand..."

"OBJECTION!"

"Marionette...You *did* understand, but refused to acknowledge what you saw. What you saw..." Phoenix said, showing the full picture of the room, "...was that the children were all dead!"

"..." the Marionette remained still as the crowd gasped in shock.

'Again?' Phoenix thought.

"Order! Order in the Court!" the Judge ordered, banging his gavel, "Is this true? Did you...move the children?"

"...I did," the Puppet informed, *"I...thought that...if I gave them...gifts, they would...wake up. That I would...give life."*

"As much as I would love the world to work that way, I'm sorry but that wouldn't work," Phoenix shook his head. "You can't bring back the dead...just give them a chance to be at peace by finding the truth."

"...The truth?"

"Yes. Marionette, please tell me, where were the bodies?" Phoenix asked.

"..." The Puppet looked over at the chart of the secret room. *"...There...behind the cases."*

"The...The cases?"

"I...thought it was...spilled drink, so I...cleaned there," the Puppet said sadly. *"When the police...came, I...went to my box...Did not...want to remember...the last time the sirens...were heard..."*

"You mean...when the child was murdered at Fredbear's," Phoenix noted.

"Yes. I...hate sirens..." the Puppet said, gently picking up the Bonnie Doll, *"Only...sadness...comes with them."*

"...Your blade was put into reverse that day," Blackquill quietly said. "You've altered a crime scene. Were you human, that would be a grievous offense to the law."

' *And you'd know, Simon…'*

"I...am sorry..."

"Did...Did you clean anything else up in there?" Phoenix asked.

"No..." the Puppet said, before going into his box and pulling out a bloody knife. *"I...was going to...return this to the chefs...today."*

"That's-!" Blackquill's eyes widened.

"The missing murder weapon!" the Judge realized, causing the crowd to go into an uproar, "Order! Order in the Court! Mr. Puppet, why did you not bring this to someone earlier?"

"...Afraid..."

"When you heard the sirens...and found that knife while you were cleaning, you thought you'd be blamed, didn't you?" Phoenix asked.

"...Yes...If...I was found...with this...No more gifts...no more...life," the Puppet admitted.

"Mr. Puppet, please submit that as evidence at once!" the Judge ordered, "Bailiff, check for fingerprints immediately!"

Taka landed before Blackquill, a paper in his beak. Blackquill looked at it.

"...There are two sets of different fingerprints on this knife...one set belonging to...the Defendant, Pitsgerbil..."

"Oh, he did not just mock my last name," Jeremy growled.

"And the other...the other Witness's."

"Wh-WHAAAAAT?!" Phoenix exclaimed in shock, the crowd going into an uproar.

"Order! Order in the Court!" The Judge banged his gavel. "Mr. Puppet, what you just gave us...may be the key factor into telling if the Defendant is really a murderer!"

"I...am sorry...for not giving this...sooner."

"It's okay," the Judge nodded, "You were afraid. Even humans make irrational actions when they're frightened. Though you may not be human, you acted just like one in that moment. Thank you for testifying today. It was quite brave."

The Puppet nodded, *"...Thank...you. I...feel...braver than the night Guards who...never showed up...and the naked...purple Animatronic..."*

'Except they always did show up...but you all thought they were naked Animatronics,' Phoenix thought.

Blackquill whistled.

"In Justice we trust! You called?" Fullbright asked, showing his badge.

"Next witness," Blackquill ordered.

"At once!" Fullbright laughed before zipping out.

"...Defense, remove the box from the witness stand," the Judge ordered.

'Why me?' Phoenix sighed mentally as he and Jeremy worked together to move the Marionette's box off the stand.

The man on the witness stand wore a purple jacket and was in his mid-thirties. In his left hand was a cellphone.

"Witness, your name and occupation," the Judge ordered.

"Vincent Purr-prell Mann, former day guard of Fredbear's Family Diner, former Night Guard of Freddy's Family Pizzeria, and former Day Guard of the same place."

'This...This guy must *be the killer,'* Jeremy thought.

"SILENCE!"

Everyone looked towards Blackquill, "...Enough jabbering. Swords have been drawn. The time for talk is past."

"Swords? What swords?" Jeremy asked.

'Please tell me that he doesn't have an actual sword this Loop...' Phoenix sweated heavily.

"This is a duel to the death. The fate of the accused rests in our hands. Ne gone, ye of cowardly heart! The battlefield hath no place for ye!" Blackquill declared, making a slashing motion at Phoenix, causing a bit of his hair to be cut off.

"Ghhh!" Phoenix freaked.

"Talk about close shaves," Jeremy gulped, seeing the few bits of hair of Phoenix's that had been cut fall onto the table.

"Spare me, pleaaaaaase!" the Judge begged, hiding under his desk.

"How is he doing that?" Jeremy asked.

"No idea," Phoenix replied as the Judge got out from hiding.

"Mr. Mann, your fingerprints were discovered along with the accused's on this knife," the Judge informed the witness. "Test results have shown that the dried blood on here does indeed match that of the five killed children. Please tell the court why this is so."

Vincent proceeded to give the biggest, toothiest smile he could give.

"Sure thing, Your Honor."

'There's something about that smile that... just scares me.'

Witness Testimony

-From Another Perspective -

"I was in my office, watching the security cameras."

"I had found the defendant grabbing the knife from the kitchen."

"Switching the cameras, I found out about the secret room."

"When I found the children, I had found the kids stuffed into the suits, where there was a Spring Bonnie suit walking."

"I grabbed the knife he was holding, so that explains the prints.

"He then proceeded to knock me out with a hammer he had."

"So, you tried to grab the knife out of the murderer's hands?"

"Yes," Vincent's phone rang. "Hello?" he answered. "Ah, yes... I'm in court now. Give me a few minutes. Can we make this quick, please? I have an important client coming in soon."

"Client?" the Judge asked.

"Yes... for I am the owner of the district's GRRRRREATEST tailoring store, The Velvet Rose!"

"OH! You own that place? My cousin loves that store!"

"Playing the judge like a fiddle," Jeremy deadpanned.

"Yeah, he's easily the easiest one to do that to."

"...Witness, Your Baldness... Stop stalling." Blackquill bluntly said.

"Oh, erm, right. Mr. Wright, your cross-examination."

'I may need to squeeze as much testimony from his as possible. It may be the only way to convict him!'

Cross Examination

"I was in my office, watching the security cameras."

"HOLD IT!"

"Cameras?"

"What? Did you honestly expect me to walk around by myself, armed with only a flashlight? No, we have cameras so that if something goes wrong, we can have a fast response time to do so."

"That seems perfectly reasonable."

"Yeah, so as I was saying..."

"I had found the defendant grabbing the knife from the kitchen."

"HOLD IT!"

"You mean this knife?" Phoenix said, holding up said knife.

"Yeah, that's the one."

"This knife is meant for cutting meat... and a child's flesh if need be for this disgusting man," Blackquill commented.

"Yes, of course. Mr. Mann, tell us what you did next," the Judge ordered.

"Of course!"

"Switching the cameras, I found out about the secret room."

"HOLD IT!"

"You mean the safe room?" Phoenix asked for clarification.

"The animatronics avoided that room like the plague, last I remembered."

"Well, it is against their programming," Phoenix shrugged.

"And what did you do next?" the Judge wondered.

"Ah, well..."

"When I found the children, I had found the kids stuffed into the suits, where there was a Spring Bonnie suit walking."

"I grabbed the knife he was holding, so that explains the prints.

" **HOLD IT!"**

"And that's how your prints got on the knife?"

"Yes."

"..." Blackquill remained silent.

"As I was saying..."

"He then proceeded to knock me out with a hammer he had."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"A hammer?"

"Well, yes. I didn't get an concussion, or anything. But I did get a nasty headache when I woke up."

"..." Blackquill was still silent.

"Okay... where was I?"

"I was in my office, watching the security cameras."

"I had found the defendant grabbing the knife from the kitchen."

"Switching the cameras, I found out about the secret room."

"When I found the children, I had found the kids stuffed into the suits, where there was a Spring Bonnie suit walking."

"OBJECTION!"

"Mr. Mann, there's a huge contradiction in your testimony!" Phoenix declared.

"What are you talking about, Wright-dono?" Blackquill questioned.

"Let's remember the previous witness' testimony."

"...There...behind the cases."

"The...The cases?"

"I...thought it was...spilled drink, so I...cleaned there..."

"I don't know about you, but I have to ask this. If the Marionette said that the bodies were behind the cases for the suits..."

Phoenix slammed his hands on the table.

"Then how did the children's corpses end up in the costumes?"

Vincent's smile faltered as sweat dripped down on his face.

The courthouse began to roar out.

"Order! Order! Order in the court!" The Judge banged on his gavel. "Mr. Wright, are you saying that the witness lied?"

"Yes, Your Honor. I may believe that the hammer was used to break open the locks on the case to retrieve the Spring Bonnie suit, and then used to knock out the witness, *but I refuse to believe that my client, a scrawny man could stuff five children into suits with a bunch of crossbeams inside!* "

"Hmph, the animatronics did it!"

"Say what?"

Freddy glared at Vincent.

"Ah, I remember my first night on the night shift at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. The animatronics... they seemed to have an issue. They were always trying to remove me from my office. I actually sent a request for a leave of absence so I could work out more to put me on even playing field on those machines."

"Wait, so the animatronics were hostile to the night guards?" Phoenix asked.

"Yes, they were."

"Well then, Mr. Fitzgerald. I'm sorry for questioning your work ethic earlier if this was indeed a serious occupational hazard," the Judge awkwardly apologized.

"Thank you, Your Honor," Jeremy said uncomfortably.

"Witness, explain how you know those animatronics were defective," the Judge ordered.

"If you say so."

Witness Testimony

-Faulty Machines -

"On my first shift, the Phone Guy told me all about what the animatronics were doing at night."

"When Bonnie came to my office, I had to hide under my desk."

"Bonnie... wasn't fooled."

"I was calm though, and I escaped through the vents."

"When 6AM came, the animatronics went back to normal."

"I honestly believe there's no way you could hide from any of them at all!"

"Hmm... this is an interesting development," the Judge mused.

"The animatronics were designed to be protective of children, so logically, they should be able to restrain a full grown man," Blackquill pointed out.

"And so your... bulking up was meant to protect you?" Phoenix asked.

"Yes. After I quit to follow my dream, I kept in shape. It was a good look on me."

"SILENCE!"

"Stop stalling, Purple Man. What you're saying is irrelevant," Blackquill said impatiently.

"Yes, indeed. You can exchange fitness tips after court is adjourned," the Judge affirmed.

"Sorry, Your Honor. Mr. Wright, continue on."

"As you wish, Mr. Mann."

Cross-Examination

"On my first shift, the phone guy told me all about what the animatronics were doing at night."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Wait, he knew about the animatronic issues?"

"He knows that they tend to move about at night. He doesn't know that they're hostile to night guards."

"So the Phone Guy is genuinely clueless about this issue?" the Judge asked.

"Yes. It's a shame, what with all the first night quitters that came before and after me."

'I wonder if I can make him slip up some important details here?'

"When Bonnie came to my office, I had to hide under my desk."

"HOLD IT!"

"You hid under the desk?"

"Freddy is right over there, Mr. Wright. Are you blind?"

'Geeze, he has a point, but does he really need to be a jerk about it?'

"The Purple Man has a point. Unarmed against his foe, unable to draw a sword to protect himself, he resorts to fleeing to fight another day," Blackquill stated.

"Well, not fighting, but you know the basic concept." Vincent shrugged.

'I remember my first night at Freddy's, and I did flee at the first sight of Bonnie.'

"Bonnie... wasn't fooled."

"HOLD IT!"

"Are you saying that the animatronics are intelligent?"

"Well, more clever than not. Bonnie is stubborn enough to at least look for me, at the very least."

"Witness, we've has no less than two animatronics speak on the stand before you," the Judge pointed out.

"I have noticed," Vincent deadpanned.

"Very well, tell us how you escaped that encounter."

"I was calm though, and I escaped through the vents."

"HOLD IT!"

"Vents?"

"The management decided to make the vents big enough for the animatronics to move through... and they decided to cut costs by making it so for every vent, including the ones going to my office."

"Isn't that a serious hazard to anyone, not just children?" the Judge asked.

"The only good manager I had was Phone Guy. The rest weren't... as forward thinking."

"It's a wonder why you stayed as long as you did."

"Same here."

'I wonder how this trial would've gone if Apollo were here. Maybe he'd catch onto his lies easier... or get a hawk to the face, like everyone else.'

"When 6AM came, the animatronics went back to normal."

"HOLD IT!"

"Normal?"

"They went back to their positions: Freddy and the crew went to the stage, Foxy went to the cove... etcetera, etcetera."

"Wait, so you're saying that the animatronics stop attacking on 6 AM, sharp?"

"Exactly!"

"Your Honor, this is an important piece of testimony!"

"I agree, Mr. Wright. Witness, please add this information to your testimony."

"As you wish."

"From Midnight to 6AM, the animatronics became hostile."

"HOLD IT!"

"So for 6 hours, the machines attack you?"

"Incidentally, it's also the time of the night shift."

"Thank you, Mr. Mann. Continue."

'I've got you now.'

"I honestly believe there's no way you could hide from any of them at all!"

"OBJECTION!"

"Mr. Mann, I believe you when you say you have no way to stop the animatronics from attacking... but there is one way."

"Wh-what?" Vincent said, sweating.

"I have a mask right here."

"A Freddy mask?"

"...What is this ridiculousness?" Blackquill asked.

"Mr. Fazbear, take a close look at me."

"Umm, okay."

Phoenix put on the mask.

"Woah, where'd you go, Mr. Wright, all I see now is a clothed endo-skeleton!"

Blackquill grasped his chest.

Murmurs broke out of the court.

"ORDER! Mr. Wright, what is the meaning of this?"

"Your honor..." Phoenix removed the mask he had on. "This mask tricks the animatronics into thinking that the night guards are animatronics. With that in mind..." Phoenix slammed the desk. "I believe there's proof that the animatronics were attacking innocent night guards without knowing better."

"And what makes you say that?"

"Well your honor..."

"TAKE THAT!"

"Earlier testimony shall explain it to us."

"Though, some Night Guard. He never once showed up on any night. We had to try to get this malfunctioning Animatronic out of this room every night this week, but it kept vanishing with one fully-suited."

"Was always...naked Animatronic...breaking rules...the music...forced me to sleep..."

"You see... *The animatronics thought that the night guards were un-constumed animatronics."*

Vincent smile faltered again.

The crowd began to converse about this predicament.

"HOLD IT!"

The court went silent.

"..." Blackquill was facing away.

Phoenix was staring.

And the Judge was confused.

"Mr. Fazbear, what is the matter?"

"You mean to tell me, that... those endoskeletons weren't... endoskeletons?" Freddy shook.

"Mr. Fazbear, are you alright?" Phoenix asked.

Freddy flashed back to everything he did from his creation to this moment. All the screams that came from those endoskeletons...

"SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

Freddy costume fell apart, revealing his endoskeleton.

His head came back on, and Freddy touched it.

HONK

Freddy then fell backwards.

"..."

"Well, Mr. Wright. I don't know whether to thank you sincerely or sarcastically," Jeremy remarked.

'I really screwed the pooch with this one, didn't I?'

Vincent glared at Phoenix.

"So, you found out our dark secret, am I right, Mr. Wrong?"

'Ah, he's losing it. But seriously, why is it always Mr. Wrong?'

"Let me tell you something... You've only proved that Fazbear Entertainment let this hostility slide."

Vincent took off his jacket, revealing a nice three piece purple suit. He then tore off his sleeves, revealing well developed muscles underneath.

"But you didn't prove that Jeremy didn't do the deed," Vincent said as he posed.

"GAH-GAAAAH!"

'You know what, I'd rather have the rapping pirate too.'

"So tell me, how are you going to prove that he didn't do it?"

Phoenix slammed the desk.

"By proving that *you* did it!"

Vincent chuckled. "Prove it then. Let me have one last testimony. If you can prove me the murderer then... then you win."

"Umm, Witness, are you completely sure?"

"SILENCE!"

"I see no problem with this. He has decided to face his opponent in this life or death battle. The blades of justice clash and in the end, only one will be left standing." Blackquill threw something, which cut off some more of Phoenix's hair.

"AHHH!"

"Well, at least it's even now?" Jeremy nervously remarked from under the desk.

"The witness shall speak one last time." Blackquill proclaimed.

"Thank you, Mr. Blackquill."

"Very well, witness. Tell us what testimony you have left about the incident."

"Thank you." Vincent smiled a toothy smile.

'Now or never!'

Witness Testimony

-The Last Laugh -

"I knew that the killer would not do this crime alone, so he forced one of the animatronics to do it!"

"So he tricked the Marionette to do so."

"The killer also used the Spring Bonnie suit, seeing that the photo here proves that happened, as a disguise."

"And stabbing the children through the heart, he killed them!"

"Wow, that's pretty well detailed." The Judge remarked.

"Yes, it is." Phoenix said.

"So, cross-examine me already, and get this over with." Vincent said.

'This is actually too easy. I don't even need evidence this time.'

Cross-Examination

"I knew that the killer would not do this crime alone, so he forced one of the animatronics to do it!"

"So he tricked the Marionette to do so."

"The killer also used the Spring Bonnie suit, seeing that the photo here proves that happened, as a disguise."

"And stabbing the children through the heart, he killed them!"

"HOLD IT!"

"Mr. Mann, about that last remark..."

"SILENCE!"

"Wright-dono, what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning... is that the witness just sealed his fate!"

"Huh?" Vincent looked on in confusion.

"We never even got an autopsy report for those children..." Phoenix slammed the table. " *Because they were just found today, in the secret room!* "

"What!"

"So tell me, Mr. Mann... *How'd you know how the children were killed?* "

"Erm..."

"I'll tell you how! It's because ***YOU ARE THE ONE WHO KILLED THOSE CHILDREN!*** "

"AGH!"

"And you lied to everyone to save your own skin. So then... tell all of us..." Phoenix slammed the table. "Why?"

Vincent slammed his head on the stand, and then laughed.

He then looked up and smiled.

"I don't regret it."

"What?" The Judge asked.

"I'm telling you right now that I don't regret it."

"He'll be haunted for the rest of his life. How could he have possibly taken the lives of those poor innocent little kids. Every time he goes to sleep he's going to remember them, and the memories are going to haunt him till the day he dies."

"That's what they're going to say, right? Well, I'm telling you now that they're lying, or mistaken, because I don't feel any regret."

"If I were to regret anything, *ANYTHING* at all, it would be that I didn't take even longer. Imagine if I had taken just five more minutes! Imagine if they had caught me in the act of stuffing the last kid into the suit, while she was crying! She couldn't move and tears were falling from her eyes like some broken faucet..."

"Speaking of crying, I can't wait until the funerals. You can't have a funeral without the fun in it! HAHAHAHA!"

"Oh hey, another thing I'm excited about. I can't wait until you all go home, because, and don't take this like I want you to; it's inevitable anyways... *You're going to remember me.* You're going to walk by every mirror and see yourself, and you're going to see them there too. You're going to see them every time you close your eyes."

"And when you see them, you're going to see me! You're going to think of them, and you can do that without thinking of **me!** You're going to see the man who killed your kids without any remorse or regret. You're going to see my eyes, my smile and me."

"And when you go to sleep, you're going to see the ways it happened. Each time worse than the one before!"

"You're going to see me smiling away while it all played out. And you better believe it... I *fucking* enjoyed it! Watching their faces contort in pain while they were being sliced to bits? Their desperate gasps and screams of 'Mommy!' and 'Daddy!'? The horrified realization in their eyes when they came to terms with the fact that they were going to die?"

"Comedy gold."

"I bet I'm going to die for this, that I'm going to Hell too. You'll enjoy my death, and all that rage you'll feel is okay because I'll be dead then. That's fine. I am a murderer after all."

"I'll bet you'll be there when I die, feeling the smallest amount of satisfaction when they kill me. But if you'll be there when I die, why weren't they there then...?"

"Where were they when all of this was happening anyways?

"Were they at home, watching TV and not caring where their kids were?"

"Were they frantically searching the area around the pizzeria looking for them?"

"I guess it doesn't matter anyways, because they're dead now, and their final moments were thinking about how the people they trusted and looked up to the most were gone, and that they weren't coming to save them. I hope their last exchange of words were okay."

"Imagine the last time you saw your kids, you yelled at them. Maybe their last moments was them remember that and thinking 'Maybe they don't care. Maybe they know what's going on, but they just don't care enough to save me.' Maybe they thought that they deserved it."

"I guess what I'm trying to say is that this isn't some big 'Fuck You' to society, or a big part of some bullshit social justice movement. I guess it was just for shits and giggles."

"After all, I'm just the man that had a job at a pizza place. I'm just the man those kids laughed and played games with at the pizzeria. I'm just the man that smiled the whole time those kids begged me to stop and they weren't there."

"And if I'm going to be haunted until the day I die, then I can't to see how your lives play out when they haunt you!"

The lights began to flicker.

"And if you feel something else there- if you feel something other than guilt, if you feel some sort of evil there too, I want you to know something..."

The lights went out. When they came back on...

"IT'S ME!"

"AAAAAAAAHHHHHH!"

"YEAAAAAAAAAH!"

"OH DEEEEEEEAR!"

"..."

Vincent began to laugh and laugh, wearing the Golden Bonnie suit.

"Mr. Mann, get out of that suit, now!" Blackquill demanded.

"Who is Mann? I'm not Mann, I'm just a murderer!"

"I'm serious, if you don't get out of that suit, you'll die!"

'Simon is panicking for the wrong reasons!'

"Screw you, I'll kill you if I have to!"

The lights went out.

"And I'll be su-"

Some crunching noises came about, followed by some coughing.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHH! SOMEONE, ANYBODY... HELP ME!"

"Someone call an ambulance, right now!"

Vincent screamed until a lone light came on on the witness stand. Vincent, tried to climb onto the stand and reached for help when one final crunch and a spurt of blood came from the mouth of the beast. Vincent then slumped over.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

The judge banged his gavel, a somber tone to the air of the courtroom, "Prosecution, what is the status of...the witness?"

"Paramedics were unable to remove the suit but were able to figure out his heart and brain had been pierced in multiple areas,"

Blackquill stated. "An ironic end to his tale. The very suit he used to kill innocent children was the very murder weapon to his own death."

The Judge shook his head somberly, "A death in a courthouse...What dark times we live in during this Dark Age of The Law."

"Dark Age of The Law?" Jeremy repeated.

"It's because of so many prosecutors and defense attorneys falsifying evidence to win court cases," Phoenix informed.

"And the...other witnesses?" the Judge asked.

"Fazbear-dono has willingly agreed to a complete data analysis and will be given new programming in hopes of this not happening again. If it is proven successful, the other Animatronics will be given this new programming as well. Until then, the pizzeria for Fazbear-dono will no longer be opened to the public," Blackquill informed, "As for the Marionette...he has...vanished."

"...Excuse me?" the Judge blinked.

"We discovered the body of the witness in his toy box, but...there was no endoskeleton within," Blackquill informed, "Furthermore, there were no signs of removal of the animatronic interior or any hint of it ever having an endoskeleton within, but there were spots on the body that correlate with old marionette strings and the purple lines on his face had vanished."

'You...You gotta be kidding me...' Phoenix and Jeremy thought in disbelief.

"This...I think I need a drink after this Loop ends," Jeremy admitted.

"I'm...I'm actually used to this," Phoenix admitted, sweating a bit in surprise.

"...Fair enough," the Judge nodded.

"...Is this guy serious? In this Loop, a guy we thought was an animatronic was just a puppet possessed by a spirit thinking he was an animatronic and he just says 'fair enough?'" Jeremy gawked.

"Yep. If this had happened when my friends Maya or Pearl Fey were around, you may have gotten to see them get possessed by one of the children," Phoenix noted before the Judge banged his gavel.

"I will now declare the verdict. This Court finds the Defendant, Jeremy Fitzgerald..." the Judge informed.

NOT GUILTY

Jeremy blinked in confusion as cheers, whistles, and confetti went about the court. He wasn't sure how he should feel right now, so he settled for hitting his head on the Defense's bench. This Fused Loop's court system was just weird to him. Fast, shockingly amazing, but incredibly weird all the same.

"Well, Mr. Wright, we did it," Jeremy stated as they walked out into the Defendant Lobby.

"Yes, Jeremy. We did. So, what are you going to do now?" Phoenix asked.

"I'm planning on finding a new job, considering that I'm practically unemployed with that stunt you pulled, proving that the animatronics were attacking night guards."

"At least I didn't prove anything much worse, like what they do to the guards."

"...Touche, Phoenix."

"Mr. Wright, that was amazing!" Apollo said as he and Athena walked over.

"Yeah. You managed to catch the real criminal," Athena added.

"Until he... you know," Jeremy sweated a little.

"I'm not gonna be sleeping well for a few months," Apollo deadpanned.

"Yeah, me neither," Athena affirmed.

'I'm so not gonna sleep well either... even if the loops have more nightmarish things around.'

Phoenix's cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Uh, hello hello? Uh, yeah, remember me?" Phone Guy said over the phone.

"Yeah, how'd you..."

"I got a laptop and searched for your name, and got your cell number from your site. Listen, it's nothing personal, but I'm gonna need some money since I've got...uhhhh... medical costs, and that my job is essentially over... so..."

'Please don't tell me...'

"I'm gonna need to sue you. Sorry pal."

"Wh-WHAAAAAAT!"

"I'll see you in court, Wright. Goodbye, and sorry."

'Why me?!'

"Something wrong, Phoenix?" Jeremy asked.

"Phone Guy called, he's suing me."

"! That's a surprise. He's usually so nice."

"He's sorry that he has to sue me too."

"Mr. Wright, since you're busy... you mind giving me some cases while you work out that lawsuit?" Apollo asked.

"Yeah, sure," Phoenix said, visibly sweating.

"Alright then... I guess we should give one hell of a exit, right?" Jeremy asked.

"Of course!" Athena cheered on.

'Here it comes...'

"OBJECTION!"

Chapter 7

6.1

Miles Edgeworth...excuse me, Mitsurugi Reiji was not amused by this Loop. Not in the least. Where to start? Oh yes.

He was dead. ...No, he didn't get it either. He was dead, but he was still in the Loop, which confused him to no end. And then there was the irritating matter of this chain attached to his chest. He kept tripping over it, for whatever reason, and the chain itself was heavy.

And then, every now and then, the chain links started *eating themselves* . Which caused him pain. Needless to say, Reiji was not in a good mood. "Blasted chain..." he grumbled, fidgeting with it. He couldn't really help, it was just too much of an irritant. What he wouldn't give to just tear it off…

6.2 (OracleMask)

It was a baseline loop. They were in between cases and Maya was feeling a bit playful. Hence why she opted to sneak into the office today. Maybe she would even catch Nick up to something...? Not likely, knowing Nick, but the thought was too tempting for Maya to resist.

To her surprise, Nick *did* seem to be up to something. He was on the office couch, flipping through a binder and chuckling softly to himself from time to time.

' *Suspicious* ,' Maya thought, ' *VERY suspicious!* '

Most loopers she'd met that had *that* sort of binder used them for storing blackmail pictures. As the Master of the Fey Clan (as well as being the naturally curious person she was), Maya decided the best thing to do in this situation was to sneak across the office until she

was just behind her unsuspecting target. When his spiked hair prevented Maya from getting a good look at the binder without blowing her cover, Maya opted to use the element of surprise.

"Hey, Nick!"

Nick yelped, springing off the couch as Maya's voice suddenly shouted in his ear. The binder flew up and out of his hands as Nick reacted to the surprise, making it extremely easy for Maya to reach out and snag it.

"Ack - what in the - Maya?! ...That's not funny, Maya," Nick complained once he realized he'd been had.

"I just had to see what you were looking at, Nick," Maya said as she examined the binder she now held. It wasn't labeled or anything, except for some of Nick's scrawl on the spine indicating this was Volume 4 of a set, "I can't believe you were checking your blackmail collection in the office! What if Trucy or Pearly had seen this?"

" *Blackmail?!* No, that's my -"

Maya stopped listening as she opened the binder, eagerly expecting to see something juicy. What she got was...a picture of the inside of their office, with Nick, Edgeworth, and someone she didn't recognize posed for the camera. And another picture of the inside of the office, but with just Nick and Larry. Flipping through the pages, Maya was puzzled to realize that these were ALL pictures taken inside this very office. Sometimes it was the Wright Anything Agency (that was obvious from all the props in the background, as well as pictures of Apollo and sometimes Athena being in the mix), but there were even some from the Fey and Co. office, including a prominent one with Mia standing proudly over a pair of kids that it took Maya a moment to recognize as Nick and...Gumshoe?

When Nick tugged on the binder Maya relinquished it without hesitation.

"Your collection is kinda weird," she said, flopping down on the couch.

Nick sighed, sitting next to her.

"It's *not* blackmail - why would you even *think* that? No, it's - listen, remember when we visited the Big Berry Circus? The first time we went into the Ringmaster's Office?"

"Yeah," Maya replied, "I make sure to get a new poster of Max every time I visit!"

Now she got a frown...what? It was the truth! A true fan needed to have as many posters of their hero as possible! Maya was proud to say that her Max Galactica poster collection was second to none - though how Edgeworth kept beating her to the rarer posters of the Steel Samurai was a frustrating mystery...

"Maya, focus. Remember what you said when you saw the pictures of the circus members throughout the years?"

"Oh yeah," Maya answered, "I remember. I said we should take pictures of the clients we got 'Not Guilty' verdicts for, and put them on the wall in the office!"

There was a moment of silence before Maya's eyes went wide.

"Wait, you mean those pictures are-?"

"Sadly, the wall's a bit too small these days." Nick sounded very pleased with himself, "But I do keep a photo album in my pocket. Every 'Not Guilty' when defending a looper...or when the prosecution's replaced with a looper...or if it's an interesting variant."

Putting the binder away, Nick pulled out another one, identical to the first except it said 'Volume One' on the spine.

"So far, this is my favorite one," Nick admitted as he flipped to the last page.

Maya gasped at the picture. It was a big, crowded one. A grinning Trucy stood beside a beaming Nick and a snickering Athena. Apollo's sour face showed that he didn't appreciate the snickering, especially since Klavier was leaning on his shoulder and muttering something into his ear. Edgeworth, just next to Nick, was looking disapprovingly at the younger prosecutor over the rim of his glasses. Next to Apollo stood a teenage Pearly and an adult Maya, both in full channeling gear and both making very silly faces at the camera.

Standing over it all, gray just beginning to tint her hair and smiling almost like a proud mother, was Mia Fey.

Under the picture was a hasty scribble. ' *Fey, Wright, & Co. Anything Agency: End of Loop Party* '.

Maya knew she hadn't been Awake for this loop, but...at this moment, this picture was her favorite too.

6.3 (GammaTron)

Sarge glanced around. He just knew it was the Blues' fault for this. How else was this possible?! Living the same life over and over again! And having to deal with that...that...that...Blue Girl in yellow! Every! Single! Time! He was not old, darn it! He was *experienced* ! There's a different, consarn it! And now, look at what those filthy Blues did! He wasn't even sure *where* he was! It looked like a jailhouse or something!

"Mr. Sarge? Mr. Sarge, are you paying attention?" a voice demanded, making Sarge look at him and...

"Gah! A filthy blue!" Sarge exclaimed, "Where's mah shotgun?!"

"B-Blue sir?" the man with his hair slicked back into spikes and wearing a blue business suit questioned.

"Y'all know what Ah mean, ya filthy Blue!" Sarge growled, "Ah jest know this is one o' yer mind tricks t' make me crack and spill top secret secrets th' Red Team has! Like mah secret recipe for guilt-free brownies!"

"...You know how to make guilt-free brownies?" the man raised a brow.

"Ah! How did y'all know Ah knew that?! You filthy Blue! Ah swear when Ah eat mah way outta here, Ah'll kill you!" Sarge threatened, "But first, Ah need t' find mah armor."

"Armor?" the man sweatdropped, "Wait. Have you been experiencing any issues with something happening all over again?"

"...What are y'all tryin' t' say t' me?" Sarge demanded slowly.

"Mr. Sarge, I believe that you're experiencing your first Fused Loop," the man informed.

"...Ah did what in mah cup now?" Sarge blinked.

"Let me explain it a bit better for you, Mr. Sarge. My name is Phoenix Wright, Ace Attorney. You are my Defendant, Mr. Sarge Sargent. You're currently accused of killing one Franklin Delano Donut."

"Donut?! He's...He's *dead* ?!" Sarge asked before slamming his fists on the table, "Dammit! There goes mah perfect record in th' Red Army! Damn you, Grif!"

"..." Phoenix facepalmed, "So you...like the color red?"

"Exactly! Red is th' color for victory! Convert to th' Red Team, ya filthy Blue!" Sarge demanded.

6.4 (XeroM52)

"Now I believe it is time to start this trial," the Judge announced as he took a seat. "Is the prosecution rea…. "The Judge trailed off as he saw the prosecutor in charge.

"Is there something wrong, Your Honor?" asked the prosecutor in a very detached manner.

"M-Mister Edgeworth?! Is that you?" The judge asked astonished.

"Of course! And the prosecution is ready to begin!" Edgeworth answered without that confident smile that characterized him.

"But, Mr. Edgeworth! Why are you…"

"I believe that whatever is it that I'm wearing does not directly affect my abilities to prosecute correctly, so it shouldn't matter or be brought up again!" Edgeworth pointed out, almost as if he was pointing out a contradiction in the defense's claims.

"It is very unorthodox! But since it is you, I'm going to allow this just this once," the Judge declared, slamming his gavel once.

"Thank you, Your Honor," Edgeworth said, performing his trademark bow in appreciation.

Though he was acting cool and collected on the outside, on the inside he felt more embarrassed that he had ever felt before. All because of what he was wearing.

A bright red one piece devil costume, with horns and tail included.

' *Must remember to never make a bet with Maya Fey ever again.* '

6.5 (crossoverpairinglover)

"...As I have continuously shown in the entirety of this trial, the actions of my clients were justified under New York law in defending themselves from the Sentinels trying to brutally murder them and a

dozen innocent children. The idea that their genetic status means they should be punished for doing no more, legally, than Zimmerman is truly an act of bigotry and racism that goes against their basic civil rights." Phoenix gave his closing argument in a lawsuit filed by Bolivar Trask, Sentinel Creator and generally a large pain in the rear, against the X-Men.

"His arguments basically boil down to 'they are mutants, and thus have no rights'. If you, the people, were to allow this reasoning to prevail, where does it end? How long until people argue that 'they are African-American, and thus have no rights?' 'They are Jewish, and thus have no rights?' This isn't about if you believe mutants are a threat or not, this is basic decency!"

"...Bub, you somehow managed to win us that lawsuit." Wolverine toasted Phoenix's grape juice with a beer can in a massive party of looping X-Men at the X-Mansion. "Do you know how many times that tactic worked for us?"

"...I'm guessing not often?" Phoenix asked sheepishly. At that, Storm let out a bitter laugh.

"Try never. We consider the mistrial Red Skull caused the last time by trying to shoot poor Murdock in the head the closest thing we ever had to a win legally."

Phoenix smiled at the mention of his friend from this verse, who wasn't awake this fused loop, before he sighed.

"What is wrong with the people in this universe?" It was one of the things that Phoenix didn't understand about the loops here. Why were the people here so...hate-filled? What caused them to be terrified of their heroes to a degree, several in fact, that almost never happened in the DC Loops?

It was somewhat mind boggling to think the citizens were either that hateful, or that stupid. Couldn't they grasp that harassing people with

superpowers was dangerous? How many villains did the people create themselves?

Cyclops shrugged. "We get jerks and Clark, Barry and the rest of their merry little super friends get cosmic retcons. I think it balances out somewhat."

6.6 (XeroM52)

"So, this is what they call a fused Loop," Franziska von Karma said as she looked at her surroundings. Definitely not Los Angeles or even Japan. No, by the looks of it all, it seems that she was in the middle of the road in a European country around the 15th century.

"Not what I expected," Franziska commented out loud just to fill the silence around her. She didn't know what she expected; she just wanted some time alone away from that foolish Phoenix Wright, and away from the words written by a non-looping version of her.

' *I just wanted a vacation.* ' Just so she could clear her mind.

Then she waited for her in-Loop memories to be completely processed. Once they were finished, Franziska raised an eyebrow in calm surprise. "Hn. Interesting."

She was Franziska Belmont and she was tasked to stop and defeat Dracula once more, like her family has done for generations every 100 years. In fact, she could see the castle were Dracula resided in the distance.

"I guess there is no way around it." Franziska deliberated the cons and pros of risking her life in such a dangerous mission, but the consequences of her failure were far too large to ignore. Besides, she was still a prosecutor and her job was to deliver justice and see that criminals get their due punishment.

"Dracula! I'm coming for you!" As soon as she said that, the ground before her started moving. From it a large number of decayed corpses rose from the dead, with their only mission being defend their master's castle from any intruders.

Franziska, not faced at all by the approaching zombies, prepared her weapon, a relic passed through her family from generation to generation, a whip appropriately named 'The Vampire Killer'.

"If you step in my way, I will end you!" Franziska declared before lashing her whip towards the zombies, returning them once more to the grave. "I told you so, you ghoulish ghouls!"

' *Looks like this Loop will suffice me just fine!* '

6.7 (Filraen)

Dear Clay,

Feels strange sending a letter, doesn't it? Normally we just chat over things, like how I couldn't get to your soccer match today (I'm sorry, Clay), but needs must and today is a situation exceptional.

No, really! This is something to scream the Chords of Steel to the winds on hope! Better start from the beginning: after school, some girl with a strange cape and hat found me while on the way to your match, calling herself Trucy and claiming she was my sister.

Yes, Clay, I have a sister! Don't worry, I wasn't naive because I asked how she could know we were siblings. Then she showed me the kind of proof that'd make Mr. Phoenix Wright proud: a bracelet just like mine! You know how we've searched all over about the bracelet and how I suspected the bracelet had to be from my family and then I discovered I was right! How crazy is that? But if I was excited before then, her next revelation floored me.

I have a mom and she's alive. A mom! Can you believe that?

But not everything is good news: Trucy told me that she was sick, both blind and with no memories of us. She also lives in Borginia, on the other side of the world. That's... far.

Little Trucy said she didn't have any proof she was there, no useful name because mom doesn't remember anything so she asked me on a big leap of faith to follow her to Borginia.

I don't know if it's the right thing to do or not, but if children of 13 can become prosecutors in Germany, then I can be like little Marco who traveled from the Apennines to the Andes in search of her mother... just going the other way.

So by the time you're reading this letter, I already will have left with Trucy to Borginia. I don't know how long it'll take, however, so you won't be hearing from me for a while. And you will hear from me again, you can be sure of that.

Don't worry about me, I'll be fine! So please promise me that you'll be fine too.

Until we meet again,

Apollo Justice

When Apollo caught up with his new sister -what a wonderful word!- for breakfast, Trucy seemed to be deep in thought. "What is it, Trucy?"

"...Oh, it's you, Polly. I was wondering if we should go directly to Borginia or take the scenic route."

"Scenic as in..."

"Go around the world the other way," Trucy elaborated. "West."

"What?!"

"On the one hand, going west means that we'll skip traveling by ship across the Atlantic. I don't look forward to staying put for so long. But on the other hand, I don't know many Asian languages, only a bit of Japanese."

"B-But can't we just take a plane?" Apollo stammered his objection.

"I don't have that much money with me and I don't want to take money from Daddy. That's sort of cheating, you know."

"How is getting to our mother faster cheating?" Apollo asked with a bit more force than he wanted to.

However it had the effect of getting rid of Trucy's funk. "But... right, you can't know. It was actually Daddy who told me about you and Mom, but I asked him to let me travel there under my own abilities. I'm carrying a credit card for emergencies, but I want to get there by my own means."

"But you aren't even ten," Apollo countered, confused. "You aren't even supposed to be traveling alone."

"I know that!" Trucy seemed... hurt? "That's one more reason we're traveling together. International police won't agree with me traveling alone. That's why I had Daddy prepare a few papers to let me travel around the world as long as we go together. You aren't a minor according to the law."

"'According to the law...' Is your father a lawyer or something?"

"The best in this world or any other, but that's not the main reason..." Trucy paused, as if steeling herself. "I think it's better if I show you. You should recognize the people in the photograph."

With that, Apollo looked at the picture and his brain promptly shut down. After all, it wasn't everyday when Apollo could see a picture of Trucy and Apollo happily having dinner together with Phoenix Wright.

"Trucy, your father is *Phoenix Wright* ?"

"For some years now." At Apollo's confused look Trucy elaborated. "I'm adopted, not that it bothers me. But Daddy isn't the important part of the photo, it's us."

Now that the shock of being with Phoenix Wright's daughter -Trucy, he corrected himself- passed, Apollo realized that there was something bothering him about the picture. "Are we... older?"

"Yes. And the reason I have this photo is that I'm a time traveler of sorts. I have lived more years than you but since I came back in time my records say I'm a minor so I can't travel abroad alone."

Apollo didn't know what to think so he just nodded.

"Apollo, I know it's hard to take in. I won't ask you to believe me being a time traveler, but the part of us being siblings and Mom being in Borginia was all true."

"But Trucy, if you are a time traveler, doesn't that mean you can use the lotto results to fund our travel to Borginia?"

Now it was time for Trucy to be speechless.

"...I guess it's a bad idea?"

"No, it's a great idea, but I never wrote down the lotto results," Trucy eventually answered. "It might be a good idea to start writing them now though. Let's go buy a notebook and then I'll give you a lesson on how to use your bracelet, how does that sound?"

"Use my bracelet?"

"As a focus. You see, one of the gifts from our mother is a very good sight..."

Hi Daddy,

How have you been? My first day went great for me: I got Polly to agree to travel with me so we're leaving tomorrow morning to Borginia. I still have to think of the route though.

By the way, thank you again for letting me do this. But if loops are really going to be as complicated as you say then I really need to get used to change and being by myself because we may not meet every time.

As I told you, I'll keep sending more e-mails with pictures of the travels.

Love,

Trucy

For Phoenix Wright, it was hard to only read Trucy's e-mail and not be with her today. But after what he almost did, supporting in her quest was the minimum he could do to make it up to her for not telling her about her mother and brother the first time.

Did Trucy want to have time alone to think? Did she only want to test herself to prepare for more complicated loops? Did she want time to bond with her brother? Would she be all right all alone out there? Will-?

"Smile a little more, Nick."

"AARGH!" The surprise of having Maya sneak up on him was enough to make Phoenix fall out of his chair.

"Oh, Maya." Phoenix looked at his assistant and realized something was odd. "What's with that suit?"

Instead of her usual robes as a Kurain Technique practitioner or normal clothes (she had been getting better at wearing other kinds of

clothes), she was wearing a black suit, with a white blouse, black tie and sunglasses.

"You're worried about Trucy," Maya said instead of asked, before giving him a reassuring smile. "Don't be, Nick. Elite Beat Maya is on the case."

"Thanks, Maya," Phoenix replied, now properly seated on his seat again. "I'll feel better knowing you'll be caring for the kids."

After a minute or so of both sitting on opposite sides of the desk, a rare uncomfortable silence stretched between them.

"What are you doing staying there?" Phoenix asked, a little confused.

She frowned a little. "Nick, I'm on a mission now. You have to send me away!"

"Really?"

"Yes!" Maya said excited. "Now, at least like Commander Kahn that other loop. I know you can shout and point better than that."

Phoenix couldn't help but smile a little. "OK, then." Then suppressing the smile, he stood up and pointed his finger towards Maya as he usually did while objecting.

"Agent... **GO!** "

6.8 (Rufus Shinra)

"...and THIS, Your Honor, is why organics are clearly able to coexist with synthetics," finished Phoenix Shepard, Spectre Attorney. "I rest my case."

On the other side of the hastily improvised courtroom made over the Presidium, Harbinger was frozen speechless with fury. It nevertheless regained some sort of composure a few instants later, opening its main weapon porthole and pointing it towards the Defense and his spunky assistant:

"OBJECTION! The Defense Attorney is a puny organic unable to face the inevitable."

The superheated bolt of liquid metal was catapulted towards the Spectre, only to be stopped mid-air.

"Overruled," said the Star Child. "The Defense made its point and unless the Prosecutor here has actual evidence to show this court, I will have no choice but to pass my verdict."

"But..." started the gigantic spaceship, its voice now awfully contrasting with its size, "we were supposed to be their salvation through destruction. That's what every Cycle had been about! You cannot change it! Not now! I refuse to accept this travesty of a court!"

Before another stream could leave the oversized sentient dreadnought, the Star Child snapped fingers, engulfing the ship in a Stasis Field: "Bailiff, take the Prosecutor away for contempt of court. We will deal with it later."

"Heh, why not," answered Wrex, who still had no idea what happened or why he had to wear a C-Sec uniform but who enjoyed the outright surrealism of the last few days anyway. Coming near the mountain-sized spaceship whose mass had been rendered negligible, he looked up while getting his baton out. "Come with me, big guy."

"With that being done," resumed the Star Child, "on the case of 'Organic Species and Geth Versus Reapers', I declare the defendant...NOT GUILTY!"

"Discussions for reparations will be done at a further time. Court dismissed."

In the sides of the courtroom, a smug Udina made a small victory gesture before turning towards Anderson, who was still twitching from the scene:

"I told you, Captain. There's nothing a good enough lawyer cannot do."

6.9 (Awesomedude17)

It was definitely a morgue. He just somehow knew.

If he was right...

Right...

Right...

Wright. Oh how he hated Wright.

He let this happen to him.

But he'll swear on his life that he'll suffer.

Someone's coming!

He hid.

Creeek

"Alright, let's get that corpse out of the suit."

"Man, Spring Bonnie looks... Creepy."

"I know. Ugh. And the fact that we may have to hack up the body."

"Dude, let's just get him out so we can..."

"What's wrong?"

"Where's the body?"

Damn, he was caught. No matter. He already had them.

He walked towards the autopsy crew.

"Wha-AAAAAAAHHHH!"

"WHAT IS- HOW? HE'S-"

"SCREEEEREEEAAAAGH!"

SNICK

SPLASH

Springtrap looked down at his work, and just laughed.

"Fabulous. Absolutely fabulous."

6.1 - Do you think Edgeworth's hair is white enough, or does it need Bleach?

6.2 - Phoenix Wright: Sentimental Sap.

6.3 - Err...something involving RvB. Don't ask.

6.4 - ...What the hell kind of bet was that?

6.5 - Seriously? *Sentient Bacteria?*

6.6 - The obvious Fused Loop...well, one of them.

6.7 - This is set fairly early into Trucy's Awake history...it might actually be in her first Loop. Trucy is a resourceful girl, after all.

6.8 - And another way a Mass Effect/Ace Attorney Fused Loop can go about.

6.9 - Oh, crap...Stay tuned for **Turnabout's Fright** , the sequel to the previous FNAF/AA chapter.

Chapter 8

7.1

"Wait, you want to return it?" Phoenix said in surprise, staring at the green USB Memory that Maya was giving him. Although, it wasn't exactly a *USB* Memory...

"Yeah, it was fun, and it did mean a lot to me in the Loop I got it, but..." Maya hesitated, trying to phrase it exactly without seeming as though she was snubbing anyone.

"You like your Pink Princess get-up better?" Phoenix guessed, a deadpan look on his face.

"Yeah, that!" Maya agreed, clapping her hands together. "Besides, what if you need to use Strengthening Armament Mode for something? I keep this thing in my own Pocket, not yours," she added.

"Alright, alright," Phoenix grumbled, taking the green 'C'-emblazoned Memory back and putting it into his Pocket.

"Thanks, Nick!" Maya beamed, turning around to leave the office. But before she did, she stopped.

(...? What's up?)

"Maya, you alright?" Phoenix asked in concern. Maya was uncharacteristically silent for a while, before turning around to face him.

"Hey, Nick...do you think Sis and Pearly will ever Loop?" she asked hesitantly.

"..." Phoenix honestly didn't have an answer for that. Every part of him wanted to say yes, with all his heart, but he knew that

sometimes, despite what little they knew of the system, people who you'd expect to Loop never did.

(Like Mom and Dad...or a lot of Loopers' parents, come to think of it.)

"I...I don't know, Maya," he admitted.

"...Oh, okay! I just wanted to know!" Maya said cheerfully, her mood doing a complete 180. But Phoenix knew better.

"Maya..."

"It's fine! Even if they're not Looping, I still remember all the time we've spent together. As long as I have those memories, they're always with me, right?"

"...Yeah."

7.2 (Conceptualist)

It's not every loop that you Awake and then spontaneously combust.

Of course, it's also not every loop that you survive such an instance of spontaneous combustion, and, in fact, do so as a natural biological process.

For Wright the Phoenix, it was just one of those kinda loops.

7.3 (XeroM52)

"Mia!" Phoenix shouted as he ran towards the door of the Fey & Co. Law Offices to try and open it, only to find it locked.

Phoenix cursed at his Loop Start Time. He had Awoken in the middle of the street, 15 minutes away from the time Mia was supposed to be murdered. With too many people around to be able to transform into

Eternal (at least, without causing a scene), Phoenix ran as fast as humanly possible to stop Mia's murder.

On the other side of the door, Phoenix could hear sounds of struggling and the sound of falling objects. Mia was being attacked that very instant!

With all the strength he could muster, Phoenix Wright kicked the door open and once again called out for his mentor. "MIA!" Only to find a shocking scene inside.

"PH-PHOENIX!" Mia shouted, surprised at seeing him there. "What do you think you're doing?!" Except she wasn't glad to see him.

Phoenix stood there with his mind almost breaking in half. He couldn't believe what he was seeing and much less who was also inside with Mia in the office. "Ch-C-Chief?!" His cheeks couldn't help but turn red.

"So this is your lauded apprentice, Phoenix Wright?" Lana Skye asked as she started to button up her shirt to cover her 'modesty'. "I never imagined I would ever meet him in this manner."

"Believe me, neither did I." Mia agreed as she too, pulled up her skirt. Trying to remain as compose and conserve some dignity. "I don't know why he would drop by the office in this manner."

"Wh..what…why…?" It seemed that Mia wasn't being murdered at all, and that he just had interrupted a 'very friendly' visit from her friend Lana Skye. Phoenix had known since baseline that Mia and Lana had been good friends in school, but in this Loop it appeared that they were a LOT CLOSER than in baseline.

"So! Are you going to stand there all night or are you going to introduce yourself?" Lana asked him after she was fully clothed.

"Ah! Sorry! My name is Phoenix Wright, Mia's apprentice," a red faced Phoenix introduced himself. He silently wondered if he should

offer his hand for a shake or not, knowing where her hands had been just a few moments ago. "It is a pleasure to meet the Chief Prosecutor."

However, Lana stood there, blinking in confusion. "How do you know that?" she asked.

"Eh?" was Phoenix's ever so eloquent answer.

"How did you know I'm going to be the next Chief Prosecutor?" she repeated her question more clearly. "I was just told this afternoon!"

"That's right," Mia also joined in the wondering. "In fact, that was the reason for this…em…visit."

Clearly, Phoenix had caught them mid-celebration.

"Well…you see…" Phoenix laughed nervously as he stretched the back of his head, while both Mia and Lana were looking at him expectantly.

' *I messed up! I'm so screwed!* '

"Yes, Phoenix?" Mia insisted once more.

"T-The th-thing is…" Phoenix eyes wandered around the office until they settled on one thing. "Ahhh!" Phoenix then bolted and jumped through a closed glass window, forgetting that a bust-open door had been just behind him, before he started running.

"PHOENIX!" he heard Mia call for him worriedly after he had fallen down to the ground with thousands of tiny pieces of glass from the window.

"Sorry, Chief! I'll send you a check from Mexico!" Phoenix ran away, knowing he had to hide for the rest of that Loop or tell Mia and Lana that he was Looping. The later would've been far easier but the former spared him from the awkwardness of catching both women in the middle of their celebration.

'¡ *Fénix Wrighto González, vive una vez más* !'

7.4 (Lucky777)

I looked down at the young Athena Cykes. She was slumped down in her chair at the police station wearing her mother's specially made headphones, her hands drawn together and her hair draped over her eyes. Slowly, I dropped to one knee to carefully look at her eyes. I had been too late to save Dr. Metis Cykes and the Phantom had slipped away into the shadows.

"Hey there, how you holding up?" She didn't show any signs of listening, but I knew very well how painful it was to lose someone dear to you. Even now after so many loops, my heart still ached from the death of my mentor during my first life.

"Will Simon be okay?" Athena murmured. The events were roughly the same as baseline (minus my losing my Badge, for some reason): I had Awoken just before the launch and rushed to the space station to stop the Phantom. But by the time I had arrived, the bomb had already been detonated and Simon Blackquill was being carted off into the detention center.

"He will definitely be okay. I know he didn't do it and I'll do everything within my power to free him." Her eyes focused on mine, and for a brief moment I was reminded of the excellent defense attorney I knew she would become.

"You don't look like someone who can help much." ...That was probably because I was wearing my 'hobo' clothes, though I honestly believe that it is perfectly normal attire and swore to Maya once that no amount of time loops will ever change that view.

"I swear, even if I have to scale Mount Everest, or swim the entire Pacific Ocean, I will save Simon." Again, she gave me that evaluating look, before a small hesitant smile appeared.

"Okay, I believe you."

7.5 (generiguy)

" **OBJECTION!** " yelled Phoenix.

"There's a glaring hole in your testimony! You say you weren't at the aquarium... but then why is that shark biting your head!"

'Honestly,' thought Phoenix. 'It's kind of hard to miss.'

7.6 (OathToOblivion, XeroM52, and Filraen)

Phoenix sighed, a little disappointed. Once again he had Awoken after Mia's murder, with Maya being held in the detention center. And like always, he defended her and put that scum Redd White right in prison where he belonged. Though it happened far more times than he cared about, it was always tough to not have Mia around, especially when she had been alive last Loop.

Phoenix was working on the after-trial paperwork when suddenly the phone rang and he quickly answered it, not even having to stand up from his seat behind the desk. "Wright & Co. Law offices. Phoenix Wright speaking!"

He waited for a few seconds in silence until the person on the other end finally decided to speak up. "Ehm…I…" The caller mumbled nervously.

"How may I help you?" Phoenix tried to prompt the person on the other end to speak up. It was common for someone to be nervous when trying to contact a lawyer by phone. ' *This must be a variation, since I don't remember someone calling me this early after Maya's acquittal* .'

"Ehm…I don't know if you can…"The voice said and judging by it, it appeared to be a kid. "Does the name Apollo Justice means anything to you…?" he asked scared.

"Apollo! Is that you?" Phoenix was on his feet instantly. "Where are you? Where are you calling from?" This had never happened before, and for Apollo to call him like this, it could only mean one thing.

"Mr. Wright! You do remember me!" Apollo exclaimed relieved. "I'm calling from a public phone in Vitamin Square! Please Mr. Wright! I don't know what is going on. Why are we in the past?"

"Stay there Apollo! I'm coming for you right now!" Phoenix ordered. "I'll be there in 10 minutes!" Phoenix hanged on the phone and made his way out of the office, with one thought on his mind.

' *Apollo is Looping* .'

One hour after Apollo's call. Phoenix was in Vitamin Square sitting in a beach alongside of a 12 year-old Apollo Justice. After Phoenix had found him, the two of them had a long chat about what was going on and Phoenix explained everything about the Loops, the Admins, Yggdrasil, etc.

To say the least, Apollo was overwhelmed. "I…I can't believe this is happening!"

"Believe it. It is happening." Phoenix said as he rested his hand on the boy's shoulder. "And there is nothing we can do about it but stay sane and keep on looping."

"So that is the only thing we can do? Repeat the same events over and over again? Trapped like a bunch of rats in an experiment!" Apollo asked clearly getting very agitated.

Phoenix could see that Apollo was agitated and tried to calm him down. "Apollo! Calm down." Phoenix said calmly as he looked Apollo

directly in the eyes. A small trick he had learned over the years when he had to calm Pearls or Trucy."Everything will be just fine. I promise you, you are not alone, I'm here for you."

Apollo visually calmed down but tears began to form on his eyes. All that Phoenix did next was to pat the over emotional Apollo in the back. "There, there…" Hearing the 'Welcome to the Loops' talk wasn't always easy, especially when one was going through puberty a second time.

"Sorry Mr. Wright. I don't know what came to me." The boy apologized as he rubbed his tears away. "Being 12 again is so weird."

"I know!" Phoenix said with a small laugh. "I have looped as early as an Elementary student. I know how weird it feels. Especially puberty."

"Oh god! It was hard the first time around! Now I have to go through it again?"

"I'm afraid so." Phoenix said with sympathy "But don't worry, I'm here to help you in whatever way you need."

"Thanks. Mr. Wright." Apollo answered relieved and he appreciated the offer, but there was one problem. "But you are busy with your career as a lawyer and I'm just an orphan Middle Schooler." It would be difficult for him to spent time with Mr. Wright.

"Well…" Phoenix trailed off for a second. "I could become your legal guardian, you know!" Phoenix said making Apollo eyes widen.

"But Mr, Wright…!"

"You have always been part of our little family Apollo. You, me and Trucy!" Phoenix said with a small smile. "Why not make it official? Besides is not like you have to call me Dad or bear my last name.

You can still call me Mr. Wright and be my apprentice. That is if you want to."

Apollo was speechless. He couldn't believe that Mr. Wright would go as far as adopt him. It really moved him to tears. "I…I'll would like that…" He remembered having to grow in the orphanage wishing to be adopted but it never happened. He grew up without a mother or a father, his only role models were people whom he idolized, Phoenix Wright been one of them.

"Come Apollo, Let's go." Phoenix stood up from the bench. "After paperwork is done, we can meet up some friends of mine and have some fun, what do you say?"

"Of course, Mr. Wright! Let's go!"

Later that day, at Phoenix's apartment...

"Man, adoption paperwork is almost as frustrating as a court case," Apollo sighed, massaging his forehead. It was truly a giant headache that all of this paperwork was really needed.

"I suppose they just want to be thorough so they know orphans are going to good homes. Besides, I did manage to get permission for you to stay the night, didn't I?" Phoenix pointed out.

"Yeah..." Anyone would be hard pressed to object to that logic.

"Anyway, it's a bit too late to turn the paperwork in," Phoenix noted, seeing that it was already nearing 9 PM. "You want dinner?"

"Eh? Oh, sure," Apollo agreed. Between Mia's murder, Maya (and his own) trial(s), and Apollo's Awakening, Phoenix had not been able to get any groceries at all lately, so he and Apollo settled for a couple of TV dinners he had stuffed in the freezer.

As the two finished with their dinners, something struck Phoenix. Explaining everything also meant explaining Trucy and Apollo's relationship.

...Trucy had taken it well, but who knew how Apollo would react? Phoenix prepared himself mentally, in case the worst might happen. But honestly, he didn't know if he could bear it if it did happen.

"Apollo..." he started off hesitantly, "Sorry about this, but if we are going to continue with the adoption I first need to come clean with you...Did I ever tell you about-?"

"Is this about the fact that Trucy and I are related?"

(WAIT, WHAT?!)

Phoenix recoiled in shock. "Wait, how-?!" he started.

"I'm not an idiot, Mr. Wright," Apollo said, frowning. "She had the same ability to Perceive as I did, and there was always something about her that called to me. At first, I thought it might have been a romantic attachment, which kinda creeped me out, considering she was still...is going to be...uh..." Apollo trailed off, confused about how to put it.

"If there's one thing I've learned, time travel makes verb tenses very confusing. Just ignore that part, and I'll overlook the fact that you almost fell for my daughter," Phoenix offered frostily.

"Err...right," Apollo cringed, fearing Phoenix's wrath, and disgusted with his former feelings. "Anyway, then there was the fact that we look a lot alike, and Clay would never stop asking me if we were related. After a while, I couldn't take it anymore, so I stole some hair off her hairbrush, then gave them along with my own hair to Ema to do a DNA test. If we were related, well, then I'd found some actual family! If not, I could at least shut Clay up..."

"And it came back positive, but only partly. Enough to say that you were half-siblings," Phoenix guessed.

"Yeah...so, you knew the whole time?!" Apollo demanded, glaring daggers at his (future) boss.

Phoenix sighed. "Apollo, I'm sorry. I should have told you when I personally found out. But the thing is, your and Trucy's mother had amnesia..."

HOLD IT!

"My mother is alive?!" Apollo yelled in surprise.

Phoenix winced, both at that statement, and at Apollo's Chords of Steel. "Yeah. Guess I should say sorry for at least not telling you that as well. But, she had only recently gotten her memories back, and she wanted to be the one to tell you two. I don't quite remember what reasoning I justified it with, nor how she convinced me, but it wasn't right. Not in the least," he admitted.

Apollo's eyes were wide-open, and not in his usual way that he did to Perceive. "Are you saying that my mother...is Lamiroir?" he asked faintly. It was a bit of a stretch, Apollo had to admit to himself, but she was the only amnesiac woman he knew, and considering he had run into Trucy, his half-sister that he hadn't known existed, out of the blue, then...

"Yeah," Phoenix said, sighing. There was a long pause, as neither male knew what to really say about this.

Eventually, Apollo said, "You said Trucy is Looping too. Does she know?"

Phoenix sighed again. "Yeah. I almost convinced myself not to. Boy, would that have been a mistake..."

(She probably would have torn me apart if I had kept it a secret...in more ways than one.)

There was another long and drawn out silence, where neither of them said anything. Phoenix fidgeted uncomfortably at the silence. "Apollo?" he said in concern. Was he okay? It wasn't really like him to be this silent...

"I'M FINE!" Apollo blurted out. Phoenix winced at the intensity of his Chords of Steel.

(Geez! When did he start practicing that stuff?!)

"Apollo, you're not fine. I know it's a lot to take in. ...Go to sleep and if you still want me to adopt you we can go present the papers tomorrow morning. But I won't force you, not after this," Phoenix said seriously.

Apollo nodded, a serious look also on his face. "All right. Good night, Mr. Wright," he said with a yawn, before going into what was formerly Phoenix's guest bedroom.

"Good night, Apollo," Phoenix said quietly.

"Polly, hurry up!"

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can!" *(You'd think this was* her *first case, not mine!)*

"You know, she's got a point, 'Pollo."

"Not you too, Clay!"

"Okay, you two, simmer down and stop rushing Apollo. If you get him overexcited, he might fumble the case."

"Okay, Daddy..."

"Er, sorry, Mr. Wright."

"Okay, now that that's settled, sorry to say that there's really only room for two at that bench. Clay, why don't you get Trucy something from the vending machines, then have a seat in the gallery?"

"Great idea, Daddy! Hey, Clay, can you pay?"

"Wha- *again?!* "

(You've lived with her for how long and you're surprised?)

"Oh, whatever. Hey, 'Pollo, you gonna be okay?"

"Of course! I'm Apollo Justice and I'm fine!"

(Look out, evil! Here comes Justice! ...Again!)

"All right, I'm willing to go through with it."

"Really?!"

"I'm still mad that you kept this from me...but it's not like it's the first time. Just, I have one condition..."

"What's that?"

"Well, you remember Clay, right?"

7.7 (XeroM52)

Phoenix, who had Awoken once again in Japan as Naruhodō Ryūichi, was busy working on the paperwork for the trial he had just won when Mayoi entered, holding something in her hands behind her back.

"Naruhodo-kun! I got a surprise for you!" Mayoi said, with a grin on her face that could only mean trouble. "Here! I hope you enjoy it!" She handed him a small rectangular box.

"Thanks, Mayoi-chan!" Ryūichi thanked with a smile, trying to be polite. But his smile disappeared when he realized what Mayoi handed to him. "Is this a-?" The box was for a computer game and the cover showed a pink haired girl wearing a very skimpy sailor-fuku. He didn't have to read the title to know what kind of game it was.

"Did you...buy me an *eroge* ?!" Also known as H-Games: videogames that contain vast amounts of 'adult content'. Ryūichi couldn't believe that Mayoi would give him such a perverted thing.

"It's not an *eroge* , you perv!" Mayoi shot back, insulted. "It's a gal game!" she explained, as if it was really any difference. "I'm giving this to you because you need it!"

"How?" Ryūichi asked, perplexed. "I'm a respectable lawyer, not an *otaku* !"

"Because, you need to learn how to talk with women! In all the time that I've known you, you haven't asked a girl out once or gone on a single date!" she pointed out. "So either you are playing for the other team, or you don't know how to talk to women!"

IGIARI!

"I talk with you all the time!"

"Yes, but we are friends and business partners!" Mayoi overruled Ryūichi's objection. "Besides, even if you asked me out, I would kindly decline. You aren't exactly my type." She trailed off for a few seconds before continuing. "Anyway, you need the practice and this game is just perfect!"

Ryūichi just sighed, knowing that arguing further wouldn't solve anything. "Fine, I'll play the game once. And only ONCE!" he emphasized with the finger that he used to point. "Then, we will not talk about this ever again."

"That's all that I asked for!" Mayoi said, before noticing the time. "It's time for *Tonosaman* ! Excuse me, Naruhodo-kun! I need to go watch it right now!" and with that she went to towards the sofa and turned on the TV.

Ryūichi just sighed and looked at the cover once more, this time noticing a price tag that showed it was bought for cheap. "Must be a used game." Then he turned the box over to see what was on the back and noticed small writing on the case. "Destroy this game at all costs?" it read, followed by an emoticon of a guy flipping a table.

(ノ °□° ノ)

"This guy sure didn't like the game." Probably the guy who bought it was expecting 'adult content' and when he found none, he just scribbled on the back as some sort of revenge. *Otaku* were so weird.

"Guess there's no harm in trying it at least once…" Just so he could say to Mayoi that it didn't help at all. Heck, Masashi could find better use for this than him.

Putting aside his unfinished paperwork for now, Ryūichi inserted the CD into his computer and booted up the game. After an overly cute opening with a cheery J-pop song about love, the title finally flashed on the screen.

"Love Academy 7…"

Then the cute, pink-haired high school girl appeared on screen and said with a very high pitched voice...

" *Konichiwa! Atashi wa* Giffany *desu* !" The pink head introduced herself as Giffany. " *Anata no namae wa nandesuka?* " And she

asked him what his name was.

' *Geez. Not a minute in and it's already grating* .' No wonder the previous owner scribbled on the back. Still, Ryūichi decided to keep on playing just to see how bad it could get. ' *I'll give this game just 5 more minutes* .' He thought as he typed his name in.

"Kochirakoso! Ryūichi-kun!" Gifanny greeted with a big smile.

Ryūichi played on for a while, answering Giffany's questions and offering his help to 'carry' her heavy books. Then, next to him, the phone rang and he stopped playing so he could answer it.

While Ryūichi was distracted talking on the phone. From within the computer, Gifanny moved without anyone or anything clicking on the mouse or the keyboard . " *Anata ga* ***DAISUKI*** !" she said with smile and a glint on her eye. "Ryu-chan!"

7.8

Phoenix Awoke.

He had just enough time to get his Loop Memories. It was the post-Trial party after catching the Phantom.

The Loop ended.

7.9 (XeroM52)

For Phoenix Wright, this had to be one of the strangest Awakenings he had ever had, not just for the fact that he had Awoken next to Maya, Trucy and Edgeworth; but because of whom they were replacing.

"I got to tell you the truth, Nick. Orange isn't your color!" the voice of Maya said, and only the voice because the spirit medium was

currently invisible.

"Look, Daddy, look!" Trucy called up for his attention to see her fly around the place while being completely enveloped in fire.

"So, we are in the so-called Marvel Loop, I presume." Edgeworth commented as he stretched and bent his arms in very long and strange patterns.

"Yes. And we are the Fantastic Four." Phoenix, who was standing for The Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed Thing, answered. "And if I remember correctly, they go on very bizarre and dangerous adventures together."

"So…nothing really out of the ordinary for us!" Maya said with a smile as she made herself visible again. "This is going to be SO much fun!"

"No! The Marvel Loops are always dangerous!" Phoenix shot back worriedly. "I don't want anything bad to happen to any of you."

"A noble sentiment, Wright." Edgeworth understood Phoenix's worries. "But, I'm sure there are other Loopers out there who could lend us a hand if things get real bad."

"I hope so, because I'm not looking forward to deal with Dr. Doom!" A Marvel Loop antagonist that always was big trouble for all visiting Loopers.

And as soon as that name was spoken, a giant monitor turned on, announcing a transmission coming all the way from Latveria. "Foolish Four, I, Doom, request your presence in Latveria immediately! So that we can face each other and stop 'looping' around each other!"

Phoenix looked at the monitor with slight disbelief before muttering, "Of course she is…" Of course Franziska would loop in as the vain super genius Victor von Doom. "Hear you loud and clear, Franziska.

All of us were feeling kind of Loopy lately," Phoenix signaled Franziska that they too were awake.

"Well, I guess this is one thing less that we have to worry about." Trucy commented before she tilted her head sideways in a thinking pose. "I wonder…If the five of us are here... where's Polly?"

Apollo Justice never knew how true the words: "The thug life chose me!" were until that very moment.

"Come on, Tasky! They're catching up! Step on the gas!" Wade Wilson aka Deadpool, aka the Merc with a Mouth, aka the Crimson Comedian, aka The Regeneratin' Degenerate, etc. etc. laughed as he unloaded another barrage of bullets towards the men chasing them down the street in black vans.

While both him and Apollo, known as the mercenary Taskmaster, were speeding down the street on a moped.

"When we get out of this one, we are through, Wade!" Maybe Apollo could use his new-found powers of "photographic reflexes" for a better cause than being a criminal. That and his in-loop memories of the red clad mercenary made it clear he was the biggest headache inducing guy on the whole planet.

"Oh, don't say that, Polly!" Deadpool said as he inserted another clip into his weapon. "I always thought your game was more entertaining and polished than Wright's. That's why I like you better. In fact, I wanted Dual Destinies to be more about you than him!"

"Game? What are you talking about? And how do you know Mr. Wright?" Apollo asked, not caring for his 'secret identity' anymore.

"Yeah, I know him! I got to give him a good whooping in Ultimate Marvel vs Capcom 3 when he was added to the roster!" Deadpool answered, making Apollo even more confused.

"What?! You're not making any sense!"

"That's kind of my thing." Deadpool admitted before he resumed shooting bullets at the incoming black vans. "But we can chat later, now it is time to smoke these fools!"

"Um...OK!"

Later, Apollo would come to regret that decision because it caused Deadpool to stick to him for the rest of the Loop.

(Addendum by OathToOblivion)

"By the way, can I get Athena's number?"

"She's not even Looping!"

7.10 (Lord Circe)

"So, you're saying this guy was a "Sith", and that made it ok for you to kill him and dump him down a power core shaft?"

Obi-Wan Kenobi groaned, mentally, but verbally simply confirmed, "Yes, he was a Sith, and he also had attacked the Queen and our group when we on Tatooine, and almost killed my Master in front of me." He really wished he could reveal his status as a Looper and check to see if this man was a Looper as well, but he had lasted through 42 Loops with this Stealth Looper Bet with Anakin, and he was not going to lose now. It had been very difficult to set up a believable set of variant circumstances to keep Qui-Gon from dying, and he wasn't going to let that effort go to waste now.

"Right...well, pal, your story checks out with what Captain Panaka has told me, but he didn't mention all this Sith nonsense. We going to have to worry about some of those Sith showing up here, pal?"

Obi-Wan shrugged. "I doubt it. There are only ever two Sith around at a time, so this one's master is still at large...or his apprentice", he hurriedly added, as he had just noted Anakin peering in from around the corner.

"Hmm," Inspector Gumshoe, of the Royal Naboo Security Forces, tapped his datapad against his chin, inadvertently sending three unfinished copies of his report. "Well, I'll have to look into tracking down this other Sith character, just to make sure there aren't any more issues. They'd probably also count as next-of-kin for the victim in this case, so I should let them know about their death. Two birds, one stone, and everything. Thanks for your time, pal."

7.1 - No matter what happens to the people we care about, the memories of the time we've spent with them will always be in our hearts.

7.2 - I expected this a lot sooner than it showed up.

7.3 - "Intellectually" attracted, huh? Also, this Fénix Wrighto González fellow intrigues me.

7.4 - If Phoenix wasn't disbarred, you know Edgeworth would have called him in to prove Simon innocent. Also, chibi-Athena!

7.5 - Not related to any canon case, but this is probably a thing where someone's sprites give them away.

7.6 - Apollo's Awakening. And about time too. This thing has caused me some slight grief.

7.7 - Those of you who have seen Gravity Falls may know where this is going. Thankfully, this is not an FNAF or GF Fused Loop, so there will be no killer animatronics this time.

7.8 - Ace Attorney's Loop Start Time is glitchy.

7.9 - "She isn't?! Hey, Oath, post that snip of Awesomedude17's already!"

You know, Wade, that snip was Simon's Awak-GOD DAMN IT, YOU MADE ME SPOIL IT!

7.10 - Is Gumshoe Looping? Who can say...

Chapter 9

August 20, ? ?:? ?

Wright Anything Agency

The Mushroom Kingdom

Phoenix held up his hand to stop the rapid comments of his soon-to-be client. "Woah woah, slow down. Now, what exactly do you want me to do, Mario?" he asked.

"Well, you-a see, pretty soon is-a mine and-a the Princess's vacation to-a Isle Delfino. However-a, Bowser Jr. is-a already there, ruining Mario's reputation," the hero of the Mushroom Kingdom told the Ace Attorney.

Phoenix slowly nodded. "Right. I think I played that game back when I was a kid. And because of that, when you arrived, you were arrested?"

"Right-a. The-a only problem is-a...well, let Mario have a certain-a Hub personality say it," Mario stated, before pulling out a tape recorder. He then hit the Play button.

"There was no statement by the defense, no attorney appointed to the defense, no witnesses called, no evidence presented, nobody even bothered to notice that we literally got here 4 minutes and 34 seconds ago before we were arrested, and there wasn't even a jury!"

Phoenix blinked once. Then twice again in rapid succession. "Right. Well, the jury thing isn't anything new to me, but was it seriously that bad?" he asked incredulously.

"Uhuh," Mario nodded. "Some-a Loops, they-a do it on purpose so that-a I will-a help them. Not that they-a need to, Mario not heartless,

after all!" he commented.

"Alright then. After hearing that, not much else I can do, right? Mario, you've got yourself a lawyer!" Phoenix declared, shaking the Man in Red's hand. "Just, one thing..." he added.

"What's that?" Mario wondered.

"Please pay me. Barely any of my clients do, and I need to pay the rent," Phoenix sobbed. The sad part was, that included his Looper clients as well...

8.2 (XeroM52)

Phoenix was sleeping peacefully after a long day. Maya was Awake and had decided to go have some fun by herself. As a favor, she had asked him to look after Pearl for the night, and as Phoenix didn't have any cases going on lately, he had said yes and spent the day doing just that.

Then a scream woke him up in the middle of the night. "Wha-?"

"Mr. Nick! Mr. Nick!" Pearl came running through the door scared.

"Wha-What happened? What's wrong, Pearls?" Phoenix tried to rub the sleep away with his bare hands.

"I had a nightmare, Mr. Nick!" she admitted.

"Oh, don't worry about it, Pearls," Phoenix tried to reassure like he had done so many times with Trucy. "Hop on and tell me all about it!" He had read in a parenting book before that he had to prompt a scared child to tell him about their nightmare so he could take the appropriate action to defuse their fear.

"I-I know I'm too grown up to be scared..." Or as grown up as an 8 year old thought they were. "...but I thought the boogeyman was

coming for me and he was hiding under…" But before she could even get to the end of her nightmare, Phoenix was now the one screaming.

"THE BOOGEYMAN?!" He shot out of bed instantly. "PEARLS, HIDE IN HERE! I'LL NAIL THE WINDOWS SHUT!"

Hours later, Maya had returned to the apartment to check on both Pearly and Nick. But instead of finding the place in order, the place was a wreck. All sorts of things had fallen on the floor, plants were out of their pots, furniture was turned over, etc.

"Oh my god! What happened here?" Maya's mind instantly thought all of this was signs of a break-in and that there had been a struggle all around the place. "Nick! Pearly!" she called out, terrified that one or both of them could be hurt!

"Maya?" she heard Phoenix call out her name from one of the bedrooms. "We're in my room!" he yelled.

"Nick! Are you alright? What about Pearly?" she questioned back as she rushed to Phoenix's bedroom. Inside, the room was a mess like the living room was, with the mattress flipped over and serving as some sort of protective wall. Phoenix was hiding behind it with what looked like a shotgun pointing towards the door. Maya, however, recognized it as nothing more than the Eternal Edge with the Trigger Memory inserted. Meanwhile, Pearly was sleeping besides him, clearly passed out from exhaustion.

"What happened here?" Maya asked, fearing the worst.

"Oh, nothing, Maya," Phoenix tried to explain as nonchalantly as he could. "Just a little incident involving the Boogeyman."

"The Boogeyman? Are you serious?" Maya repeated. She then sighed, clearly exasperated. "Phoenix." She used his first name; she

only ever used his first name when it was something REALLY serious. "You really, REALLY, need a vacation Loop."

"But, Maya…!"

"No buts! Just look how stressed you are! All the time with you it's always work, work, and work. Always acting responsible, always carrying other people's worries and troubles on your shoulders."

"But I have to, Maya! You know what would happen if I don't…"

"Nothing, Phoenix!" she interrupted. "Nothing will happen! And if it did, it would all go back to normal next loop!" She paused to sigh again. "You need to kick back, relax and enjoy life a little more! Play pranks, go on dates, get a tattoo, get drunk and barf on the floor, live life! For once, do something irresponsible and stupid!"

"Maya, you're talking crazy!" Phoenix argued back. "I'm not the sort of guy who enjoys that sort of thing. It's just not me!"

"So it is you to freak out in the middle of the night and hole yourself in your room because of the boogeyman?" Maya deadpanned.

"When you put it like that, you make me sound like an idiot!" More like crazy, in Maya's opinion.

"Just promise me that for the rest of this Loop AND the few next ones you will do something FUN! So that you're not as stressed anymore."

"Ok, I promise…" Phoenix sighed in reluctance.

"Good! Now let's go back to sleep, because I'm really…" But before she could finish, a strange nightmarish creature jumped at her from behind. "AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!"

TRIGGER: MAXIMUM DRIVE!

"Die monster, you don't belong in this world!" Phoenix then shot the boogeyman dead.

8.3 (Thanatos's Scribe)

"Well, Mr. von Karma?"

Miles blinked as he Awoke, but quickly realized that he had awoken during the resolution of DL-6. His trial. He sent out a quick Ping, he was only met with silence. (*It seems that I'm running this Loop alone, but there must be a Stealth Anchor somewhere around here* ,) he thought to himself, only to be brought back to reality as von Karma let out that guttural roar he always did.

Remembering what was supposed to happen, Miles grimaced, as if in thought, before saying as he had a multitude of times before, "That scream... I've heard that scream before..." After a few seconds passed, he drew back as if in shock and stated, "Wait, I know! It's that scream I heard in the elevator!" Looking at von Karma, he slowly said, "Fifteen years ago... von Karma!" Pointing at the man, he declared to the courtroom, "It was you who screamed!"

This revelation sent the courtroom into a hubbub, but that was quickly silenced as von Karma entered that breakdown Miles was familiar with. "Eeeedgeworth... *Eeeedgeworth...* " von Karma moaned as he gripped his gun wound, "Only you... Would dare... Defy *me* ...!" The corrupt prosecutor then quickly turned to face the wall and began to smash his head on it in a rapidly increasing rate as he shouted for the whole courtroom to hear, "You and your father are my curse! Your father shamed me with a penalty on my record, while you... You left a scar that'll *never* fade!"

"I-I'll kill you with my own hands! Death! DEATH!," von Karma declared, and proceeded to shock everyone, even Miles, as von Karma reached into his coat only to draw out a pistol, which he pointed at Edgeworth with a manic look on his face.

"Mr. von Karma! J-just what do you think you are doing?" the Judge exclaimed.

"I was planning on using this on your father, all those years ago," von Karma revealed, the manic look on his face becoming more and more feral with each word. "However," He leered, "I guess I'll have to just kill *you* instead!"

Miles tried to move, but couldn't as he stared down the barrel at the man who had killed his father, old fears he thought buried popping up once more in his mind. "Now, DIE!" von Karma declared, and a shout and a shot rang out before chaos ensued.

Beep... Beep... Beep...

Miles let out a sigh as he looked down at Gumshoe's unconscious form, the detective's trademark trenchcoat hanging from the heartbeat monitor as it continued to let out its constant beep.

"Hello, Detective Gumshoe," Miles greeted as he set down the vase of flowers next to the pile of other gifts from other well-wishers, which included some chocolate from Maggey Byrde she claimed Gumshoe was fond of, a bag of homemade jerky from Jake Marshall, a Blue Badger gift basket from Maya and Phoenix, and even a jar of gumballs from the Judge. However, Miles received no response from Gumshoe, only silence.

"It's been 46 days since the incident," Miles said to the detective, and thought over what had happened that day:

Flashback

"Mr. Edgeworth, look out!"

Miles watched on in horror as Dick Gumshoe leapt out of the public booths and in between von Karma and Miles, his arms spread wide as he tried to protect Miles from any gunfire. A sharp crack of gunfire

rang through the air before Gumshoe's body crumpled in on itself before flying back into the witness stand. As the crowd began to scream, von Karma pulled the trigger again several times, only to have the sound of an empty gun greet him in reply. The corrupt prosecutor let out a snarl before flinging the gun aside and leaping at Miles, so as to kill him with his bare hands. However, he was denied this as he quickly tackled and arrested by the bailiff.

(Nonononononono,) *Miles thought as he raced around the witness stand and lifted Gumshoe's head up, the red splotch on the detective's shirt rapidly growing in size. Putting two fingers against the side of Gumshoe's neck, he was surprised to feel a weak pulse signal that Gumshoe was still alive. "Medic," Miles said as he felt Gumshoe's pulse weaken, before turning to the crowd and shouted to them, "HELP! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR!"*

End Flashback

Miles let out a dry chuckle before saying aloud, "Von Karma's trial was held a week after he shot you. Due to no lawyer wanting to be his defense since he was both clearly guilty and hated by nearly all defense attorneys, he was found guilty within the first day and sentenced to life in prison for one charge of voluntary manslaughter, one charge of meditated murder, and one charge of assault and battery."

As the monitor continued beeping at a constant rate, Miles felt rage begin to flow through him. (*Goddamnit* ,) he thought, before lamenting aloud, "I've obtained all these powers from the Loops, but I can't do a single thing to help you! I can use the Sharingan, I'm capable of healing life-changing wounds, but why can't I heal a damaged lung and a shattered spine?!" He stopped speaking as he realized his blunder, and quickly looked outside the room before letting out a sigh of relief that no one had overheard him.

Once he had closed the door and looked at Gumshoe, though, a thought entered his mind before he smirked. *Well, at least he'll like the story,* He thought before he said to Gumshoe, drawing up a chair

to sit in, "However, you're probably wondering what the Loops are..." As he told the tale of the Loops to Gumshoe, he noticed that Gumshoe seemed to become more and more relaxed. As Miles finished telling Gumshoe of the Loops, a cough drew his attention away from Gumshoe, and he looked towards the entrance to see a nurse standing in the doorway.

"Excuse me, sir, but visitation hours are ending in 15 minutes," The nurse said, and Edgeworth nodded before getting out of the chair and walking over to the exit.

As Miles stood in the doorway, he looked back at the comatose detective and softly said, "See you around... pal," before leaving, flicking the lights off in the process. Three hours later, though, at 1:37 AM on February 13th, Dick Gumshoe was officially declared dead.

8.4 (Awesomedude17)

Phoenix Wright knew that there'd be some loops where he'd have to hurt something. He never liked violence, preferring the legal method better (especially the more fair types.) But sometimes legality was a moot point. He would have to fight. It's why he really hated the Marvel vs. Capcom loops (that, and getting punched, shot and burned a lot.)

This loop, he had replaced the anchor, or rather, a bearer of the anchor, Link.

So with blade and shield in hand, he set off to kill stuff, as he'd put it himself.

Link was always an action person. Sure, the loops where he'd have no fighting to do if he could help it were always fun, but this time was different.

Lawyers were some of the most boring people he dealt with. It was a saving grace that he replaced Phoenix Wright, meaning that there'd be at least something interesting in court.

It was a good thing that Link was good at listening to just the important bits. If there was filler, good, less work.

"Court is now in session for the trial of Larry Butz."

"The prosecution is ready, Your Honor," Winston Payne said.

"The defense is ready, Your Honor."

His first case, and his gut feeling like a stab wound.

Basically the natural reaction now.

8.5 (GammaTron)

"Greetings, everyone. I am AI Fragment Delta..."

"And I'm Maya Fey! Welcome to Super Grifball XLIX!"

"This appears to be the optimal match of the season between the Righteous Rebels and the Harmonious Hearts," Delta informed.

"Whoo! Go, Nick!" Maya cheered as she saw the leader of the Righteous Rebels taking the field.

"You appear to be quite annoyed with this, Grif."

"Of course I'm annoyed. It's a sport where people's clothes and/or armor turn into my armor and they kill him or her just to get the ball that explodes in the end," Grif informed.

"But it's hilarious when we get to see guys who are normally so good fumbling!" Maya countered.

"True," Grif admitted, "Looks like the two teams are all out. Team Captains Twilight Sparkle and Phoenix Wright are now standing before the referee for the coin flip."

"Alright. Now y'all remember that Ah want y'all t' play fair, do yer best, and kill th' Grif when he or she shows up," the referee ordered as he took out a coin, "Call it, Bluetard."

Phoenix sighed as Sarge flipped the coin into the air, "Heads."

"The coin lands on the ground and...it's heads!" Maya commented.

"Now you remember the rules for this sport, correct?" Delta asked.

"Uh...Maybe?" Maya admitted.

"Originally, it was a free-for-all in getting the ball, but this season, we changed that to having a referee give a coin flip. The winning team gets the ball first and then the senseless beatdowns begin," Delta informed, *"The one who has the ball becomes the Grif and must get it to the goal located on the opposite side of their side of the field. Each score is worth one point."*

"And there it goes!" Maya declared, "And Nick gets the ball! ...Ah! Nick, run away! LOOK OUT!"

"Ooh...!" Grif winched as Phoenix slammed into the plastic-like glass they were behind, "And he just lost the ball thanks to Ranma using a Gravity Hammer. And now Sonic's me...and Red Scout gets her with the sword."

"Red Soldier is showing quite the high performance today, showing that even in your armor, Grif, he is still quite fast," Delta noted.

"AND HE SCORES!" Maya cheered before yelping as the ball exploded, "Medic!"

"We've got respawn," Grif pointed out as Red Scout walked back out to the Righteous Rebels, "Still, great job, Scout, for getting that first

point of the game. Ball comes back into play and Apollo Justice manages to get it. He's doing his best, an-ohh! I feel for ya, Apollo, and I hope you get justice for your loss. Low blow, Twilight Sparkle, low blow."

"And now it seems that Nick is arguing with Sarge and..." Maya began.

TAKE THAT!

"He is presenting evidence. Sarge appears to be agreeing with the evidence and is giving Twilight Sparkle a Yellow Card for aiming below the belt," Delta examined, *"I must say, this is quite the fun event."*

"You should've been here the tenth one," Maya noted, "We got Sangheli singing with Church about why he was the best. I got the gold one's autograph, too!"

"And because of the cash reward letting you get as many burgers as you wanted," Grif added.

"What? Burgers are divine!"

"Sorry, Maya, but it's Oreos that are divine. Why do you think when I wake up each Loop outside of my Loops, I but every single Oreo there, buy the factory, and shut it down once I get at least a billion Oreos in my Pocket?"

"Game resumes. Pikachu had obtained the ball for the Harmonious Hearts but is intercepted by Heavy Weapons Guy and his Gravity Hammer," Delta commented as Grif and Maya began to argue over burgers and oreos near him, *"Twilight calls for an exchange and send Pikachu out and brings in Ryuko Matoi. She engages Life Fiber Synchronization with Senketsu and gets the ball. Even with everyone on the other team jumping on her, it seems to not bother her as she reaches the goal and gets the first point for the Harmonious Hearts.*

It seems we are approaching a break, so this is Delta signing off until the break ends."

"IT'S BURGERS, YOU FATTY!"

"OREOS FOREVER, SHRINE MAIDEN!"

L.001 (GarnettFoxy)

"This reminds me..." Professor Layton paused mid-sentence. Luke stared up at his idol, confused.

"Reminds you of what, Professor?" Layton blinked, gazing down at him as if only just remembering he was there, before smiling warmly at the boy.

"Why, of a puzzle of course, my boy! Care to try?" Luke's face lit up as his mentor explained the puzzle and left him to it. Unseen by Luke, Layton checked his calendar, brow furrowing.

"Curious...I seem to have gone backwards in time..." He turned back to the boy he cared for like a son as he tried to figure out the harder then normal puzzle, giving Layton a chance to think.

Last he remembered was seeing Luke off as his family moved to America, and now he was back to the day before they were to set off to that rather curious village.

Luke cheered, finally figuring out the puzzle and getting up, a proud smile on his face. "I got it, Professor!" Layton chuckled, patting the young boy on the head.

"Very good, Luke. Now why don't we settle down for a afternoon tea? I have those fairy cakes from the bakery down the street you love."

Luke cheered. "I'll get the tea on!"

Layton smiled fondly as Luke rushed out to the kitchen. He got to enjoy trying to figure out the puzzle behind this repetition in time and spend more time with the boy who might as well be his own flesh and blood. What could be better?

8.6 (wildrook)

Out of all the Labyrinthian Scenarios he had dealt with, and of the court trials, what he saw surprised him.

Instead of Zacharias Barnham, what came through the door to the Witch Trial...

"I...didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition," Phoenix muttered, Maya face-palming at the obvious quote.

"NOBODY EXPECTS THE SPANISH INQUISITION!" Cardinal Barnham yelled, cape flowing in the area.

8.7 (BIOS-Pherecydes, 1.4 cont.)

Lelouch Lamperouge sighed as he walked down the hallway. Next to him Kallen, in her school persona, was asking about her new role in the Student Council. Having long-since memorized the conversation he only paid marginal attention as he gave his responses. Normally by now he would have started gathering the Black Knights and preparing to rescue Suzaku, but recently he had begun to surrender to ennui. When he had died and woken in the past, he made the mistake of thinking that he had somehow traveled back in time. However after dying several times and returning to the same point in history, where it had all truly begun, he had finally come to a realization.

The Zero Requiem had been a complete success, with his death he had brought peace to the world. At the cost of everlasting damnation. However this was a small price to pay in his mind to ensure a gentler

world for his sister and friends. And all things considered, after forcing his will upon 'god', an eternity spent in Hell was of no real consequence.

Even so, no act can be maintained indefinitely; and that was the case now. He had had this discussion with Kallen exactly seven hundred and ninety four times. He had changed it in one hundred thirty eight different ways and cataloged each variation thereof. He had skipped it all together two hundred and eleven times. He had narrowed it down to a science how to subtly manipulate each thread of the conversation to the topic of choice.

No matter what he did, it was essentially meaningless. He had built this country into a shining utopia in two years. He had let it fall to ruin in one. He had conquered Britannia, sent his parents into the abyss and reduced the nobility to street urchins in eight hundred forty one unique manners. He had noted and accounted for every alteration, variation or modification of his original lifetime long ago. And now he was utterly bored.

Every action or undertaking was eventually wiped away when time reset. Regardless of what mistakes he made or how he improved upon his successes, without fail at the same point every time he would close his eyes and upon opening them find himself immediately returned to the same damnable truck in which he began every reiteration. In the end everything was ultimately without purpose.

He had been simply going through the motions for decades now. Only his sister still managed to bring him to full appreciation of the world around him. Only around Nunnally was he still able to feel like himself; to anyone else he was still the aloof honor student, or the charismatic leader.

In that vein he, without actual attention, turned the corner with Kallen at his side. In front of him was the Student Council and his sister, gathered around the large television. He had learned the exact rate of step he needed to take in order to arrive just as the announcer

interrupted Jeremiah's speech, and as such he was exactly on time to see Suzaku being led in handcuffs through a crowd of Britannians.

"The man suspected as the murder has been captured. According to this report the suspect is an Honorary Britannian. Private Suzaku Kururugi, a former Eleven, has been arrested for the murder of Prince Clovis."

Having heard her brother enter the room, Nunnally turned with a stricken expression. "Oh, Lelouch its awful. Suzaku would never do something so terrible."

Shirley gave the younger girl a stunned look. "You know him Nunna?"

Nunnally nodded sorrowfully. "Yes, when my brother and I first came here Suzaku and his family were kind enough to take us in. He's one of the nicest people I've ever met, there's no way he would have killed Prince Clovis."

Milly turned a look on Lelouch, who nodded imperceptibly, before jumping in with her typical energy. "Well if Nunnally says this Suzaku guy is innocent then I for one believe her. I have half a mind to bust down those jerks front door and teach them a lesson!"

Before any other comments could be made, the reporter spoke up again. "The trial of the suspect has been set for later this afternoon. He will be represented by Phoenix Wright, a Britannian Defense Attorney of some renown."

"Hey! I've heard of that guy, he was the one who defended the killer whale in that murder trial." Rivalz called out in surprise.

...What? While he was certain that Suzaku had been appointed a lawyer on the previous runs, this person was not the one he recalled; although to be fair it wasn't as if Lelouch typically paid much attention to that particular detail. Still, a Defense Attorney famous

enough that even Rivalz of all people knew him? Something didn't add up here, and Lelouch very much intended to figure it out.

There were few things in the world that Phoenix hated more than injustice. As such the sham of a trial being set up put his teeth on edge. It didn't help that he was woefully unprepared, although admittedly that wasn't exactly uncommon.

The judge, if you could call the person seated at the bench such, was obviously less interested in the proceedings than in his attempts to flirt with the court clerk, a moderately attractive Britannian woman who was uninterested in either. He and Suzaku had been led into the court directly from the prison and Phoenix had been forced to stay silent until Lord Gottwald had left. At least the Margrave had enough respect for the system to stay behind the bar, leaving Phoenix and Suzaku to prepare.

Turning to face the worried soldier, Phoenix took a breath.

(Well, this isn't the worst situation I've ever gotten myself into. Somehow stuck in a completely different world, with an insane history and defending a soldier who fights in giant robots. Just another day for the Wright Anything Agency.)

"Alright Suzaku. While we still have time, is there anything else I need to know about what happened during the incident?"

Suzaku frowned, appearing to debate something to himself, before shaking his head. "Nothing that matters."

Seeing as there was no accompanying rattle of Psyche-Locks at that statement, Phoenix nodded.

(I hope for both our sakes you're right.)

For the first time in over a thousand years, a concept which still baffled him and increased his sympathy for what C.C. had suffered, Lelouch was faced with a completely unknown variable. It had been child's play to hack into the Britannian judicial records and look up the man known as Phoenix Wright. What he had found had left him with nothing but more questions.

While this wasn't the first time he had encountered a shift from his original history, it was by far the most unorthodox. The cases this man had been involved in were, at times, frankly ridiculous. What's more they frequently pertained to companies which he had never heard of.

Minor variations had occurred roughly every dozen repeats, and more major ones every few hundred, but this was the first time in memory in which entire portions of Britannian culture, infrastructure, and economy had drastically shifted so entirely as to be unrecognizable. The most alarming thing however was not the change, it was the fact that when he thought about the issues he clearly recalled specific details that he should have had no knowledge of. His memories had somehow been altered to possess information it had not had previously.

As someone who relied upon the clarity and accuracy of his mental acuity for every facet of his life, the idea was just short of horrifying. Only the knowledge that his 'father' had done so before and he had overcome it allowed his to avoid slipping into a mild panic. Taking a calming breath he considered his options.

His sometimes best friend was due to be tried and sentenced by the end of the day. Due to his previous lethargy he had completely missed his chance to contact Ohgi's cell. Even if he revealed himself to Kallen now, he still had no way of arranging things to free Suzaku in the normal time frame. C.C hadn't yet shown herself at the Academy so any help from her was nonexistent.

He could easily locate the haberdasher who designed his Zero uniform and pull off a last minute rescue from the gallows, which had

been his original plan, but with all of the new variables he wasn't as confident in his timing as he had been previously. And that was completely disregarding the unknown figure of this Phoenix Wright. What's more, the fact that there was a hitherto undetected element in this endless repetition of time worried him.

Not unduly so however. He had after all managed to completely overcome any and all issues in the events of his rebellion in only a handful of tries, even when he had been caught off guard by unexpected factors. Nevertheless, the fact that something he had thought mastered was changing so late in the game led to the inevitable question of whether or not there would be further issues in the future.

Still, that was a problem for later. For now, he had to get in touch with Ohgi and the future Black Knights and plan his entrance onto the stage. Whoever this Phoenix person was, he was unlikely to be of much use to him. Or Suzaku for that matter. When the system itself was flawed, there was no other option but to destroy it and build it anew. And the Britannian Judicial System was one of the most flawed things he had ever dealt with. He doubted this new character would have any more luck.

8.8 (XeroM52)

"You know, it's unusual for a student to have a phoenix as a pet," Harry Potter said to the girl that was sitting in front of him on the train to Hogwarts.

"Oh, this is no pet, Harry! This is my dad," Trucy Wright said with a smile. "Say hello to Harry, Daddy!" she said as she petted the phoenix in the head.

Squack

"OK, then…" Harry trailed off for a second. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Wright."

Still not in the top 50 of weirdest things he had ever seen.

L.002 (GarnettFoxy)

Layton smiled, watching Maya and Luke interact and play together while they were trapped in Labyrinthia. It had been a fair few loops since he'd first noticed the phenomenon, but the first time since they'd started that he was once more in the town of magicks.

He glanced over at the smiling and tired-looking Phoenix Wright, his suit stained with flour. He was rather surprised during that first loop when he and Luke were never visited by Espella. Though he was perhaps more surprised when the next loop started the day he first met Luke.

Since then, the time of when the loop started kept changing, though it always ended the day Luke left for America.

He'd kept careful track of the events and without fail, apart from tiny random variations in the puzzles (Which was a godsend for the puzzle lover), everything and everyone's reactions were the same.

Apart from now.

When he'd proposed the puzzle to Maya and Phoenix, they were normally stumped, with Maya trying to solve the puzzle by eating the bread he used for it. This time, Phoenix only took a moment before he'd solved the puzzle. Something very, very different than his first loop.

The more he watched them, their familiarity with the puzzles that had had them asking for help and the fact they seemed all too familiar with the town pointed to one indisputable fact.

They were looping as well.

Layton found himself wanting to ask if they knew why time was repeating. But he stopped himself, as there was no guarantee that Maya or Phoenix would know anymore than he did about the loops. That, and being honest with himself, the mystery of what was causing the loops was the most interesting puzzle he'd come across in quite a while.

With that, he sat down. The black cat Eve purred and jumped onto his lap as he pulled out a book. "Norse Mythology... I have to say, the idea of a world tree is quite fascinating..."

8.1 - **Turnabout Mario Sunshine** - Prologue. Join Phoenix (and Apollo) as they defend Mario in what would have been that sham trial at the beginning of Super Mario Sunshine!

8.2 - Night Terrors.

8.3 - ...A salute for Detective Gumshoe, everyone.

8.4 - Role Reversals.

8.5 - ...I don't get it.

L.001 - What's this? That's right! This is now also the home of the Professor Layton Loops!

8.6 - I expected it, though. Also, how does someone in Labyrinthia know what Spanish *is?*

8.7 - **Code Turnabout** - Part 2. Dimension drift never got back to me about it, so BIOS decided to take the reins. Look forward to the remaining three parts!

8.8 - I suppose he's still Wright the Phoenix.

L.002 - The Professor is a freakin' genius to be able to figure out the Loops before even getting the Speech.

Turnabout Mario Sunshine - Day 1 Trial

Turnabout Mario Sunshine

By: OathToOblivion

Day 1 ~ Trial

August 26, 11:42 AM

Delfino Court House

Defendant Lobby No. 1

[Courtroom Lounge ~ Beginning Prelude (English Turnabout Mix)]

(...Oh boy. Why do I feel so nervous? This case should be in the bag! For once, all the evidence is on my side. So why am I getting a bad feeling about this?)

"Mr. Wright?"

Phoenix was jarred out of his thoughts when he noticed Mario coming up to him, a certain blond princess walking up alongside. "Oh, Mario. Princess Peach. How are you two doing?" he attempted to ask.

"Well as we can be," Peach admitted. "Being able to prove Mario's innocence from the get-go isn't something that happens often. The entire island is completely enraged, and the Judge always ignores any objections I attempt to make."

Phoenix nodded. He had reviewed the case file...and by that, he meant that he'd played the game again thanks to Mario pulling a GameCube and a copy of Sunshine out of his Pocket. "Yeah, I've heard. There's some good news though. The Legal League of

Judges feels that any Delfino Judge wouldn't be able to give an impartial verdict. They've tapped the usual Judge who oversees my cases to fly out here, which is why it's taken a while for court to begin."

"Don't-a worry, Princess! Even if they do find me guilty, it just means I'll-a have to clean the island like Mario usually does. Right, F.L.U.D.D.?" Mario asked the sentient hydro-cannon that was current equipped on him. Apparently, F.L.U.D.D. wasn't Looping, but since it was a machine, Mario had taken to simply placing it in his Pocket.

"Affirmative. In addition, the 119 remaining Shine Sprites must be brought back to the Shine Gate," F.L.U.D.D. agreed.

"Okay then. Princess, I'll probably be calling you as a witness if I can't shut down the prosecution's arguments, so make sure you have your testimony in order," Phoenix told her.

"Of course, Mr. Wright. Oh! By the way, here," Peach said, holding out a video tape. "I had Toadsworth copy the Delfino Welcome video we saw on the plane before our arrival. It has Bowser Jr. completely visible in it as Mario."

Phoenix smiled. "Thanks, Princess. This'll probably be my decisive evidence." He then stole a look at his watch. "Court's about to begin. We better get in there." And with that, the three left the lobby. Mario and Phoenix went for the defense bench, while the Princess went to the gallery.

August 26, 12:00 PM

Delfino Courthouse

Courtroom No. 2

The gallery murmured to themselves angrily. Most of the occupants were Piantas, who were furious at what had been happening.

(If looks could kill, I'd probably be dead a hundred times over...) Phoenix sweated. It didn't help that the Prosecutor was also a Pianta, and he looked outright disgusted with him. However, that was when the Judge arrived, slipping into his seat and slamming down his gavel.

[Court ~ Guardians of the Law]

"Court is now in session for the trial of...Mario?" The Judge seemed honestly confused that someone like Mario would be on trial.

Phoenix nodded his head. "I understand your confusion, Your Honor. Someone like Mario committing a crime like this doesn't seem right. But that's why we're holding this trial, to find out the truth. In that vein, the defense is ready!" he declared.

The Judge nodded. "I see. Very good, Mr. Wright. As for the prosecution, are you ready, Prosecutor...?" He fished about the angry Pianta's name.

"I am ready, yes. However, according to the tenets of the Delfino Law System, both sides do not necessarily have to announce their names," the Pianta said, barely keeping his anger restrained.

"Really?" the Judge asked with wide eyes. "I was not aware of that."

(What else is new, Your Honor?)

"Then again," the Judge continued, "I took this case on extremely short notice, so my knowledge of the Delfino Law System is rather patchy at best."

(Oh, wait, he has a legitimate excuse this time. Sorry, Your Honor.)

"Very well. The prosecution will now commence with their opening statement!" the Judge decided.

"Very well. Someone has been senselessly defacing fair Isle Delfino using some paint-like substance. The accused is charged with

polluting our beautiful home, and yes, endangering our very way of life. Indeed, how can one not be aware of what is going on? Though it is daytime in Delfino Plaza, our poor residents tremble beneath a veil of darkness. Expert Shine scholars have determined that this darkness has arisen because all of our guardians, the Shine Sprites, have vanished from their gathering spot at the Shine Gate. The reason? It's quite obvious. This horrible graffiti is to blame!"

"'Expert Shine Scholars'? 'Shine Sprites'? Can graffiti really cause all of this?" the Judge asked skeptically.

"Of course, not being a native of the island, I wouldn't expect you to understand, Your Honor," the Prosecutor said condescendingly, "but it is all true. I submit this picture of Delfino Plaza taken but a few moments ago into evidence!"

Delfino Plaza Picture added to the Court Record

The bailiff passed copies of the picture to both the Judge as well as the defense bench. The Judge's eyes widened in shock. "It is as the prosecution says! The Plaza is completely dark!" he declared.

While the gallery erupted into chatter, Phoenix was puzzled. *(Completely dark? But shouldn't the area around the Shine Gate be lit up?)*

"Bit bizarre, considering that we-a already saved-a one Shine Sprite," Mario commented.

"Order! Let's get back on track," the Judge declared, rapping his gavel to calm the gallery.

The Pianta Prosecutor cleared his throat, before continuing.

"Behold this decisive evidence: a sketch of the perpetrator based on eyewitness descriptions," he said, holding up a rather crude looking sketch.

Mario? Sketch added to the Court Record

(...You've got to be kidding me,) Phoenix thought incredulously. How could anyone believe that?!

"The truth is obvious. The guilty party sits among us. It is none other than Mario!" the Prosecutor declared.

OBJECTION!

Phoenix slammed down on his desk. "I'd hardly call this sketch of dubious quality decisive in the least!"

"D-Dubious?!" the Prosecutor spluttered.

The Judge nodded his agreement. "I agree with the Defense. An eyewitness sketch like this does not hold water. Does the prosecution have any other evidence?"

The Prosecutor continued to splutter incoherently for a few seconds, before calming himself down. "The prosecution is prepared to call witnesses who can prove without a doubt that the defendant is the culprit!"

"Then call your first witness!" the Judge declared, rapping his gavel again

(Alright, here we go. These witnesses obviously saw Bowser Jr. masquerading as Mario. I just have to prove it! ...But why am I still so nervous? This case is easy!)

(...ACK! I just realized! What if Bowser decides to attack the courthouse?! Oh please don't let that happen...!)

[The Stake's Witnesses]

When the witness arrived, the Judge was immediately flabbergasted. "Prosecution, what is the meaning of this?!" he demanded.

It may have had something to do with how there were actually *four* witnesses at the bench.

"Hmph. What does it look like? I've called my witnesses," the Prosecutor said dismissively.

"But...there are *four* of them at once!" the Judge pointed out, his eyes wide open.

(I guess he really is unfamiliar with the Delfino Law System. Not that I can blame him. Even now, some of it makes no sense to me, but the fact remains...)

"Um, Your Honor? This is just part of the Delfino Law System. Up to five witnesses can be on the stand at once. I realize it doesn't make much sense, but there it is," Phoenix explained sheepishly.

The Judge thought about it for a while, then shook his head in exasperation. "I see...Like how Jury Trials were conducted in 19th century England."

(...! Wait, huh?! Did he say 'England'?!)

"This is highly irregular," the bearded gentleman continued, "but it seems I have no choice but to allow it. Witnesses, your na-I mean, occupations please."

(Seems he's still stuck on the name thing,) Phoenix thought to himself. *(But how did he mention England? It doesn't exist in this Loop...)*

"I'm the head of the Isle Delfino Police!" the first witness, a blue and mustachioed Pianta proclaimed.

"And I'm his second!" the tan, glasses-wearing one next to him said.

"I'm the guitarist for the Doot-Doot Sisters!" the third said.

"And I'm the person who should have been Judge!" the last one seethed.

The Judge currently seated frowned. "You could not be trusted to give an impartial verdict. That is why you are not presiding over this trial."

"Grr-!" the Pianta Judge growled.

The Judge then hammered his gavel down twice. "Now, witnesses, testify to the court about whether or not you saw the accused!"

Witness Testimony

~It was Mario!~

[Mass Inquisition ~ Moderato]

"Recently, someone has been spreading graffiti all over the island!"

"Despite our best efforts, we haven't been able to catch the culprit. However... "

"Sorry, man, but we've all seen who the guy responsible is."

"It's Mario! He's guilty! GUILTY!"

[PAUSE MUSIC]

The Judge looked down to consider this. "I see...you've all seen Mario, then?" He shook his head. "Ordinarily, I'd prefer more solid evidence, but in this case, it seems witness testimony is all we have. Mr. Wright, you may begin your cross-examination."

"Yes, Your Honor," Phoenix nodded.

Cross-Examination

~It was Mario!~

[RESTART Mass Inquisition ~ Moderato]

"Recently, someone has been spreading graffiti all over the island!"

HOLD IT!

"How recently are we talking?" Phoenix questioned.

"Eh? Well, now...I guess a couple of weeks or so. It's been kind of hectic recently," the Police Chief shrugged.

The Judge nodded in understanding. "Something like this, I'm not surprised."

(A couple of weeks ago... Mario and Peach had already started planning for the trip, so Bowser could have definitely found out by then.)

"Your Honor, this information clears up some of the vague elements in his statement. I'd like it added to the testimony," Phoenix requested.

"Very well. Witness, please add this information to your testimony," the Judge ordered.

"It's been about, oh, two weeks since it started."

OBJECTION!

All of the witnesses cringed, then turned to look at the Defense Bench, where Phoenix was pointing right at them. He then slammed his desk. "Your Honor, there is a severe contradiction here! If the culprit had been on Isle Delfino for the last two weeks... *then Mario CAN'T be the culprit!"* he declared.

[Phoenix Wright ~ Objection! 2013]

"Wh-WHAT?!" the Chief spluttered. The gallery erupted into angry chatter, forcing the Judge to slam his gavel down three times.

"Order! Order! ORDER!" he yelled. Then, he turned his attention to Phoenix. "Mr. Wright, I hope you have evidence to back up this claim," he said sternly.

"I do, Your Honor," Phoenix nodded, before removing copies of a certain document to give to the Judge and Prosecution. "These files were appropriated from the automatic logs of the computers that monitor Delfino Airstrip. Even though there was graffiti on the runway, the Delfino Airstrip automatically registered the landing of Princess Peach Toadstool's private plane just yesterday, *with Mario onboard* . So tell me: How could Mario be responsible... *when he had only just arrived on the Island?"* he demanded.

The Judge nodded. "I see! It seems positively impossible. If he arrived but yesterday, then he can't have done it!" he marveled.

OBJECTION!

"That doesn't prove anything!" the Prosecutor rebutted.

"And why's that?" the Judge asked in surprise.

"...Warp Pipes," the Pianta simply said.

"...I'm not sure I follow what the Prosecution means," the Judge said in confusion.

"What I mean is, it's perfectly conceivable that the accused simply found a Warp Pipe to the Island, used it to commit the vandalism, then simply left and took the plane to give himself an alibi," he explained.

OBJECTION!

Phoenix slammed his desk again. "There is no Warp Pipe that connects Isle Delfino to the Mushroom Kingdom!" he argued.

OBJECTION!

"Plenty of Warp Pipes go undiscovered! Why shouldn't this one be the same?!" the Prosecutor shot back.

"You can't prove that such a Pipe exists though!" Phoenix insisted.

"You can't prove that it *doesn't* exist!"

The Judge slammed his gavel down again. "Order! Mr. Wright, can you prove that this Pipe doesn't exist?" he questioned.

(...Damn it! He's got a point. I can't prove that that Warp Pipe doesn't exist!) "I can't prove it, Your Honor," Phoenix admitted.

The Judge then shook his head. "Then I'm afraid that your objection is overruled. You may now return to the cross-examination!"

[END MUSIC]

(Even if that didn't get anywhere, it's still planted the seeds of "doubt" within the Judge's mind. Just got to coax those seeds with the water of cross-examination, and a flower of "Not Guilty" will emerge!)

(...What's with the floral metaphor all of a sudden?)

[RESUME Mass Inquisition ~ Moderato]

"Despite our best efforts, we haven't been able to catch the culprit. However... "

"Sorry, man, but we've all seen who the guy responsible is."

HOLD IT!

"And this person you saw was...?" Phoenix fished about for an answer.

"Sorry, man, but it was definitely Mario. I don't really want to believe it either, but that's what I saw," the guitarist said apologetically.

(I know he must have seen Shadow Mario! I just have to press on that *point!)*

"You're *absolutely* sure that you saw Mario as he sits here in front of you?" Phoenix pressed, pointing at the plumber in the defendant's chair.

" *Yes* ." There was a hint of annoyance in the guitarist's voice at this. "Exactly as he is on the Wanted Poster," he added.

(I'm not Apollo, but " ***GOTCHA*** *" all the same!)*

"Really? That's a pretty crucial detail. Do you mind adding it to your testimony?" Phoenix asked.

"Huh? Oh, uh, sure."

"Sorry, man, but we all saw that it was Mario. He looked exactly like he does on those Wanted Posters."

OBJECTION!

The guitarist flinched, and looked at Phoenix. "What did I do?!" he asked frantically.

"Nothing," Phoenix denied, "except say something rather illuminating."

The gallery erupted into chatter again, before the Judge calmed them down with his gavel again. "Order! Mr. Wright, where are you going with this?" he asked sternly.

"Your Honor, that statement contradicts this piece of evidence!" Phoenix declared, holding up the eyewitness sketch of Shadow Mario.

"The Wanted Poster? Mr. Wright, you yourself questioned the validity of that evidence," the Judge said skeptically.

(ACK! Forgot about that! Uh...oh, right!)

"I, uh, but as much as I question it, we do have to hold that it's an accurate sketch of what the witnesses think they saw, right?" the Ace Attorney questioned.

"I suppose," the Judge said, considering it. There was a short pause, before he nodded. "Very well. Proceed with your reasoning, Mr. Wright!"

(Phew! That was close!)

"The Witness claims that he saw Mario exactly as he saw him in this Wanted Poster. But that contradicts his statement that he saw Mario as he is here in court," Phoenix explained. Then, he slammed his desk again. "Well, witness, which is it?!" he demanded.

[Confess the Truth 2009]

"I, uh, I..." the guitarist stuttered.

"Witness! Have you been lying to the court?!" the Judge demanded.

"NO!" the guitarist said in shock. "I meant what I said, I saw Mario! I..."

Phoenix slammed his desk again. "Witness! What *color* was the person you saw?!" he insisted.

"I, uh, I, uh...HE WAS BLUE!" the guitarist suddenly shouted.

"Blue?" the Judge asked in surprise.

Suddenly, the guitarist looked rather miserable. "Yeah, I saw a blue Mario. That's part of why I didn't want to believe it. But...everybody else was convinced that it really *was* Mario, so I..."

The Judge shook his head. "You shouldn't let others pressure you into things. I've made that mistake many a time," he admitted, before glancing over at Mario. "The Mario he saw was *blue?* It seems ludicrous. When one thinks of Mario, they think Red, same with Luigi and Green," he mused.

OBJECTION!

[END MUSIC]

"Your Honor, there is a simple explanation for why the witnesses saw a blue Mario!" the Prosecutor insisted.

"Really?" the Judge said with wide eyes. "Well, let's hear it."

"Like I said, it's simple. As we all know, Mario is an adventurous man. On his adventures, he's come across many Power-ups from the humble Mushroom, to the awesome Cape Feather. My theory is simply this: Mario used a Power-up to turn himself blue. QED," the Pianta stated.

(This guy's pretty good. He might even give 'Demon Prosecutor' Edgeworth a run for his money,) Phoenix mused. But he wasn't going to let that stop him.

OBJECTION!

"Your entire argument rests on what-ifs! You have no proof that there is a Power-up that can turn you blue!" he argued.

"Oh, that's easy enough. We'll simply ask the accused," the Prosecutor said smugly. Then, he turned to the defendant's chair. "Well then, *Super Mario* , is there a power-up that turns you blue?" he questioned. Mario immediately tensed up at that.

[Suspense 2013]

"Mario, is there *really* a Power-up that turns you blue?" Phoenix hissed at him.

"There's-a one, yeah. But..." Mario seemed a bit hesitant to talk about it.

Phoenix sighed. "Look, I know it's bad and will probably hurt our case, but it won't do you any favors if you don't tell the truth," he pointed out.

Mario sighed himself, but nodded. Then, he turned to answer the Pianta's question. "There is-a one," he admitted, holding up a certain blue and white flower with eyes.

The Judge blinked. "Isn't that an Ice Flower?" he questioned.

"Ice-a Flowers have two ways of working. The first is-a like counterparts to the-a Fire Flowers. The second..." At that, Mario activated the Ice Flower, and his entire body turned to ice.

"Good heavens! The defendant has turned to ice!" the Judge said in surprise.

"You see? This explains everything!" the Pianta Prosecutor pronounced.

OBJECTION!

"You can't prove they saw Ice Mario though! What about the ice and water he'd leave behind?!" Phoenix demanded.

"Oh, I needn't concern myself with that. Isle Delfino is tropical, after all. Any water would evaporate quickly," the Prosecutor said dismissively.

"Mr. Wright, can you prove that the witnesses didn't see Ice Mario?" the Judge questioned. "I must warn you, if you are wrong, there is a

hefty penalty awaiting you," he added.

Phoenix hesitated for a moment, before sinking in defeat. "Not at this time, Your Honor," he admitted, before regaining his bluster. "However! I am not yet finished with my cross-examination!" he insisted.

"Very well. Please proceed, Mr. Wright!" the Judge proclaimed.

(Come on, Phoenix! You've gotten out of tougher spots than this! There's gotta be something in that testimony!)

[Mass Inquisition ~ Allegro]

"Recently, someone has been spreading graffiti all over the island!"

"It's been about, oh, two weeks since it started."

"Despite our best efforts, we haven't been able to catch the culprit. However... "

"Sorry, man, but we all saw that it was Mario. He looked exactly like he does on those Wanted Posters."

"It's Mario! He's guilty! GUILTY!"

HOLD IT!

"That hasn't been decisively proven yet!" Phoenix objected.

"Who cares?! I know what I saw! He did it!" the Pianta Judge yelled, almost foaming at the mouth.

Meanwhile, the Judge actually overseeing the case slammed his gavel down. "ORDER! This is exactly why you could not be trusted with this case! Your personal feelings would override the impartiality of the position! Mr. Wright, do you actually have a question to ask?!" he demanded.

(Do I have a question to ask?) Phoenix questioned. However, a quick glance at Mario gave him his answer. *(Yes, I do!)*

"The defense does have a question for the witness, Your Honor," he affirmed. Then, he slammed his desk and stared at the Pianta Judge. "Witness, did you actually see Mario?"

"Of course I did! Why else would I be here?! He was blue, like he is right now!" the Pianta Judge yelled, pointing right at Mario.

"So, you saw Ice Mario?" the Prosecutor asked for clarification.

"Yes! I saw Ice Mario! Good grief, this trial has taken over ten times as long as I would have overseen it!" the Pianta Judge fumed. But as he did, Phoenix couldn't help but notice that the other witnesses looked slightly confused. Seeing his chance, he reacted.

HANG ON!

[STOP MUSIC]

"Excuse me, Mr., uh, guitarist. You look a little confused about what your fellow witness is saying," Phoenix pointed out, going for the witness that was least likely to bite his head off.

"Yeah, well...I've been thinking a little about what I saw and all. And, I don't think I saw Mario look like this," the guitarist said hesitantly.

"Well, what did he look like when you saw him?" Phoenix questioned.

"Well...he was a darker blue, and his eyes were red. Kind of creepy too. Oh yeah! He had a paintbrush too, instead of that water-pack he's got on right now!" the guitarist abruptly remembered, pointing at F.L.U.D.D., who hadn't transformed with Mario. The two police officers also nodded their heads to corroborate this statement.

"Is that so?" Phoenix pondered, a smile creeping up his face. "Well then...I suppose it's obvious now..." He slammed down on his desk.

"Mario isn't the culprit!" he announced.

[Pursuit ~ Keep Pressing On]

The gallery erupted into chatter once again, forcing the Judge to quiet them. "Order! Order! Mr. Wright, I hope you have good evidence to back this up!" he said sternly.

"I don't have evidence per say," Phoenix admitted, "but I did see a contradiction in the testimony just now!"

The Judge nodded. "Very well. Which witness's testimony does this witness's testimony contradict?" he asked.

(The witness whose testimony contradicts the guitarist's is-!)

TAKE THAT!

"It contradicts your esteemed colleague's, the local Judge!" Phoenix proclaimed.

"WHAT?! ME?!" the Pianta Judge screeched.

"Yes, you! You said that you saw Ice Mario, but your fellow witness did not! How about you two, officers? Did *you* see Ice Mario?" Phoenix questioned.

"Hmm..." The Police Chief took another glance at the frozen Mario, before shaking his head. "Nope. I saw what the guitar guy said. A darker blue Mario with creepy red eyes."

"And a paintbrush!" his second added. This was also about the point when the Ice Flower wore off, returning Mario to normal.

Phoenix slammed his desk again. "Well, witness? It's three to one, and the verdict says: *YOU LIED!"* he proclaimed, finger aloft.

The Judge slammed his gavel down to quiet the suddenly noisy gallery, with a fervor that Phoenix had rarely seen from the old man.

"ORDEEEERRR! I can't believe this! A fellow Judge, committing deliberate perjury?!" the Judge yelled in anger. He shook his head in almost-disbelief. "The Legal League of Judges will be hearing about this," he said frostily, causing the Delfino Judge to cringe in fear.

"Your Honor, the defense asserts this: it's been proven that the witnesses did not, in fact, see Ice Mario! Ice Mario is the only Power-up that turns Mario blue! Therefore, I hold that the 'Mario' they saw was an imposter, attempting to frame Mario!" Phoenix declared.

OBJECTION!

"The defendant simply lied about which Power-ups turn him blue then!" the Pianta Prosecutor attempted to say.

OBJECTION!

"But then why would he say anything about the Ice Flower?!" Phoenix shot back. "After all, that made him more suspicious in the eyes of the court, not less!"

"I, uh, I, uh...Proof! Where's your proof?!" the Prosecution spluttered.

Before Phoenix could attempt to answer that, the Judge brought down his gavel. "Allow me to give the opinion of this court! It seems that we're at an impasse. Neither side can adequately prove whether or not the defendant was the one who committed the acts of vandalism. As such, the court requests that we move on from this topic of discussion for now, until new information is revealed."

[END MUSIC]

(Moving on from "opportunity" for now, huh? That's fine with me. There's still plenty to discuss regarding the other two parts of what it takes to indict someone.)

"Your Honor, for the sake of moving this trial along, the defense agrees with the court's opinion. I've meaning to shift topics to

something else for a while now," Phoenix admitted.

"Really?" the Judge said with wide eyes. "Which topic are you referring to, Mr. Wright?"

"Motive. My client is a world-renowned hero, after all. What possible reason would he have to commit these acts of vandalism?" Phoenix demanded.

"Hmph," the Prosecutor smirked. "But of course, I have a key witness who can prove what the accused's motive is!" he declared.

[Suspense 2013]

"...HUH?!" Phoenix gawked. *(How can anyone prove* that *?!)*

"I see. Very well then. The court will recess for 15 minutes so that the prosecution can prepare their witness," the Judge proclaimed.

(Okay, didn't see this one coming. This whole case has been a bit harder than I thought it would be. Sigh...par for the course in the life of Phoenix Wright. Still, I'm not going to give up here. Witness or no witness, no one can prove that Mario actually had a real motive to commit these crimes! And I'll prove it!)

August 26, 3:17 PM

Delfino Courthouse

Defendant Lobby No. 1

[Courtroom Lounge ~ New Prelude]

(Okay...This trial has gone on for a lot longer than I would have anticipated. A surprise witness...who could they be?)

As Phoenix paced the lobby to think, Peach and Mario both walked through the doors.

"Mr. Wright? Is everything all right?" the Princess asked.

Phoenix immediately stopped pacing, and turned to them. "Oh, Princess. It's nothing, really," he reassured her.

But Peach was still slightly worried. "A motive to commit a crime...I can't believe there's actually a witness to prove it," she said, shaking her head.

"Me neither. Mario, is it possible that something you've said or done could be used as evidence for this?" Phoenix asked pointedly.

Mario thought for a second, tilting his head and crossing his arms, before shaking his head. "No. I do-a get a bit competitive with-a sports, but as far as Mario knows, that's-a it."

"So then it has to be someone with a grudge," Peach summarized.

"The question is, who?" Phoenix pointed out.

The three of them bowed their heads in silence, thinking about just who would attempt to do this. The silence, however, was interrupted very quickly...

"MISTEERR WRRRIGGHT!"

[Apollo Justice ~ I'm Fine!]

...when a certain defense attorney in red burst through the door and skidded to a halt in front of the startled trio.

"Apollo?! What kept you; you said you'd be here four hours ago!" Phoenix exclaimed.

"Sorry...I'm late! There was...a hold-up...with the plane...I only just got to the Island 10 minutes ago, and I rushed straight here!" Apollo declared, catching his breath.

"Um, excuse me, Mr. Wright, but who is-?" Peach asked, curious about who Apollo was.

"Oh, right. This is Apollo Justice, one of my junior partners at the Agency. He's supposed to be part of the defense," Phoenix explained.

"N-Nice to meet you! You're Princess Peach, right? It's an honor," Apollo said, rubbing the back of his head in embarrassment.

"You're caught up with the case, right, Apollo?" Phoenix questioned.

The Clarion of Revelations nodded in agreement. "Yeah, they were streaming the trial on the plane. The last part got cut off, but I got the gist of it. Is there really a witness that can prove Mario has a motive?" he wondered, tapping his forehead

"That's what we're going to find out. Come on, court's going to be back in session soon," Phoenix stated. "Apollo, why don't you take the lead for the next part?"

"Me? What about you though?" Apollo asked in surprise.

"Oh, I'll still be there. But you've only just started Looping, Apollo. This is a chance for you to get acquainted with some of the nonsense that Yggdrasil likes to throw at us," Phoenix explained, a tiny bead of sweat dripping down his brow.

"...It sounds more like you're just trying to skive off on work to me," Apollo said flatly. "But fine. I'll take the lead for now. Do me a favor, Mr. Wright, and don't just stand there and make cryptic comments like you usually like to."

(...Do I usually sound so cryptic around him? I honestly can't tell. Still, with both of us on the case, whoever this witness is, they won't be able to get anything past. If Athena were here too, it would have been perfect, but she's busy with her own case.)

(All right. Let's see who this witness is!)

August 26, 3:30 PM

Delfino Courthouse

Courtroom No. 2

[Apollo Justice: Ace Attorney - Court Begins]

"Court is now back in session for the trial of Mario," the Judge announced, quieting the chatter from the gallery. He did have to blink when he noticed a certain new face at the defense bench though. "Mr. Justice? What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Uh, I was meant to be part of the defense from the beginning, Your Honor. Except, my plane ended up late," Apollo admitted sheepishly.

The Judge shook his head in disapproval. "You should have left earlier in that case," he criticized.

(Oh sure, like it's my fault Gavin's fancy private jet blew a tire on the runway...)

"At any rate, is the witness ready?" the Judge asked.

The Pianta prosecutor nodded. "He is, Your Honor. He's waiting right outside for us to call him."

"Very well. Bailiff! Summon the witness immediately!" the Judge pronounced.

"All right, looks like we're going to see who this witness who can prove that Mario has a motive is. Get ready, Apollo," Phoenix said warily.

(Whoever this witness is, they've got to be lying! Time to crack those lies right open! Here comes Justice!)

When the witness was lead in, there was only one way the occupants of the defense bench could react: in utter shock.

[Bowser Jr.'s Fiery Flotilla]

"Heehee! Here I come, ready to prove that Mario's guilt!" Bowser Jr. grinned.

OBJECTION!

"Your Honor, this witness should not be allowed to testify!" Apollo yelled, slamming his desk.

The Judge blinked in confusion. "Just like that? On what grounds, Mr. Justice?" he questioned.

Apollo proceeded to point right at Bowser Jr. "On the grounds that this is Bowser Jr., the son of our client's arch-rival! There's no way he'd tell the truth!" he declared.

"Hey! What's that supposed to mean! My Papa has always told me to tell the truth!" B.J. said indignantly.

"Yeah, but probably the truth as Bowser defines it," Phoenix muttered under his breath.

OBJECTION!

"I disagree with the defense. Is it not our duty as members of the court to hear every last piece of testimony?" the prosecutor slyly said.

"...! So that's what he was really doing during the recess," Phoenix mused to himself.

"Huh? What do you mean, Mr. Wright?" Apollo asked, confused at what he was trying to say.

"He's looked us up, Apollo. He's likely fine-tuned his strategy to pick at the holes in our own. He'll be a much tougher opponent," Phoenix summarized.

"Maybe...but he did make one mistake in bringing Bowser Jr. to the stand. Now that he's here, all we have to do is prove that he did it!" Apollo declared.

Meanwhile, the Judge had decided to sustain the prosecution's objection. "Witness, please testify about the defendant's motive for vandalizing Isle Delfino," he proclaimed.

Witness Testimony

~Mario's Motive~

[Cross-Examination ~ Moderato 2007]

"Papa's told me everything there is to know about Mario!"

"'Mario's a bully! He never fights fair!'"

"So what's so hard to believe that he did it on purpose so he could save the day?!"

"After all, he's always taking Mama Peach away!"

[PAUSE MUSIC]

"...Mama Peach?" the Judge asked in confusion. The gallery immediately erupted into gossip at the idea that Peach and Bowser had had... *relations* in that manner. As for the princess herself, she immediately facepalmed.

"Yeah? What about it?!" Bowser Jr. challenged.

(Oh boy...I knew that would come up,) Apollo thought miserably.

"You know, I wonder...He said after everything was said and done that he knew Peach wasn't *really* his mother. The question is, when did he find out and/or realize?" Phoenix mused, rubbing his chin.

"Because right now he might believe that she really is?" Apollo asked for clarification.

"Yeah. We might be able to use that in some way," Phoenix thought aloud.

"Order!" the Judge declared, rapping his gavel against its board. "Any and all gossip about the witness's parentage will cease!" he decreed. He then cast an eye over at the defense bench. Knowing what the Judge was silently asking, Apollo nodded. In turn, the Judge nodded as well and said, "Mr. Justice, you may begin your Cross-Examination!"

Cross-Examination

~Mario's Motive~

[RESTART Cross Examination ~ Moderato 2007]

"Papa's told me everything there is to know about Mario!"

HOLD IT!

"So...have you ever met Mario yourself, witness?" Apollo asked, a finger on his forehead.

"Huh? Um...No...?" Bowser Jr. started.

OBJECTION!

"Let me stop you right there, Mr. Justice," the prosecution stated firmly.

(...! That was fast!)

"I have a feeling I know where you're going with this. You were about to accuse the witness of hearsay, weren't you?" the prosecutor sneered.

"...I was, yes," Apollo said slowly, his eyes narrowed. *(What's he up to?)*

"Well, unfortunately for you, hearsay as a concept does not exist in the Delfino Law System!" the Pianta proclaimed.

"...SAY WHAT?!" Apollo recoiled in shock.

"No such concept as hearsay?" the Judge blinked. "But then, how is one to know whether the witness is truly speaking about things they witnessed? Prosecution, I would advise after this trial is concluded to lead a reform of the Delfino Law System," he, well, advised.

"Of course, Your Honor," the Pianta said with a mock-bow. "But for now, we are regrettably stuck with the current system."

"Looks like I was right to compare him to Edgeworth. He's just as slick as Miles was in his 'Demon Prosecutor' days," Phoenix commented, before turning to his protégé. "Apollo, I don't think you're going to get anywhere attacking Bowser Jr.'s credibility. Focus more on any inconsistencies in the testimony."

"Got it," Apollo nodded.

"'Mario's a bully! He never fights fair!'"

"So what's so hard to believe that he did it on purpose so he could save the day?!"

HOLD IT!

"Let me make sure I've got this straight: you think Mario *purposefully* spread graffiti all over the island?" Apollo questioned.

"Yeah! He'd dirty the place up, then swoop in with that water-gizmo and clean it up! That way, he'd look the hero!" Bowser Jr. crowed.

"And what exactly did he hypothetically use to commit the vandalism?" Apollo asked skeptically.

"That paintbrush thing he got from that weird old man in the white coat!" the son of Bowser declared.

"'Weird old man'?" the Judge repeated dubiously.

"I don't think the witness meant you, Your Honor," Phoenix said in a deadpan.

(No, but he did say something nobody here could know!)

"So, you *saw* Mario obtain the paintbrush, witness?" Apollo asked for clarification. The gallery started shifting at that, as not once had the origin of the paintbrush been brought up. The Pianta at the prosecution's desk looked like he was going to erupt at the notion.

"What are ya, deaf! I just said that!" the Prince of Koopas stomped in slight annoyance.

[END MUSIC]

"That's all I needed to hear," Apollo smirked, crossing his arms. "Your Honor, the defense asks to put this Cross-Examination on hold. We have a witness of our own to call!" he declared.

"Wh-WHAT?!" the prosecution and Bowser Jr. started. The gallery erupted into chatter again, forcing the Judge to bring down his gavel.

"Order in the court! And what would this witness testify about, Mr. Justice?" the Judge asked.

"He's the creator of the paintbrush in question, as well as the water pack currently on our client's back. If anyone's qualified enough to testify about who gave who that paintbrush, he's it!" Apollo

proclaimed. "He arrived with me on the plane, and should be ready to testify right about..."

[Ringtone ~ Phoenix Wright]

"...now," Apollo finished, even as the tinny sounds of the Steel Samurai's Theme played from Phoenix's cell phone.

"Hello? ...Yeah, Professor, we're ready for you. ...Gotcha. See ya in a bit." And with that, Phoenix hung up and turned to the court in general. "He's waiting right outside for someone to call him in."

The Judge nodded. "Very well. Bailiff! Summon the defense's witness immediately!"

When the witness arrived at the stand, all that could be seen of him was his hair.

The Judge shook his head in exasperation. "This problem again. Someone fetch a fruit crate for the witness to stand on!" he ordered.

The fruit crate arrived, and the witness stood on it so that everyone could see him.

[Professor E. Gadd's Theme - Luigi's Mansion: Dark Moon]

"Ah...you're the one the previous witness described," the Judge said in recognition.

"Heheh! That's me! Professor Elvin Gadd, head of Gadd Science Inc. and retired ghost hunter!" the diminutive scientist declared.

The Judge nodded. "Do you understand why you've been summoned here today, Professor?" he asked.

"Of course! I'm supposed to talk about a couple of my inventions! Not something that usually happens in my line of work. Most people shy away from it because they think they'd get bored!" Gadd

laughed. "So, which one do you want me to talk about first?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Justice? He's your witness," the Judge offered.

Apollo thought about it for a second. *(So, should I ask him to testify about F.L.U.D.D. or the Paintbrush?)*

(...Best to get the glaring thing out of the way. If we can prove that Mario never touched that Paintbrush, then we're good!) "Professor, if you would, please testify about the Paintbrush first," he stated.

"Alrighty then, Apollo! Here I go!" Gadd declared.

Witness Testimony

~The Paintbrush~

[Cross-Examination ~ Moderato 2013]

"That Paintbrush is no ordinary paintbrush, to say the least."

"You folks have already seen part of what it can do, but graffiti isn't exactly what it was meant for."

"It basically translates its user's thoughts into water-soluble reality!"

"I actually made it for Mario in the first place, as a counterpart to the Poltergust 3000 I gave Luigi."

"I felt bad for what happened to the poor guy after getting stuck in that painting by King Boo."

"I thought that I had given the Brush to *Mario in the first place."*

"...But it looks like I didn't. I ended up giving it to an imposter!"

[PAUSE MUSIC]

"An imposter, you say?" the Judge asked in shock.

"Yes, well, my eyesight isn't what it used to be," Gadd admitted. "The person I gave it to *looked* like Mario, for sure, but the color was wrong, and he didn't sound like Mario at all!"

The Judge considered his words seriously. "If what you say is true, then the defendant truly is innocent of his accused crimes."

"Not necessarily, Your Honor, and I aim to prove that it's still possible for the defendant to be the cause! In that vein, I would like to begin my cross-examination!" the Pianta Prosecutor announced.

"Hm...another Delfino Law quirk, I assume? Very well, the prosecution may now commence with their cross-examination!" the Judge declared.

"Well well...now that's a part of Delfino Law that actually makes sense," Phoenix murmured.

"I'm not used to being on the other side of a cross-examination. What do we do?" Apollo admitted and asked.

"Basically? We've taken the role the prosecution usually has, which means that if he goes off-track, we get to counter him and make him look stupid," Phoenix decided.

(...Something about that feels thrilling all of a sudden.)

Cross-Examination

~The Paintbrush~

[RESTART Cross-Examination ~ Moderato 2013]

"That Paintbrush is no ordinary paintbrush, to say the least."

HOLD IT!

"Yes, I think we've well established that by now," the Prosecution said sarcastically.

OBJECTION!

"If you actually have a relevant comment, Prosecutor, I'd advise you to say it. Otherwise, you're wasting the court's time!" Apollo declared.

"...Well, you slipped into that role fairly easily," Phoenix noted.

Meanwhile, the Judge nodded. "Mr. Justice has a point. Speed it up, Prosecution."

"Uh, um, yes, moving on," the Pianta stammered uneasily.

"You folks have already seen part of what it can do, but graffiti isn't exactly what it was meant for."

HOLD IT!

"And what exactly *was* it meant for?" the prosecutor challenged.

OBJECTION!

"He's getting there!" Apollo pointed out, before saying more nicely, "Please continue, Professor."

"It basically translates its user's thoughts into water-soluble reality!"

HOLD IT!

"Water-soluble? You can't mean-!" the prosecution started.

"That's right! All that goop causing a mess? Just splash some water on it, and it'll wash away! Oh, a few parts might stick a bit depending

on how whoever uses it messes around with the settings. Funny story, actually, it's not supposed to be water-soluble. No, that happened by accident and I-" E. Gadd started to ramble.

HOLD IT!

"Um, as much as we'd love to hear about it, Professor, we're kind of more focused on the actual brush itself," Apollo pointed out.

"Oh! Of course. Silly me! Now, where was I?" the Professor wondered, before remembering. "Oh, that's right!"

"I actually made it for Mario in the first place, as a counterpart to the Poltergust 3000 I gave Luigi."

HOLD IT!

"You specifically made it for the defendant?!" the prosecutor said in surprise.

"Yes, that's right. Figured it was only fair since Luigi had one of my inventions. Of course, it didn't end up going like I originally intended, but Mario does have one of my inventions now, so it all works out!" Gadd chirped, pointing out F.L.U.D.D.

"So then...you admit to giving the defendant the paintbrush that caused the graffiti?" the prosecutor asked slyly.

OBJECTION!

"Your Honor, the prosecution is leading the witness!" Apollo declared.

"Objection sustained. Keep on track, Prosecutor," the Judge said sternly.

(The Judge actually listened to an objection just like that...man, what a rush!)

"I felt bad for what happened to the poor guy after getting stuck in that painting by King Boo."

"I thought that I had given the Brush to *Mario in the first place."*

HOLD IT!

"So you *did* give it to the defendant so that he could commit the crimes!" the Pianta crowed.

OBJECTION!

"Did you completely miss the qualifier in that statement?! He said that he *thought* he gave it to Mario!" Phoenix pointed out.

"Mr. Wright! I was going to say that!" Apollo whined.

"Oh, uh, sorry, Apollo. Force of habit," Phoenix said sheepishly. "Um, please continue with your testimony, Professor," he added.

"...But it looks like I didn't. I ended up giving it to an imposter!"

HOLD IT!

"An imposter, you say? Do you have proof of this?" the prosecutor asked skeptically.

"Sonny, I may be old, and yeah, my eyesight is slightly going, but I know what I saw. That was *not* Mario I gave the brush to!" Gadd declared.

"That's what you say, yes. But it contradicts Bowser Jr.'s testimony. He says that it was Mario you gave it to!" the Pianta declared.

OBJECTION!

"And as I've already stated, there's no reason for Bowser Jr. to tell the truth!" Apollo retorted.

"Hm...what exactly do you mean, Mr. Justice?" the Judge asked, considering his statement.

"What I mean is simple, Your Honor. As Bowser Jr. has stated in his testimony, he and his father view Mario as a bully, who's always getting in the way of them kidnapping Princess Peach," Apollo restated, bringing up the copy of the Koopa Prince's testimony. "In that vein, why wouldn't he lie? He'd be getting rid of his father's greatest enemy and obstacle!" he declared.

OBJECTION!

"But then how do we know that this witness isn't lying to protect the defendant?!" the prosecuting Pianta pointed out.

"You tell me. Did you see any inconsistencies in his testimony?" the Clarion of Revelations asked smugly.

"Gkh! ...The prosecution is forced to admit that there are none. But that still does not-!"

[END MUSIC]

"Order!" the Judge suddenly declared, slamming his gavel down. "Allow me to state the court's opinion. We have two witnesses that say two different things. Bowser Jr. says that the Professor gave the paintbrush to Mario. The Professor says he didn't. One of these witnesses is lying. Therefore, what must be found out at this point is which one is lying."

(Hm...that's actually a good point. How to go about this?)

(...Oh! That might be a good idea!)

"I completely agree, Your Honor. Therefore, the defense requests to return to the cross-examination of Bowser Jr. If one of these witnesses are lying, then we're going to find out!" Apollo declared, slamming the defense bench.

The Judge considered this, before nodding his head. "Very well. Bailiff! Bring Bowser Jr. to the stand immediately!"

(He's definitely lying. Time to catch him in the act!)

August 26, 4:27 PM

Delfino Courthouse

Courtroom No. 2

[Apollo Justice: Ace Attorney - Court Begins]

By the time Bowser Jr. was summoned, everyone was staring at him, wondering whether he really was lying or not. Of course, he noticed that everyone was staring at him and got upset. "Hey?! Why are you all looking at me like that?!" he demanded.

"Bowser Koopa Junior...the testimony that we have heard from one Professor Elvin Gadd directly contradicts your own testimony regarding the paintbrush," the Judge gravely said. "As such, the court demands that you testify once again, so that we can find out which of you is lying."

"I'm not lying! Why would I lie about some stupid paintbrush?!" the Koopa Prince pointed out.

"That's what we're going to find out!" Apollo declared, pointing directly at him. "Now, testify!"

"Grrr-! FINE!" Bowser Jr. snapped.

[END MUSIC]

Witness Testimony

~What I Saw~

[Cross-Examination ~ Allegro 2007]

"I don't know why the heck you'd think I'd lie about it, but I know what I saw!"

"I was minding my own business and wandering around, when I saw that Mario!"

"I figured that I should see what he was up to, in case it was something my Papa should know!"

"I saw him get that paintbrush from that old man!"

"I. Saw. Him. I'm not lying!"

[PAUSE MUSIC]

Apollo immediately reacted as he felt a certain tightening on his wrist. *(! This feeling-!)*

"Apollo? What's up?" Phoenix asked.

"My bracelet's reacting. He's tensed up. Somewhere in that testimony is something that's making him nervous," Apollo concluded.

"Looks like a chance to use that Perception of yours. Any ideas what's making him tense?"

"Not sure...I don't think it's one of the statements that he's directly said. It must be somewhere in the particulars of those statements," Apollo thought.

"You still continue to claim that the defendant obtained the paintbrush, I see. Mr. Justice, you may begin your cross-examination," the Judge said.

"Yes, Your Honor," Apollo nodded.

Cross-Examination

~What I Saw~

[RESTART Cross-Examination ~ Allegro 2007]

"I don't know why the heck you'd think I'd lie about it, but I know what I saw!"

HOLD IT!

"We think you'd lie about it, because it would only help you and Bowser with your plans!" Apollo declared.

"Oh yeah, Mr. Fancy Pants?! Prove it then!" B.J. challenged.

"...Gkh!" Apollo recoiled. *(It's true...I can't really prove it as it is.)*

"Why don't you just move on?" Phoenix offered.

"Seems to be the best option," Apollo admitted.

"I was minding my own business and wandering around, when I saw that Mario!"

HOLD IT!

"'Minding your own business'? What exactly did that entail?" Apollo questioned.

OBJECTION!

"That has nothing to do with this case!" the prosecution declared.

The Judge nodded. "Objection sustained. Keep focused, Mr. Justice," he admonished the red-wearing lawyer.

(And just like that, that high from earlier is gone.)

"I figured that I should see what he was up to, in case it was something my Papa should know!"

"I saw him get that paintbrush from that old man!"

HOLD IT!

"So, you saw Mario obtain the Paintbrush from Professor E. Gadd of Gadd Science Inc., then?" Apollo asked.

"Oh, is that his name? Yeah, sure," Bowser Jr. said, looking off to the side.

(? Hello, what's this? Why's he looking away? Anyway...)

"You sure about that? Because the professor himself said that he gave the brush to a Mario imposter," Apollo challenged, reviewing Gadd's testimony.

"Huh?!" Bowser Jr. blinked in surprise...and slight fear.

(My bracelet is really reacting now. Time to move in!) Apollo thought, holding up his arm so he could feel his bracelet. He then slammed his desk. "Witness, repeat your last statement of testimony!" he ordered.

"Huh?! Why?!" the Koopa Prince panicked.

The Prosecutor shrugged. "I can't claim to understand the whims of the defense, witness. What harm could come anyway?"

"Ooh...fine," he sulked.

[Perceive ~ Surging Eyes]

And as he began to speak his last statement again, Apollo focused intently on him. In his mind's eye, he felt his bracelet detach from his arm, and move in front of his eye, encircling the witness. His eyesight zoomed in, and a red aura covered his image of Bowser Jr.

"I...saw...him...get... ***that...paintbrush...*** *"*

GOTCHA!

[END MUSIC]

The entire court jumped in surprise from Apollo's loud shout. Once he had recovered his heart from his stomach, the Judge blinked in recognition. "I don't often hear you say that phrase, Mr. Justice. Did you notice something about the witness's testimony?" he wondered.

"One thing, Your Honor," Apollo said smugly, before pounding the defense bench. "Witness, why are you so nervous when you talk about the paintbrush?!" he demanded.

[Pursuit ~ Overtaken]

"HUH?! W-What are you talking about?! I'm not nervous!" Bowser Jr. stuttered.

Apollo shook his head. "That's what you say, but your own actions give you away! When you mentioned the paintbrush, you unconsciously made a motion with your right hand. Specifically, you tensed it up, as if you were gripping something. Now, why would you tense up like that while thinking about the brush?" he challenged.

OBJECTION!

"That's it?! You're going after the witness because he's tense?! What kind of mockery of a court do you think this is?!" the prosecution demanded.

(Please don't make me answer that...)

"Your Honor, I hold that the defense is out of line! How can a witness's tension be submitted as evidence?!" the Pianta declared.

"Hmm...it is true that something like this cannot be submitted as evidence," the Judge allowed. "However, I have seen Mr. Justice use this perception of his many a time in the past. Not once has he ever submitted his perceptions as evidence, but rather he has used them as a means to draw out new testimony. It's the same in this case. In other words, Prosecutor...OBJECTION OVERRULED!" he thundered. The prosecutor cringed at that.

"...There's something weird about the Judge. I can't put my finger on it, though," Phoenix mused contemplatively.

(Whatever it is, now's not the time to let up!) Apollo slammed the bench again. "Witness! Answer the question! Why are you so nervous about the paintbrush?!" he demanded.

"I...I...I-!" Bowser Jr. stuttered like a broken record. Apollo's only response to that was to glare at him, heaping the pressure on.

(Come on, crack! I didn't take those glaring lessons from Mr. Edgeworth for nothing!)*

"I...OH ALRIGHT ALREADY! I CONFESS!" the Koopa Prince yelled in anguish, pounding the witness stand.

(?! That was easier than I thought!)

"Well, he is just a kid," Phoenix rationalized.

(Guess that makes sense. ...Hey, wait a minute-!)

"Confess about what?" the Judge questioned sternly, before Apollo could question Phoenix about reading his thoughts.

"I...I'm the one who took the paintbrush from the old man," B.J. sighed in defeat.

"I see...But hang on! Professor Gadd's testimony stated that he gave the paintbrush to someone pretending to be Mario!" the Judge pointed out.

"Oh, yeah, that...I had a bandanna that let me turn into a 'Shadow Mario'. It wasn't a perfect copy; the colors were all wrong. But it was enough to trick the old man into thinking I was him long enough to get the brush," Bowser Jr. stated, still glum.

(Yes! He's confessing to everything! Time to get to the coup de grâce !)

"So, you're the one who vandalized Isle Delfino, aren't you?!" Apollo declared, pointing right at the Koopa Prince.

"...No."

[END MUSIC]

"...Huh?" Apollo asked in confusion.

"No. I'm not the one who did it. I was going to, but someone else beat me to the punch," Bowser Jr. stated.

"Buh...Huh...WHAAAAATTTTTT?!" Apollo reacted in shock. The gallery was too, and they erupted into chatter.

[Thrill Theme ~ Suspense]

"That...I didn't see that coming," Phoenix breathed out.

(But if it wasn't Bowser Jr., then WHO was it who did it?!)

"Order! Order!" the Judge yelled, trying to get the gallery to calm down. When they refused to listen, he narrowed his eyes dangerously. "This court will come to..."

ORDER!

[END MUSIC]

At that loud shout, the entire court fell silent. The Judge glanced around, in case anyone else started, before speaking his mind. "So, the witness has admitted to being the one who originally stole the means by which the Island was vandalized, but someone else somehow beat him to it. Witness, explain yourself," he said sternly.

"After I took the paintbrush, I ran off from the old guy's place. I pulled my bandanna down and relaxed, but someone jumped me from behind and stole both of them," Bowser Jr. explained miserably.

"Hm...did you see who it was?" the Judge questioned.

"No. Like I said, they jumped me from behind and stole the brush and my bandanna."

"I see...I gather it is not the same bandanna as you are wearing?" the Judge asked, noticing Bowser Jr.'s white bandanna with teeth on it.

"No, the other one was blue and had Mario's nose and mustache on it. Anyone who uses it becomes Shadow Mario, and get access to all of his abilities," the Koopa Prince said.

Shadow Mario Bandanna added to the Court Record

"Hm...unfortunately, if you did not see your attacker, then it cannot be said whether or not the Defendant was the one who attacked you. Mr. Wright, Mr. Justice, can either of you prove that your client wasn't the attacker?" the Judge questioned.

"...Not at this time, Your Honor. We weren't focused on something like this. We'll have to make inquiries," Phoenix admitted.

The Judge nodded in acknowledgement. "Then both sides must make those inquiries for us to find the truth. As it is getting late, the court will reconvene tomorrow at 10 AM. I expect both sides to be

able to advance this Trial forward in some way. Court is adjourned!" he declared, rapping his gavel.

August 26, 5:42 PM

Delfino Courthouse

Defendant Lobby No. 1

[Courtroom Lobby ~ New Prelude]

"He didn't do it. I can't believe it..." Apollo muttered, pacing back and forth through the Defendant Lobby.

"We're completely in the dark now. We have no leads at all. But never mind that. Mario, do you have an alibi for when the brush was stolen?" Phoenix asked.

Mario shrugged. "I don't-a even know when-a Bowser Jr.-a stole it. I can't-a say."

"Terrific," Phoenix sighed.

"Everyone, let's calm down. Don't we just have to convince the Judge that Mario didn't do it?" Peach questioned, unconsciously messing with her parasol.

"It doesn't exactly work like that. While the Judge may give us the Not Guilty without another suspect being named, I can count the number of times it's happened in baseline on one hand," Apollo explained, shaking his head.

"We have to find out who vandalized the island. Because I don't doubt that the prosecution is going to add the theft and assault charges onto the list of crimes," Phoenix said grimly.

Just then, the door to the lobby opened, drawing their attentions. However, they were rather surprised at who walked in.

You know, considering that it was Bowser Jr.

"What are you doing here?!" Apollo demanded.

Bowser Jr. glared at them all, before taking out something from behind him and tossing it into Apollo's arms. Apollo fumbled with it for a second, before he was able to hold it properly. It appeared to be part of the eye of a mask of some sort. The only thing that they could tell was that the mask was pink.

Mask Piece added to the Court Record

"What's this for?" Apollo asked dubiously.

"When I got attacked by that guy, well, I attacked him back. This is all I managed to get off him though," Bowser Jr. explained, before heading for the door.

HOLD IT!

"Why are you even helping us?" Phoenix wondered. Bowser Jr. paused for a second, then turned around.

"Because the ones who are going to defeat Mario are me and Papa, not some coward who attacks people from behind!" he spat, before making his leave.

"Well, that was unexpected," Peach blinked.

"For sure. All right, come on, Apollo. We've only got a few hours to investigate. One thing I want to check is the Shine Gate. Is it really not lit up after Mario rescued that Shine Sprite? We need to see that for ourselves," Phoenix stated.

(We've got to find the real culprit! I know Mario will be fine even if he does gets sentenced Guilty, but that's not what happened! And it's our duty as defense attorneys to seek out the truth and defend our clients to the bitter end. And that's what we're going to do!)

To be continued…

[Jingle ~ That's All For Today]

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* Let it be reminded that Miles Edgeworth once cowed his own reflection into submission.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed it so far! This is only the first day's Trial. Look forward to some Investigation and the Day 2 Trial!

Chapter 9

9.1

Phoenix hummed slightly as he wandered around the office of the Wright Talent Agency. He had Awoken a couple of years into his disbarment, once again too late to stop Kristoph or the phantom. So all he could do now was wait for when Apollo was ready, and try to make changes behind the scenes. Not to mention get cracking on those Europe trips to meet Athena again. Right now, though, Trucy was off at school and...

(? Where the heck did my wallet go?) he wondered, scratching his head.

"Hey, Nick!" a certain voice rang out, before Maya suddenly appeared and jumped him from behind.

"GAH! Maya, what are you-?! Get off!" Phoenix demanded before she finally acquiesced and got off of his back.

(Ow...why'd she do that?!)

"Maya, why did you even do that?" he repeated aloud, rubbing his back. *(I thought my spine was gonna snap!)*

"I'm hungry, so let's go for burgers!" Maya declared.

(...That was it *?)*

"Yeah, I'd love to, except my wallet's missing," Phoenix dryly pointed out.

"Psh! That's fine, I'll pay!" Maya grinned, waving it off.

(?! In what universe *does Maya ever pay for food?! And I know she's Awake, so it's not a Variant...which can only mean one thing.)*

"Wait a second...Maya, you wouldn't happen to know where my wallet is, would you?" Phoenix asked suspiciously.

Maya snorted. "Course I don't! What do you take me for, Nick?!" she denied.

...Which was immediately contradicted when everything flashed black and chains enveloped her, complete with two red locks.

[Mentality Lock ~ Psyche-Lock 2007]

Phoenix sighed. "Maya, you do know I can see the Psyche-Locks, right?" he pointed out.

"...Uhhhhhh..."

Phoenix shook his head in exasperation. Same old Maya... "Look, Maya, just give me my wallet back, and *maybe* I'll let you bankrupt me."

"N-Now hold on! Where's your evidence that I even took it?!" Maya blustered.

"It's sticking out of your obi," Phoenix immediately said in a deadpan.

"! ...Dangit, Nick..." Maya muttered, before both Psyche-Locks shattered and the chains retreated.

L.003 (Opus J)

Hershel Layton had many things that he had come to care about as he had lived his life. Emmy, whose vibrant personality and gung-ho attitude was worth every moment of concern over her repeated kung-fu mishaps. Inspector Grosky, With all of his bull-headed charm, and charging. Flora, his mostly adopted daughter, whom he had saved from the rather Mysterious Village. And then...

"Hurry up, Professor!"

...There was Luke Triton, son of one of his oldest friends. "Now, Luke, remember, a Gentleman is always patient, no matter how excited he might be." Layton smiled brightly at the ten-year-old, even as he tried not to shiver.

He could see the hat lying on the floor - Luke's favorite blue hat, dirtied by the comings and goings around him. Why hadn't he noticed how dirty it was? Luke, or his mother, never wore such worn and tattered clothes. Had his need to solve the next puzzle, figure out the next clue truly been worth this?

As Luke talked out loud, filling him in on how his day had gone, and the puzzle he was Almost through with, Hershel hoped that the boy missed the shadows in his own eyes. He had lived so many times, over and over - had this been fate's way of reminding him that everything could change? Or telling him that he should pay attention to what really mattered?

Clark had been taken away by Officer Grosky, but it was the bottles that caught Layton's attention. Bottles of a demon that Hershel had never believed Clark could ever drink. They told a story - one that he desperately wanted not to be true, but that his damnable mind refused to stop putting together. Spots of blood on a wall, to low for Luke's mother to have left. Stains where tea had hit, interrupted scars that had likely left a memorial on another moving body. A photo of a child that didn't smile - with just a little bit of a bruise showing.

"...So then I got my test back, and I had an A!" Luke, ever the little Gentleman, had pulled the chair out at the little bistro Layton had offered to take him to. Luke had proven how much he enjoyed spending time here with him, and Layton had found that keeping his apprentice happy required only the barest hint of approval, and regular feeding. Luke was one of the most easy-going children he had ever met.

"A job well done, Luke." Hershel said as he took a seat, smiling as his apprentice's smile became even wider, though it hadn't seemed

possible. "I hope you will be able to keep up this impressive improvement with your grades."

"Absolutely, Professor!" Luke crowed, before giving the lovely waitress his order.

Luke had begged so pitiably to become his apprentice all those weeks ago. But Layton had bowed to the wishes of Clark and his Wife, ignoring the odd twinges at the clues that had appeared right in front of him. Luke had simply 'needed time' to be with his family, to 'rest and recover'. And like a fool, he had walked away from his Apprentice, who had sent him the letter to come to the little town in the first place. Hadn't he read the SOS? The Plea for help?

"Will Emmy join us later?" Luke had calmed slightly as they had been waiting for the food, but like any ten-year-old, he was quickly becoming bored - and wondering what else Layton was up to, obviously.

He reached into his pocket as he spoke. "Not today, my boy. Though I know she would love to join us, I decided to spend a bit of quality time with my 'number one apprentice' today." That got the poor boy blushing, which earned another laugh from Layton.

"Professor!" The plaintive cry of an embarrassed preteen earned another chuckle from the man as he drew out the package. He waited a moment, for the boy to spot it, which caused his eyes to light up in curiosity.

He placed the package on the table. "Perhaps a puzzle would be in order?" he questioned his student, even as his mind replayed the consequences of his last Loop.

The plain white sheet had been far too large to cover the still body on the floor, lost of all the perpetual motion Layton was so used to. He had left the boy behind in hopes that he wouldn't be kidnaped in the desert town, or put into danger as he so often had been. The bitterness of that thought stayed with him even as he entered the

room that had once belonged to the departed. His eyes tumbled quickly to the letter with his name on it. He had hoped for streams of hatred, of Vitriol that would flagellate his soul. What he found was worse. Apologies for having been so presumptuous as to ask to be his Apprentice. Put downs, calling himself worthless. Agreeing with the drunken rants of Clark, and claiming his minor failures as reasons his father was justified in hurting him. Layton was not made of stone - and he felt, at this point, even a stone would weep. And as his head fell into his hands, he wailed like a broken thing.

"Hhhrrrmmm..." Luke's voice pulled him out of the memory he had fallen into again. He couldn't help but smile at his apprentice, even as he made the promise in his head.

9.2 (Filraen)

"Time for your first magic lesson. First a demonstration." Trucy then spread a card deck in front of Apollo. "Choose any card."

Apollo did so and looked at it, it was, "It's the five of hearts, isn't it?" Trucy stated, interrupting Apollo's thoughts.

"What?! But how-?" Apolo spluttered, clearly being thrown off. "Did you have the cards marked?"

"No, this is a normal playing deck," Trucy countered. "Normally shuffled too."

"Then how-?"

"Let's do it the other way, I'm sure you can do it fast enough." Trucy then picked a card at random from the rest of the deck and looked at it. "OK, now what card am I looking at?"

"The King of..."

"No, Polly, this isn't guessing," Trucy said as she looked back to Apollo. "The trick for this is simple: we both can see very well, but you've only been using your sight when focusing with mom's bracelet. For trials it's fine; I've used it sometimes there too; but you have to remember that you don't need your bracelet to use your sight. Now, perceive and tell me: what card am I *looking* at?"

Perceive what? Even if that's the solution, Trucy isn't lying so the bracelet won't work here. Trucy had already given him half of the answer, so the only question remaining is what to focus on... *(Think, Justice!)*

...Wait. Could it be-?

Focusing on Trucy, who was still looking at her card, Apollo started to Perceive her eyes. In was difficult at first, but there was definitely the reflection of something there... "The six of clubs?"

"Ding, ding! We have a winner!" Trucy beamed. "For the trick to work, you have to be fast because the other person won't look at his card for long. But since he'll be looking at the card, he won't be focusing on how you're looking at the reflection on his eyes. And it isn't like many people know about our sight anyway. It also helps, with a bit of training, to Perceive things quickly. For example, next time you meet Simon he won't have time to throw Taka at you."

"Point." Although Apollo was grateful to Trucy, he couldn't help but think how this whole looping business made things complicated. Wasn't he supposed to be the supporting big brother?

"And now you've learned your first magic trick," Trucy said with a sense of finality.,"that means you've earned yourself this, your very own hat and cape."

Then Trucy, from what looked like thin air, produced a hat and cape combo in the style of Trucy's own but colored red like his waistcoat. "Nice fit too, thanks Trucy."

It was then when Apollo realized Trucy had taken a step back to look up at him, Trucy was a lot younger physically than Apollo after all.

"Polly, brother..." Trucy eventually said, eyes shining with tears. "Welcome to the troupe."

The hug that followed was long and heartfelt.

L.004 (GarnettFoxy)

' *No wonder they call this the 'Endless Wonder','* Layton mused, gazing out at the neverending interior of the warehouse. His dark eyes darted from object to object: the Hindenburg, the Trojan Horse, the Eiffel Tower, Big Ben. And those were just what he could see from here! Loop memories told him that there were wonders beyond what he could see from the vantage point he had from the office.

' *Luke would love it here.'* He sighed, disheartened at his apprentice not being a part of this loop. Pulling himself away from the infinite landscape, Layton strode into the empty office, frowning at how lonely it seemed here. He sat at the desk with a sigh, picking up papers to look through the files of two people, the head of this warehouse who was a rather charming woman by the name of Miss Frederic…

He'd barely got past the first page of Myka's file when the lights went crazy with a heavy thumping noise coming from the cover of the main power supply to the warehouse.

Startled, Layton cautiously opened it, blinking when the LEDs spelled out a message.

KNOCK KNOCK WHO'S AWAKE?

"...Curious..."

9.3 (jxz)

Miles Edgeworth glared at Fluttershy.

Fluttershy Stared back.

Behind a bullet-and-stare-proof window, Twilight Sparkle, Phoenix Wright, Maya Fey and Rainbow Dash were sitting and eating popcorn.

"Remind me **;** how did this get started?" Maya asked Phoenix.

"Edgeworth said his glare was the best tool to find the truth..." **t** he Ace Attorney started.

"And somehow that ended with a Stare War between him and Fluttershy." Twilight ended. "They've been in this since Rainbow's trial, and they keep going."

"I'm amazed that he could prosecute me without breaking eye contact with Flutters **,** " Rainbow said between munching her bag of popcorn. "I bet Edgeworth loses."

"C'mon, Nick! Bet for Miles!" Maya said.

(Knowing my luck, whoever I bet for will lose...) "No, I **'** ll pass this time."

And so, time passed.

When the loop ended, one of them blinked.

L.005 (Filraen)

"But, you see, Inspector Chelmey, the supposed power of the Samarian Scepter is not as it seems," Hershel Layton said as he started pacing around the room. "The first use of its 'power', the vanishment of people around town was simply the use of the

rainwater sewer ducts under the town. People can easily fit if they pound the manhole covers hard enough."

"And the great scar in the sky the scepter made to let that alien fleet trying to attack Earth?" Inspector Chelmey pressed. "Everybody saw it."

"A massive hallucination made by contaminating the water source with a powerful suggestive agent." Layton proposed. "Since everybody was expecting the alien fleet to appear during the eclipse, seeing the act with the scepter made everybody rationalize the rip in the sky and the alien fleet itself."

"And the flying alien commander?"

"The figure was real, that's true, but it it was just someone wearing a disguise. Luke, please bring the costume." As Luke did so, the Professor continued. "Since the alien attack suggestion was already active, a simple costume was enough to convince everybody of an invasion commander."

After examining the costume, Inspector Chelmey realized something. "But that doesn't explain the flying part."

"I'm aware of that." Layton nodded in acceptance.

"Then, Layton, what's your explanation?"

" *That* was magic. You see, I've been pacing around this room this whole time and you've yet to hear any footsteps." Then Professor Layton pointed down, "that's because if you look at my foot they've been floating about a foot over the floor this whole time."

"Oh."

9.4 (Thanatos's Scribe)

Miles Awoke behind his desk in the Prosecutor's Office, and let out a sigh as he recalled both his Loop memories and the memories of the past Loop. Thankfully, what happened previously in this Loop seemed to be a baseline Loop that just had Phoenix win his first case, which meant there was plenty of time to prevent a repeat of *last* Loop. With Gumshoe's death, the courts started their fall into the Dark Age of the Law much earlier than usual, though it was a small mercy Edgeworth didn't see it happen. For some reason, the Loop ended shortly after Gumshoe's funeral, four days after the detective's death.

Edgeworth was drawn from his thoughts as he heard the sound of someone running in the hallway outside. A few seconds passed before the door was slammed open.

"Mr. Edgeworth!" Gumshoe panted as he stumbled into the room, "Thank goodness you're alright!"

"What's the matter, Detective Gumshoe?" Miles asked as he looked at the man with a raised eyebrow. Considering how early it was in the Loop, there shouldn't be any threats to him. Yet.

"Well, sir, the last thing I remember was being in complete darkness," Gumshoe began to tell Edgeworth, making the prosecutor pale at Gumshoe's words, "When all of a sudden, I was walking down the hallway to your office." This last sentence made Gumshoe stop for a second before asking Edgeworth, "For that matter, didn't you quit being a prosecutor after-"

"Detective Gumshoe." Edgeworth interrupted with a hint of his Court Voice infused in his words, making the detective freeze. Taking a deep breath to compose himself, Edgeworth looked at Detective Gumshoe and asked him, "Could you please tell me what you remember before being in my hallway or in the darkness, as you put it?"

"Well, if we're not including the darkness, sir," Gumshoe reminisced, "The last I remember was von Karma pulling a pistol on you after it

was revealed he was there at your father's murder, and I jumped in the way of the gunfire." Edgeworth scowled as his suspicions were confirmed, but watched as Gumshoe rubbed the back of his head with a sheepish grin on his face as he said, "But since I'm here now unscathed, that must mean that he didn't get a chance to fire, huh, sir?"

"No, he did fire a bullet." Edgeworth interjected, making Gumshoe blink at this sentence.

"Guess that explains the gunshot I heard before the darkness," Gumshoe muttered aloud, but then grinned and said, "Well, then I guess he was a poor shot then, huh?"

"The bullet destroyed a good portion of your right lung, as well as shattering several of your spinal discs. You were in a coma for 46 days before eventually dying," Edgeworth told Gumshoe, keeping his expression straight the entire time.

"Wait, what?" Gumshoe exclaimed after a few seconds as he reared back, before asking aloud, "But if I died, then how are you here? You didn't die as well, did you, Mr. Edgeworth?"

"No, it's not that," Edgeworth said, before telling the detective, "To explain this, I must tell you of the Loops-"

"But you already told me about the Loops, sir." Gumshoe interjected, "Y'know, back in the darkness?"

Edgeworth blinked at this, before exclaiming, "What?! You remember that?"

"Why shouldn't I, sir?" Gumshoe asked, rubbing the back of his head in confusion.

"Perhaps it is because that was shortly before you died, and were in a coma at the time?" Edgeworth testily said in reply.

"Oh."

An awkward silence permeated in the room for a few seconds, before Gumshoe eventually asked, "So, about these Loops: who else is Looping that we know?"

"If you exclude you and I," Edgeworth said, "then it's Wright, Maya Fey, a certain von Karma-"

" *WHAT?!* " Gumshoe shouted, "That psycho's Looping?"

"No, his *daughter* is. You remember Franziska, don't you? Though I have to say, the von Karma you first remember was much more psychotic than normal," Edgeworth assured the angered detective.

"Alright, then. If you say so, Mr. Edgeworth," Gumshoe said, though he still seemed uneasy of it.

"Regardless, I'm quite sure that Wright and the others will be pleasantly surprised to find you Looping," Edgeworth told Gumshoe with a smirk.

"Hey, y'know what they say about me, sir!" Gumshoe said as he gave a grin in return. "Like gum on your shoe, I'm impossible to get rid of!"

9.5 (XeroM52)

"Jean, we need to talk about something," the voice of Phoenix Wright, who was once again looping as the Phoenix Force, said inside of Jean Grey's head. Coincidentally (or not), she had also adopted the name Phoenix.

"What is it, Nick?" Jean asked, using the same pet name Maya used for him. It was kind of appropriate since they had been like this for several years now.

"It's about you…and…you know…dying all the time," Phoenix said, almost weirded-out by the sentence coming from his 'mouth'.

"I know it is very strange…but you'll always be there for me to bring me back, right?" Jean said, not really seeing the issue.

"Jean, I can't keep bringing you back from the dead, it is very, VERY tiring!" Phoenix complained. It wouldn't be an issue if this only had happened two, maybe three times, but he had already revived her 5 times that year alone. "I feel as if you have been taking me for granted!"

"What?! That's not true, Nick!" Jean defended. "It's just that we X-men face very dangerous people all the time, and I can't bear the thought of someone else dying knowing I could do something to prevent it!"

Phoenix sighed. "I feel you, Jean." He could understand the sentiment at least; he too went out of his way to help the people in need. Defending people and believing in them to the end was the job of a Defense Attorney. "Let's try to be more careful from now on, okay?"

"Yes." Jean nodded before a thought suddenly came to her. "Maybe we could save ourselves some trouble if you try to lend me more of your power when the situation needs it!"

"Jean!" Phoenix shouted. "You know how reckless that is! Doing something like that is very dangerous!"

"I believe I can handle it!" she said, "and more importantly…I believe in you. You never let me down Nick!"

"Oh alright, Jean." Phoenix ended up accepting rather reluctantly. He was beginning to suspect that girls asking for his help were some sort of weakness for him. "But only in very DIRE circumstances, ok?"

"Thank you, Nick!" Jean answered with a very big smile. "I know you'll never let me down."

Later, during one epic fight

"Jean! Are you alright?" Storm asked worriedly. Jean was currently being enveloped by energy in the form of flames.

"No…I…I can't…CONTROL IT!" Jean shouted as she exploded into flames.

"JEAN!" was the general scream of worry from everyone around her.

After the fire died down, a new figure appeared from within. A figure wearing a green business suit with a yellow tie and very VERY spiky hair had appeared.

" **Lawyer Phoenix Rises!** " announced Phoenix Wright, who was now in control of Jean's body.

9.6 (GammaTron)

Phoenix blinked twice. The Judge raised a brow.

"What is it?" Franziska demanded.

"Um...Might I ask why you have those three with you, Ms. von Karma?" the Judge asked.

Franziska looked at her side. Sitting beside her were three yellow beings in overalls, goggles, black shoes, and black three-fingered gloves...the smallest of them hugging a teddy bear and the medium one of the three short beings tuning an ukulele.

"These are my Minions," Franziska informed them. "They were looking for work, so I gave it to them as my assistants."

"Bello!" the smallest waved.

"Bob. Boss makalaku," the 'tallest' scolded, "Shhh."

(Only Franziska would have Minions following her. She's got the 'Evil Vibe' right for them,) Phoenix sweatdropped before two whips hit him, "OW!"

"Your aim's improved, Kevin," Franziska smirked at the 'tall' Minion.

"Yay!" Kevin cheered.

(This is going to be a long *trial…)* Phoenix sighed.

9.7 (Filraen)

Metis Cykes was seated by the desktop by her lab, enjoying a cup of coffee and the morning newspaper before starting her workday at GYAXA. Today, the plan was to double-check the Mood Matrix algorithm, the three emotion analysis -joy, sadness and fear- wasn't working as well as she hoped. Maybe adding a fourth emotion to the algorithm?

Her plans were suddenly thrown off-course when her daughter Athena appeared in the lab still in her pyjamas, panting with exhaustion. After locking their gazes on each other, Athena threw herself towards Metis to hug her fiercely as if she were to vanish otherwise. Metis returned the hug when she realized Athena started crying; she was quiet as a mouse but her sudden movements and tears were obvious enough.

From that, some minutes had passed and Metis's legs were getting numb from her awkward position.

"Athena," Metis said with deliberate softness, petting her daughter's head. "What happened?"

Athena loosed her grip slightly but didn't let go. "Please don't. I don't want to see if this is a dream, not yet."

A minute or two later, Athena took a big sigh to compose herself and finally spoke. "Mom, do you know of cases of someone dreaming a whole life in a night?"

"Was that a strange nightmare?" A nightmare would explain Athena's strange behavior today.

"Yes, but I remember a huge dream. There are too many things, too detailed, too consistent for it to be a mere dream."

"Have you been reading my psychology notes?"

"No," Athena struggled to keep speaking. "It's that in my dream you died and I spent almost a decade becoming a lawyer and a psychologist to save Simon."

"What?"

"You see..."

The fact that Athena was clearly in pain pushed Metis to press Athena's knowledge from her nightmare, even when she mentioned how Metis herself had died, at the hands of an international spy? However, apart from that bit of nonsense, Athena had followed her claim: the memories were, at first glance, very consistent and extensive.

But that wasn't the only thing strange. Athena's behavior was different, and that wasn't only when she talked about her dream. It took a moment to realize, but when it happened she wasn't sure what to do with it: the whole tale was filled with ideas and concepts that should be beyond Athena's ability to comprehend and yet there they were, the feeling of loss and the drive to save Aura's brother

from death were real, even if the tale itself was not. What was happening here?

"Mom, I think I'm in a dream right now," Athena eventually said, sadly. "I still remember the pain of the memories after your death, the release at finally saving Simon. It's all too vivid to make me think it's just a dream."

Metis took her daughter's hand with her. "Athena, please. What you see now, what you feel now, it's real. Don't lose yourself to a dream."

"There's nothing more I want, mom. But I can't..." Athena's gaze stopped at the newspaper "unless, I'm part of a paranormal event."

"Paranormal?" Metis was a known skeptic. She believed one of the key parts of being a proper scientist was to always question the world and not take answers such as 'magic' or other nonsense.

"Yes, paranormal. I can only consider my memories as truth, but reality as I'm experiencing it now is contradicting it. And I know you'll want proof of the paranormal being real too; it's a good thing I was also a lawyer." After circling an article in the newspaper Athena returned it to her mother. "Take that, mom. I may not know what exactly happened to me but at least I can give you conclusive evidence about the paranormal. I'm going to dress and then we'll leave to the District Court, we don't have much time!"

Surprised at how much energy her daughter seemed to have, Metis looked at the highlighted article.

...A new lead in the case of Mia Fey's murder was discovered yesterday by the notorious Redd White, Bluecorp's President. The prosecution is confident this new development will lead to the conviction of the true murderer, even after releasing the former defendant Maya Fey after her innocence was proved yesterday...

9.1 - Maya, Maya, Maya. When will you ever learn?

L.003 - **Never Again**

9.2 - Apollo's first magic trick, and a bond between siblings.

L.004 - Fused Loop with Warehouse 13, I believe.

9.3 - Remember, Edgeworth once defeated his own reflection in a staring contest! It's no wonder he's going up against the other famous starers/glarers out there.

L.005 - Try to remember that Layton lives in the same universe as Phoenix, who *has* run into real supernatural events. Not to mention, Layton himself actually has as well.

9.4 - Welcome to the Loops, pal!

9.5 - "Why the heck did I say that?"

9.6 - Franziska has Minions. This can only end well.

9.7 - Well, well. I wonder what happened here?

Turnabout Mario Sunshine - Day 1 Invest

Turnabout Mario Sunshine

By: OathToOblivion

Day 1 ~ Investigation

August 26, 6:00 PM

Delfino Courthouse Entrance

Delfino Plaza

[Delfino Plaza]

Stepping out of the Courthouse, the first thing Phoenix and Apollo noticed was that Mario was being dragged off to what passed for a Detention Center around here. Namely, a regular old jail cell on the other side of the Plaza. The second thing was that it was really dark for 6 PM on a tropical island.

Phoenix looked up at the sun. It didn't hurt to look at it at all. "Okay, really is dark. Better check the Gate first thing," he murmured.

"A moment, Mr. Wright," F.L.U.D.D. interjected.

Phoenix turned to the sentient water pack, who was currently strapped to Apollo's back. *(Oh right. I almost forgot F.L.U.D.D. was here.)*

Flashback

"Wait, you want us to take F.L.U.D.D.?" Phoenix asked Mario. It was right after Bowser Jr. had left. Princess Peach had also left, not wanting to worry Toadsworth needlessly.

"Yeah. Mario's in-a jail longer than normal this-a time. Some-a-body needs to clean the island up while I'm-a stuck," Mario explained, unhooking the yellow water-pack's strap from his waist.

(Guess that makes sense...) *Phoenix thought.*

"As he is red, I shall go with Mr. Justice. Registering temporary user data," F.L.U.D.D. droned.

"Hold on! What kind of selection criteria is that?!" Apollo sweated.

End Flashback

"While you are continuing your investigation, it may be best to also gather as many of the Shine Sprites as we can. To that end, I propose that Mr. Justice and I should go looking for the Shine Sprites that are presently hiding in the Plaza," F.L.U.D.D. suggested.

"Hm...what do you think, Apollo?" Phoenix questioned. After all, he was the water-pack's temporary user at the moment.

Apollo thought about it for a bit, before nodding. "Yeah. Best way to mess with the vandal is to fix the mess he's made. Only, I don't know how to use you, F.L.U.D.D.," he said sheepishly.

(...You probably could have phrased that better, 'Pollo.)

"Affirmative. Loading user instructions. May I suggest that you head to where the Grand Pianta statue is? We must clean that out before going after any Shine Sprites," F.L.U.D.D. explained.

"Got it. Good luck, Mr. Wright. Sorry I can't help with the investigation," Apollo apologized.

"It's fine, Apollo. Just get going," Phoenix said. He understood that cleaning the Plaza up was something they had to do, for the sake of everyone really.

"Alright. See ya later, Mr. Wright," Apollo said, before walking off. "So, how do you work exactly?"

"Simple. Use the R Button to shoot water from my tank..." And just like that, they were gone.

Phoenix sighed. *(Looks like I'm on my own for now,)* he thought. He then noticed a nearby lad-I mean, *stepladder* that was going up to a slightly elevated area of the plaza. Climbing up it, Phoenix found himself almost directly in front of the Shine Gate. And just as he had thought...

...It was completely dark.

"That's what I thought," he muttered to himself. "The prosecution wouldn't have forged evidence so blatantly. That picture had to be real. But that raises another question. The area around the Gate should be lit up, because Mario already rescued a Shine Sprite. So why is it still dark?" He had a feeling the true culprit had something to do with it, but right now he needed to get more clues.

Right before he could do that, he heard a familiar voice. "Hey, pal! I thought I'd find you around here!"

Turning around, Phoenix saw exactly who he expected to see. "Hey, Detective Gumshoe," he greeted.

[Dick Gumshoe ~ I Can Do It When It Counts, Pal!]

"Heya, pal!" Dick Gumshoe greeted with a dopey grin. "Betcha didn't expect to see me here, huh?" he laughed.

"Actually, I didn't. What *are* you doing here, Detective?" Phoenix questioned.

"That's a pretty interesting story! So, apparently Delfino Law Enforcement can't be trusted, see? So Mr. Edgeworth personally sent me to help with the investigation!" Gumshoe said proudly.

(Edgeworth...you're always helping out. Note to self, treat him to dinner next time I see him.)

"Well, there's no one else I'd rather see at a crime scene," Phoenix admitted.

(Detective Badd scares me, Ema tends not to do her job properly while I'm around, and I never get a chance to meet the real Fulbright.)

"Anyway, I gotta tell you, pal, I can't see someone like Mario doing something like this," Gumshoe said, looking slightly confused. "I mean, he's a hero! ...And a gaming icon! Even I've heard of him!"

"Yeah. Today in court, Apollo and I proved that somebody attacked a certain son of Bowser's and stole something that he had stolen. The end result was that the person who attacked him was the one who graffitied the island. And it can't have been Mario, because he doesn't normally attack people out of nowhere," Phoenix summarized.

"'Apollo'? Oh, right, one of your junior partners. Mr...Whoizit, right?" Gumshoe guessed.

"Justice. Apollo Justice."

"Right, that! Anyway, pal, it's weird seeing you with junior partners! I remember meeting you as a hopeless rookie flying by the seat of your pants, after all!" Gumshoe laughed.

(...I take back what I said about preferring you. Where's Ema when you need her?)

"So, where to, pal?" Gumshoe asked.

"? What do you mean? Aren't you going to undergo your investigation?" Phoenix questioned.

"Nah, pal, Mr. Edgeworth said to stick with you. Something about how you always find something completely ludicrous, or something like that," Gumshoe remembered.

(...I'm not going to treat you to dinner anymore either, Edgeworth.)

"I...see. Well, the Island's pretty big. We'd need to ask people about the culprit, so...let's go into the marketplace first," Phoenix decided.

"Roger that, pal!" Gumshoe saluted.

[Apollo Justice ~ I'm Fine!]

"Wait, WHAT?! You can't be serious!" Apollo yelled in disbelief.

"I am incapable of being anything else, Mr. Justice," F.L.U.D.D. said dryly. "Should I repeat the instructions?"

"NO! Just...I seriously need to submerge myself just to fill your tank?" Apollo questioned, sweating.

"Affirmative. Query: Why is this giving you so much emotional distress?" F.L.U.D.D. asked, out of curiosity.

"Because I'm wearing my suit! If I dip myself in water, it'll be ruined!" the red-wearing lawyer pointed out!

"...Are you not a Looper? Surely you must have countless copies of this suit?" the water-pack questioned. It was a fair question to be sure. Apollo had hundreds of copies of his suit in his Pocket.

"Well, yeah, but this is my good one!" Apollo rebutted.

"...I have no response to that. Why do you not simply change out of your suit?" F.L.U.D.D. questioned.

"...Oh, right," Apollo realized sheepishly. A short while later, after ducking into a bathroom stall, he had switched to his street clothes; a

white shirt, red jacket, and jeans. As soon as he walked out, he immediately walked back in to swap the jeans for shorts because of where they were.

"Okay then, I'm set! I don't really care if these get wet," he noted, walking towards where the Grand Pianta statue was supposed to be. As he entered Bianco Square, he noticed the giant, brown octopus-shaped Graffiti all over the place.

"That is the Graffiti we must deal with first. Any further activity cannot be concluded until this is cleaned up. This is an occurrence 78.49% of the time during a baseline Loop," F.L.U.D.D. reported.

"Right. How exactly should I deal with it?" Apollo questioned, finger on his forehead as per usual.

"I would advise cutting a path through to the center mass above the statue itself. Taking it out will erase the rest of the graffiti 96.65% of the time," F.L.U.D.D. advised.

"All right," Apollo nodded.

(To use F.L.U.D.D., hold the R button on its right handle, then start pumping the handles. Should be a piece of cake. I just hope my arms don't get tired.)

And so, he started. It was easy enough, Apollo decided, cutting a path to the undulating mass in the center. Then, he stopped in his tracks and aimed directly at it, spraying it with water. It reacted violently at that, and what looked like the head of a Piranha Plant emerged from it!

[VS Polluted Piranha Plant]

"WOAH!" Apollo reacted in shock.

"Do not be alarmed. It is harmless. Simply spray water into its mouth three times in order to eradicate it," F.L.U.D.D. stated.

"Okay then..." Apollo muttered. And true to F.L.U.D.D.'s word, the Polluted Piranha was harmless. All it did was sway back and forth, opening and closing its mouth in a pattern. Apollo sprayed water into it, but while it did react to it, it didn't do anything else. However, after he did it a second time...

"NRAAAAOOOOHHH!" the Polluted Piranha growled. And then it did something completely unexpected. The center mass got up, grew four spindly legs, and started scuttling away.

"HUH?!" Apollo reacted in shock.

"How curious. They have never done that before," F.L.U.D.D. noted.

"W-We gotta go after it!" Apollo declared, recovering from the shock of seeing the thing just get up and walk away.

"Affirmative. I would advise switching to my Turbo Nozzle," F.L.U.D.D. agreed.

(To switch Nozzles, hit the X Button on the left handle!) Apollo remembered. He proceeded to do so. The first hit switched to the Hover Nozzle. Hitting it again summoned the Rocket Nozzle. But the last hit switched to the Turbo Nozzle at last.

"Wait, this thing lets me go at high speed, right? I'm not going to get hurt, right?" Apollo realized, sweating profusely at the thought.

"Do not be alarmed. Although you do not have Mario's durability, the Professor has augmented me with parts from Intelligent Devices. Your clothes are currently augmented into a Barrier Jacket. You will not be injured," F.L.U.D.D. assured him.

"OK! As Mario would say, here we go!" Apollo declared. He started pumping up and running forward, and then the force of the Nozzle started up, causing him to jet forward!

"WOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

[Pursuit ~ Never Let Up! (Never Let Up! - Mario & Luigi: Dream Team)]

As Apollo sped after the Polluted Piranha, he began to feel slightly nauseous. Lawyers are not meant to run as fast as Sonic the Hedgehog, after all. This was way out of his paygrade, Looping or not!

(Why the hell did I agree to this again?! This is INSANE!)

And it proceeded to get more insane when the Polluted Piranha decided that running over the Plaza wasn't good enough for it, and started running out into the ocean!

Apollo was flabbergasted. "I thought you said they were weak to water!" he called out over his back, challenging what F.L.U.D.D. had said.

"They are supposed to be! I do not understand what is different about this one yet! At any rate, you must follow after it!" the Flash Liquidizing Ultra Dousing Device declared.

"But-!"

"It will be fine! As long as we run over the water, I will run perpetually! You need not fear drowning!" the now-water booster reassured him.

"...OKAY! I'M APOLLO JUSTICE, AND I'M FIIIINNNNE!" Apollo screamed, before leaping off the ever oncoming pier into the water. Sure to F.L.U.D.D.'s words, the moment he touched the water, the force from F.L.U.D.D.'s watery-exhaust propelled him forward on top of the water.

However, the Polluted Piranha noticed this, and was not pleased. It took aim at the accelerating Apollo, and fired a ball of Goop directly at him!

"WOAH!" Apollo yelled, before side-stepping out of the way.

"Polluted Piranhas typically do not exhibit such behavior! The changed identity of the perpetrator is likely to blame!" F.L.U.D.D. called out.

"How do we deal with this thing then?!" Apollo demanded, dodging another Goop ball.

"I have not yet finished my analysis! However, its movement suggests that it is heading for the Airstrip! Keep after it, and do not get hit!" F.L.U.D.D. ordered.

"Easier said than done when I'm constantly going forward!" Apollo argued, *jumping* over the next Goop ball.

The Polluted Piranha roared out, then fired out a horizontal spread of 5 shots. Apollo was forced to steer around the entire barrage, losing distance from the Graffiti Monster.

"It's no good! We're losing it!" Apollo swore, before redoubling his efforts to run after it. It didn't take too kindly, and started firing off more Goop balls, but in a way that there was always a gap to clear the way. Apollo slowly gained on it, as the Airstrip came closer and closer.

"...Analysis complete!" F.L.U.D.D. suddenly declared. "Mr. Justice, you must run up in front of one of its legs, then use the back blast from my exhaust to damage it!"

"Of course!" Apollo realized. If he took out the legs, the whole thing would fall apart.

He started pumping faster at that point, picking up speed and racing in front of one of the legs. He got up right in front of the left rear leg. Its goop gradually started reacting, before the leg began dissolving!

The Polluted Piranha started convulsing in pain, before it collapsed over its three remaining legs. Apollo immediately dashed out of the way, and skidded to a halt on the pavement of the Delfino Airstrip.

[Victory ~ Boss Defeated! (Victory Fanfare: Bowser (Jr.) - Super Smash Bros. for Wii U/3DS)]

"Phew! We did it!" Apollo cheered faintly, before falling onto his rear. He was exhausted after all of that. As he took in deep breaths, he saw the Polluted Piranha dissolve away in the water, before vanishing entirely.

"With that accomplished, Bianco Square will be completely clean. The way to Bianco Hills has also opened, and we can begin retrieving the Shine Sprites hidden in Delfino Plaza," F.L.U.D.D. announced.

"Yeah..." Apollo sighed. More work to do then.

(But why was it headed here for the Airstrip? It had to have some reason...even if it was a Goop Monster! I hope Mr. Wright's investigation turned up something...)

"I'm tellin' ya, pal! I know what I saw!" Detective Gumshoe argued as he and Phoenix walked through Delfino Plaza.

"I'm not saying you're lying, Detective! All I'm saying is that I didn't see this giant Piranha Plant skipping on the water that you said you saw," Phoenix pointed out.

"How could you miss something like that?!"

"I don't have eyes in the back of my head, you know!"

Gumshoe scratched the back of his head. "Yeah, I guess. All that, and nobody knew anything about the guy who did it at all. They said he looked like Mario, and could jump like him, but..."

"But Bowser Jr.'s Shadow Mario bandanna grants whoever wears it Mario's abilities. It's still not enough," Phoenix surmised.

"At this rate, we'd need to prove that Shadow guy was vandalizing the place right now," Gumshoe sighed.

Just then, they rounded the corner into Bianco Square. Phoenix blinked at seeing the place clean. "Looks like Apollo's been busy," he mused. Just then, a familiar sound rang out.

"Hey, Nick!"

Turning around, Phoenix and Detective Gumshoe saw a familiar pair of cousins in spirit medium uniforms run up to them from the other side of the Square. Phoenix's eyes lit up. "Maya! Pearls!"

[Maya Fey ~ Turnabout Sisters 2001 (Cadenza ver.)]

"Heya, Nick! Betcha didn't expect to see us here!" Maya Fey greeted as she skidded to a halt. The 27-year-old Kurain Channeling Master looked no worse for wear regarding the running she had just done, and the look in her eyes told Phoenix that she was Awake. The Ping she sent out right afterwards was also a dead giveaway.

"Yeah, I was kinda surprised," Phoenix admitted. "Nice to see you, Maya. You too, Pearls."

"Thank you, Mr. Nick," 17-year-old Pearl Fey bowed in gratitude. It was then she noticed the other person standing there. "Oh! Hello, Mr. Scruffy Detective!" she greeted.

"Oh yeah, hey, Detective Gumshoe!" Maya said, just noticing the Detective.

"Heya, pals! Been a while!" Gumshoe laughed. It had actually been a while in-Loop. None of them had seen each other for a few months.

"So, what are you girls doing here, Maya?" Phoenix wondered.

"We're on vacation, duh! I thought I sent you a letter, Nick, or is your old man brain finally going?" Maya teased.

"You wish...Wait, you're here on vacation?" Phoenix realized.

Detective Gumshoe had the same thought. "Hey, pal, you don't think-?"

"They might. Maya, Pearls, do either of you know about the recent strings of vandalism that have been going on?" Phoenix questioned.

"Ugh, tell me about it! We've been here for about two weeks, and it's been a whole mess! How'd they even lose the sun?!" Maya complained, shaking a fist up at the sky.

(! Two weeks, huh?)

"Mr. Nick, is it true that Mario is really behind all of this? I just can't believe that he'd do something like that..." Pearl said in confusion.

Phoenix shook his head. "He didn't, Pearls. I can guarantee it. That's why Detective Gumshoe and I are here, actually. Mario got arrested right as he and Princess Toadstool got here for their own vacation, but Delfino Law Enforcement...isn't exactly the best in the world." *(And that's putting it mildly!)*

"So, we're here to do some investigating. Apollo's here too, but he's currently trying to clean the island up and get the sun back," he summarized.

"Well, good on Polly! Hope he does it!" Maya cheered, before something occurred to her. "Speaking of, Pearly and I actually met Mario a couple of weeks ago," she remembered.

"Really?" Phoenix blinked. "What happened?"

"It was right before we left for the airport to come here. Some of Bowser's troops attacked Kurain. Apparently, they wanted Mystic Maya's power to augment the Koopa Troop's," Pearl recollected.

(Wait, WHAT?! How come I didn't hear about this?!)

"WHAAAT?! You're joking, right, pal?!" Detective Gumshoe asked in shock. Pearl's silent shake of the head was enough to deny it, though.

"As if I'd give it to them! Well, like they were expecting me to, anyway. I was fully prepared to kick their butts with my awesome ninja skills!" Maya declared, striking a pose.

(The sad thing is, she's not exaggerating anymore...)

"But then, WHAMO! Mario came in and kicked all of them to the curb so hard they went crying away!" Maya said in a frenzy of poses, including Mario's signature jumping pose.

"W-When was this, pal?! I don't know what we can do about it, but Mr. Edgeworth should know about this!" Gumshoe spluttered.

"It was exactly 15 days ago, at around 2:30 PM...Oh! Here, Mr. Nick! We took a picture!" Pearl remembered, handing the two males a photograph. In it was Pearl, Mario, and Maya, in that order in front of Kurain's gate. Maya had one foot on a defeated Koopa Troopa's shell, and was making a victory sign. Mario's signature was also scrawled on the photo, and there was a timestamp in the upper right, telling them that it had been taken on August 11 at 2:33 PM.

Autographed Photo added to the Court Record

"Thanks, Pearls. This might actually come in handy," Phoenix thanked.

"You're welcome, Mr. Nick," Pearl said with a smile. Just then, her watch beeped. Looking at it, she gasped in surprise as she noticed the time. "Oh no! Mystic Maya, we're going to miss the train to the hotel if we don't hurry!" she said.

"WHHAAT?! What are we waiting for then, Pearly?! Let's get to the station!" Maya declared, before the two started running off.

(Wait, train station?)

HOLD IT!

"Wait, Maya! What train station?!" Phoenix called out.

Maya turned around while running to call out, "Just follow us!", before turning back around.

(Guess I don't have a choice...)

"Come on, Detective!" he urged.

"Right, pal!" Gumshoe agreed, before they started running after the Fey cousins.

By the time Phoenix and Gumshoe arrived at the station, Maya and Pearl had already stopped. Maya looked slightly annoyed.

"What's the big deal, Steve?! Our train was supposed to be here by now!" she demanded of the red Pianta in front of her. Instead of the bulbous nose most Piantas had, his was more pointy. That, and the palm tree on his head only had one leaf.

Steve held up his hands in protest. "I'm sorry, Ms. Fey, but until we can fix that loose ceiling panel, the train's not going to come!" he said apologetically.

"Grr...that cheapskate manager is probably going to make us pay a fee again," Maya grumbled.

(Oh boy... Judging from some things Mario has said in the past...)

"Let me guess, you're staying at the Hotel Delfino at Sirena Beach, aren't you?" Phoenix asked as the two males walked up.

"Yes! How did you know, Mr. Nick?" Pearl wondered.

"Let's just say Mario told us a few stories about it..." Phoenix sweated. Meanwhile, Gumshoe noticed a certain device used for raising people off the ground so they could reach higher places. It looked rather precarious in how one of its legs was almost hanging off the platform.

"I gotta tell ya, pal, that ladder don't look too stable," he told Steve, scratching the back of his head.

Before the Pianta could say anything, Phoenix cut in. "Actually, Detective, that's a *step* -ladder," he argued.

"...I dunno, pal, looks like a regular ladder to me," Gumshoe admitted.

"Same here! Come on, Nick, stop judging things based on narrow-minded cultural assumptions," Maya admonished him.

(Not this again...)

Before Phoenix could make a cutting remark, Steve cut in. "Hey, you're Mario's defense attorney, uh, Phoenix Wright, right?"

The Comeback King blinked. "Uh, yes? Why, did you need something?" he wondered.

"Well, I was told to give you a message from this Koopa kid who passed through here," Steve continued.

(? Koopa kid? ...! Bowser Jr.!)

"What did he say?!" Phoenix asked urgently.

"He said that he wants to see you in about an hour. After that, he took a train to Gelato Beach. I guess he wants to see the Legendary Sand Bird Egg," the red Pianta guessed.

(This late? It must be something important, but then why didn't he tell us at the Courthouse?)

"Ooh! The Legendary Sand Bird Egg! You got to see it, Nick, it's so cool!" Maya gushed.

"Uh...maybe after I prove Mario's innocence," Phoenix nervously said.

(What's so cool about an egg?)

"Still, he said that he's at Gelato Beach, didn't he? If the trains aren't working..."

"Heh! You leave that to me, pal!" Gumshoe laughed. "After all, I didn't come unprepared! I commandeered one of the Island's patrol boats. We can just take that!" he declared.

Phoenix nodded. "Right, I guess we should get going. See you, Pearls, Maya," he bade farewell, before the two turned to leave.

HOLD IT!

The two stumbled, before turning around. Maya had her arms crossed and a smirk on her face. Clearly, she was emulating her sister today. "As long as you two are going around in a boat, you don't mind escorting us lovely ladies to our hotel, would you?" she coyly asked.

Gumshoe looked crestfallen. "Uh, I don't know, pals. I got that thing for official business and all," he mumbled.

"What's more official than escorting the Master of the Kurain Channeling Technique and her assistant to their temporary residence?" Maya coolly asked, a hint of teasing in her voice.

"Mystic Maya..." Pearl muttered in exasperation.

Just from the look on Gumshoe's face alone, Phoenix knew where this was going. *(And once again, Maya reels it in, hook, line, and sinker. I feel for ya, Gumshoe. Hope Edgeworth doesn't cut his salary for this...)*

[Delfino Plaza]

Apollo panted in relief. At last, he was finally back in Delfino Plaza. With all that was going on, the boat between the Airstrip and the Island was currently not running. This, of course, forced him to use the Turbo Nozzle again just to get back.

"Hah...Hah...Never...again!" he swore, catching his breath.

"Mr. Justice?"

"I know, I know. We gotta find some Shine Sprites," Apollo remembered. Looking around, he found himself near the Lighthouse. "Where's one hidden?"

"As it happens, right in front of you," F.L.U.D.D., now back to its Squirt Nozzle, stated. It angled one of its handles at the sand in front of him. "Simply spray the sand right there."

"Really? That's easy," Apollo blinked, before doing just that. As the water squirted along the sand, the image of a Shine Sprite started to appear. Apollo sprayed more water at it, until the picture was complete.

Suddenly, the glimmering gold form of a Shine Sprite appeared in front of him! "Whoa!" he yelled, leaping backwards in shock. The Shine Sprite bobbed slightly before shooting straight up and coming back down, just above Apollo's head.

"Curious. It usually goes above the Lighthouse 89.06% of the time," F.L.U.D.D. noted.

"Hey, I've been meaning to ask. I mean, yeah, you are a machine, but what's with the percentages?" Apollo wondered, finger on his forehead.

"Ah, my apologies. I suppose Fi is rubbing off on me," F.L.U.D.D. mused.

"Fi?" *(Let's see, Nintendo character with name of Fi... !)* "Wait, you mean the spirit of the Master Sword?!"

"Yes. We are currently in a relationship," the Flash Liquidizing Ultra Dousing Device said bluntly.

"Say, WHAT?!" Apollo jerked in shock.

(Great, a sword and a water-pump have a relationship, and I don't. What does that mean about me?)

"Uh, that's rather unrelated, don't you think? Why don't you just grab the Shine Sprite?" F.L.U.D.D. hurriedly said.

(...Great, even he can read my thoughts. Did I pick up telepathy as a Loop power and not realize it?)

Still, Apollo shrugged. The water-pack had a point. He should pick it up. He jumped up, and touched the Shine Sprite. The Shine Sprite spun around, then headed for the Gate. As it did though, a fanfare suddenly rang out.

[Shine Get!]

"What was that?!" Apollo reacted.

"Ah. That. That happens 98.02% of the time. Pay no attention to it," F.L.U.D.D. suggested.

"If you say so..." Apollo sweatdropped.

[Ringtone ~ Apollo Justice (Guitar's Serenade)]

Just then, his cell phone went up. He picked it up and hit Talk. "Hello?"

"Apollo, it's me."

"! Mr. Wright! What is it?"

"I'm following up on a lead. Bowser Jr. wants to talk to me for some reason. I'm going to Gelato Beach to meet him. Just wanted to let you know. How many Shine Sprites have you found?"

"...One," Apollo sighed.

"? Uh..."

"It's a long story, involving a walking Piranha Plant, and that's all I'm going to say."

"Oh, so that's *what Detective Gumshoe was talking about! Anyway, just wanted to let you know. Oh! And if I get waylaid by something, you're in charge of the defense tomorrow, so don't stay up too late."*

"Yes, dad," Apollo said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. Then, more seriously, he said, "See ya, Mr. Wright," before hanging up.

"Okay, where's the next Shine Sprite, F.L.U.D.D.?" he asked.

"On top of the Lighthouse."

"...Sigh. Of course it is..."

[Gelato Beach]

"You sure about this, pal?" Gumshoe wondered, even as Phoenix jumped off the patrol boat. They had dropped Maya and Pearl off at Sirena Beach, then had immediately headed for Gelato Beach.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Even if this is a trap, he has to know something," he reasoned.

"Well...if you're sure," Gumshoe said dubiously, tethering the boat to the dock. The two proceeded to walk forward onto Gelato Beach itself, taking in the cooling air of the sunset.

"Hey, pal, I'm a bit confused," Gumshoe said as they walked, scratching his head. "So these Shine Sprite things are what let the Sun shine on the Island, right?"

"I guess. I'm not exactly sure how that works though," Phoenix admitted.

"Well...how come the Sun is working right here? I mean, the Plaza was like night levels of darkness! And...this is just a regular sunset," Gumshoe pointed out.

"..."

(I...actually have no response to that. Wow.)

"I...oh, look! There he is!" Phoenix declared, pointed at where he could see Bowser Jr. The Koopa Prince hadn't seemed to notice them, as he was too busy glaring up at an elevated area where a cliff-side was.

"Hey! Bowser Jr.!" he called as the pair of humans walked up to the Koopa. BJ reacted in surprise, and swiveled around. He immediately scowled when he realized who it was.

"Oh, it's you. Whaddya want, porcupine-head?!" he demanded.

(Never heard that *one before...)*

"What do you mean, 'what do I want?' You're the one who called me here," Phoenix pointed out.

"Hah? I didn't say that!" Bowser Jr. denied.

"Hey, pal, I was there when that guy said you had a message! Are you telling me he was lying?!" Gumshoe retorted.

"What guy?! I didn't give anyone a message!"

(...He's not lying. There's no Psyche-Locks. But that Pianta wasn't lying about getting a message either. As far as I know, Bowser Jr.'s the only Koopa kid on the Island, so...)

"Can you answer this question real quick? Are you the only Koopa on the island?" Phoenix asked.

"Eh...Papa's hiding somewhere around here, but other than that, yeah," Bowser Jr. remembered, scratching around his right horn. Then he blinked and glared at him again. "Wait, why do you want to know?!"

"Because that Pianta told me that he got a message from a kid Koopa to come here, and you're the only one on the Island," Phoenix explained.

"What?! That's baloney! I didn't say that!" BJ denied once more.

"Yeah, right, pal! I heard it too, so that means you're lying!" Gumshoe declared.

"No, I'm not! If anything, you are! I got a message that said you wanted to talk to me!" Bowser Jr. rebutted.

(! What?!)

"Wait, what?! I never sent a message!" Phoenix denied.

"Wait, if he didn't send a message, and we didn't send one, then who did?" Gumshoe wondered, scratching his head.

(Good question...)

And one that wasn't going to be answered anytime soon. The Beach was practically deserted, and they were the only ones there, but they felt a rumbling sound all the same. Suddenly, out of the blue, a giant Wiggler appeared out of nowhere, stomping onto the beach from the hills!

"WOAH!" Gumshoe reacted.

"A giant Wiggler?!" Phoenix exclaimed in shock.

"What's that doing here?!" Bowser Junior questioned. But they didn't have any time to think of anything else, as the Wiggler came right for them!

[Vs. Wiggler (Glitch)]

The three rolled out of the way as fast as they could, dodging the Wiggler's charge. Bowser Jr. got back to his feet. "Hey, you! Eat this!" he declared, charging up and letting out a burst of fire.

The fire hit the Wiggler directly in the back, but seemed to do nothing but singe the skin slightly. The Wiggler then turned around. As it did, they noticed that its head looked different. It looked like it was covered in brown goop, and the flower on its head had shriveled. The rest of its body was green instead of the yellow of a regular Wiggler, and its face was drastically different. For starters, it had one solitary eye, and instead of a mouth, it had a familiar 'M'-shape with dashes above the arches of the 'M'.

"That's Shadow Mario's symbol!" Phoenix realized, thinking back to the Wanted Poster. Meanwhile, the Wiggler bellowed out a guttural moan, and fired streams of goop from the 'M', forcing the trio to dodge again.

As Gumshoe rolled to a ready position, he felt he had to do something he didn't especially like resorting to. "All right, pal! Freeze! You've got one chance to surrender, or I open fire!" he declared, drawing his gun from his holster in a smooth motion you wouldn't

normally expect from him. The Wiggler moaned again, then...shot its head off directly at him!

"Woah!" Gumshoe yelled in shock, pulling the trigger unconsciously. The bullet flew forwards...then bounced off the ever-approaching head, which was glowing ominously. A gaping maw suddenly appeared as the 'M' split apart into sharp teeth.

"Gumshoe, look out!" Phoenix yelled, leaping forward to push the Detective out of the way. He got them both of the way just in time, and the Wiggler proceeded to eat a lot of sand.

"Stop ignoring me!" Bowser Junior declared, breathing a stream of fire at the disembodied head. It started heating up, and the Wiggler moaned in pain, before its head shot back to its body. It then immediately charged right at the Koopa Prince.

"Oh geez!" B.J. said with wide eyes, before he was rammed backwards into one of the beach's palm trees with a loud thud. Luckily, his shell took most of the force.

"Ow..." he moaned, before falling unconscious.

The Wiggler bellowed again, before turning around to get its other two targets.

"What are we supposed to do about this, pal?!" Gumshoe demanded, reloading the chamber in his gun.

"I don't know! How do you stop a giant Wiggler?!" Phoenix yelled in return.

(But I do know one thing, and that's that if this thing keeps rampaging, somebody is going to get hurt! I might just be a lawyer, but I'm not going to let that happen!"

"...Looks like I don't have a choice," Phoenix said seriously, before pulling a certain red-and-black device from his Pocket.

Gumshoe blinked. "What's that, pal?"

"You could say that it's my secret weapon," Phoenix said cryptically, before placing it on his waist. A silver belt strap emerged from the device and wrapped around his waist until it secured the device. He then proceeded to take out what looked to Gumshoe like a white USB Memory. He then hit a button on it.

ETERNAL!

Phoenix then inserted it into the device, causing it to let off a pulsing noise of sorts. White energy pulsed from the inserted Memory, and black lines crept up Phoenix's face. "No turning back now," he muttered, before declaring a word he would never have dreamed he'd have said before the Loops had begun.

"Henshin!" he declared, drawing his left hand back then forward as if he was about to make an Objection, before quickly bringing it down to tilt the slot the Memory was inserted into, and bringing his right hand over his chest in the opposite direction.

ETERNAL!

With that declaration, a sphere of black, white, and blue particles surrounded Phoenix as cool and speedy music played, before flashing with a bright light that made Gumshoe avert his eyes and made the Wiggler stop for a moment.

When he could look again, he could hardly believe his eyes!

Where Phoenix had stood was a figure that appeared to be wearing white armor. They had fiery blue ankle cuffs, blue gloves that extended into a flame pattern on the arms, and black bandoliers on the chest that had Memory slots. They were wearing a black cape, and the same bandolier-things were on his left leg and right arm. The helmet had yellow, bug-like eyes, and had a trident-horned crest.

The figure then spread their cape out behind them, before pointing forward with their left hand into Phoenix's signature Objection pose. "Justice is Eternal. Always," Phoenix, now Kamen Rider Eternal, declared, his yellow eyes flashing.

[cod-E ~E no angō~]

"Woah...where'd you get that, pal?!" Gumshoe asked in awe.

"A long time ago. I don't usually use it, since I'm a lawyer and all. But sometimes, no matter how much I don't like it, you *have* to fight. That's why I've kept this for so long," Phoenix...no, Eternal said. Just then, the Wiggler recovered and bellowed out again, before racing towards them.

There was no time to think, just react. "Gumshoe, distract it!" Eternal ordered, before racing forwards.

"You got it, pal!" Gumshoe declared, before he started firing off shots at the Wiggler. It didn't do anything, but it did draw its attention, letting Eternal leap up to try to uppercut it in the face.

"TAKE THAT!" Eternal declared, as he proceeded to perform said uppercut. Blue fire erupted around his hand as he did so, and it knocked the Wiggler's head clean off. Unfortunately, that was when it fired a laser from its eye, that slammed directly into Eternal and knocked him to the ground.

"Oof!" he let out, as the wind was knocked out of him and he fell.

"Pal, you all right?!" Gumshoe called as he ran up. The Wiggler was more concerned with reattaching its head at the moment, so he felt it was safe to do so.

"Ow...yeah," Eternal declared, getting back to his feet. "What about you?"

"I'm fine, except...well, I hate to say it, pal, but I'm out of ammo," Gumshoe admitted.

(Oh boy... Wait! Idea!)

Eternal drew out a combat knife from behind his cape. This was the Eternal Edge, Eternal's weapon. He then brought out a blue Memory with a 'T' on it. He hit the button.

TRIGGER!

He then slotted it into the Eternal Edge. The Edge flashed, before the blade reformed into the barrel of a shot-gun. The grip also produced a trigger in the correct spot. Eternal then gave Gumshoe the transformed weapon. "Use this. You don't need to reload, and if you need to use a more powerful attack, then hit this button here," he explained, pointing to a silver button on the side of the trigger.

"Got it, pal!" Gumshoe saluted, before taking aim and firing at the Wiggler. The shots of the shotgun-like weapon were powerful and energy-filled, causing damage to the Wiggler and holding it off. It bellowed once more, throwing globs of goop at the pair.

As Eternal dodged to the side, his mind raced for a way to deal with this thing.

(Okay, this is clearly something made by Shadow Mario! Meaning, it's made out of goop! And Water takes care of goop... Water takes care of goop, of course!)

With that thought in mind, he brought out a Memory that was a more translucent blue than the Trigger Memory was. He slotted it into the Maximum Slot on the right side of his Lost Driver's belt, then hit the button on the front of the Slot.

OCEAN: MAXIMUM DRIVE!

Swirling water started cascading around his legs as the Memory's power spiked up to 100%. Meanwhile, water started to swirl around the transformed Eternal Edge. Gumshoe, having a flash of insight, figured this meant it was time to hit the button on the side Eternal had pointed out.

TRIGGER: MAXIMUM DRIVE!

As if that was the signal, Eternal leaped up into the sky, water swirling around him as he fell into a drop kick aimed at the Wiggler's head. At the same time, the Eternal Edge charged up a blast, before Gumshoe pulled the trigger and sent a blast of water towards the Wiggler.

The Wiggler attempted to defend by firing another laser beam, but it was deflected by Gumshoe's shot, letting Eternal descend at its head, and kick right through it! Goop splashed out where he hit it, and the Wiggler bellowed (somehow) in pain, before it exploded into a pile of goop that vanished after a second!

[END MUSIC]

Eternal breathed heavily for a few moments, before tilting the Lost Driver's Transformation Slot back up and removing the Eternal Memory. The form of Eternal then disintegrated, revealing Phoenix Wright's body once more. His suit was slightly tattered, and he was exhausted, but he seemed no worse for the ordeal.

"That was amazing, pal! How'd you do that?!" Gumshoe yelled as he ran up to him.

"Heheh...I guess it's just practice," Phoenix sheepishly said.

(But...that Wiggler was definitely sent by Shadow Mario. It seemed like it was directly after us, so that would mean Shadow Mario knew *we would be here. The only way that could be was if-!)*

It was an unsettling conclusion that he was drawing, but it seemed the only likely one. And if he was right, something told him that Shadow Mario would be there tomorrow. In court.

[Jingle ~ You Need To Rest At Such A Time]

Couple of quick notes to make. Who here remembers when Phoenix told Apollo to yell " *TAKE THAT!"* next time he uppercut someone? Cause I do~!

And the Wiggler Glitch thing stems from something in Sunshine. If you hit the Z button to bring up the map right as you perform the last hit on the Wiggler Boss, then the tempo goes bonkers. Look it up.

As for Fi and F.L.U.D.D. being in a relationship, that pretty much came out of nowhere on my behalf.

Next up comes the final Trial section, where Shadow Mario's true identity will come to light! See you guys then! ...Assuming I don't post another regular Set between then and now.

Chapter 10

As Phoenix Wright Awoke, he noticed that he was standing in a familiar tree house. *(Looks like another Equestria Fused Loop. Wonder what's up this time?)*

"Phoenix!"

Phoenix turned to see Twilight looking at him. She looked slightly worried, so Phoenix felt the need to put her at ease somehow. "Hey, Twilight. What's the matter?" he asked. However, upon his saying that, Twilight looked slightly confused.

"Oh, uh, nothing much. It's just a typical Fused Loop, like we normally have. You know, the Equestria 500 and everything. But...are you all right?" she wondered.

(? What's that supposed to mean?)

"Um, of course I am. Why, did you think something happened?" Phoenix questioned, a confused look on his face.

"Well, it's just...Last Loop we saw each other, you said that you had told Apollo about his mother, and were worried about how you were going to tell Trucy about her..." Twilight started.

HOLD IT!

"What? I never said anything like that! I told Trucy about that a long time ago!" Phoenix exclaimed. Now he was really confused about what she was talking about.

"Huh...that's bizarre. I distinctly remember you telling me about that. And then I heard that somebody from one of those Kamen Rider Loops had seen you crying away on a bench. Something about

Trucy abandoning you, sending you a letter, and going with Apollo to Borginia?" Twilight mused.

"! ...That never happened!" Phoenix denied. "Or rather...Trucy *did* go to Borginia with an Unawake Apollo one Loop, and sent me a letter. But I'm the one who let her go in the first place, and I had Maya trailing behind them as backup!"

Twilight scrunched up her face in thought. She knew Phoenix wouldn't lie to her about something like this, and she wasn't lying. But that meant...

"'When you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains must be the truth'," she quoted. "Neither of us are lying about what we're saying, which means the Phoenix Wright I met that Loop was an imposter!" she declared.

OBJECTION!

"But whoever that was knew about that one early Loop where Trucy went to Borginia, *and* they knew that Apollo started Looping. Which means it has to be someone we personally know. And that also doesn't explain the appearance of that person in the Kamen Rider Loops. I know some of those guys, and they wouldn't pull anything like this," Phoenix pointed out.

"You're right. This is a mystery that isn't going to be solved that easily," Twilight agreed. "But right now, we have one trial to overcome. Let's focus on Rainbow's Trial first, then let's think about this mystery."

"All right..."

(I can't believe it. Someone's been impersonating me? I already had my fill with that in baseline, what with Furio Tigre and the phantom. I don't want a Looping one too!)

L.006 (GarnettFoxy)

Hershel Layton hummed, looking over his notes and glad that Luke was a heavy sleeper. It had taken several repeats for him to establish what he thought was going on, not helped by the fact he had to keep re-writing his notes when the time line reset, and had to find the tomes he'd been reading at the time.

But he felt he might very well have cracked it; the universe had been broken or attacked by something and the damage caused time to constantly repeat.

While he seemed to be the only one aware this time (A few times before, Luke had been aware of the repeats. Not this time though), when Phoenix or others he didn't know (though most of the time he did seem to have memories of them) appeared, they were also usually aware of the phenomenon.

And it didn't seem limited to his own corner of the universe judging by that rather...odd time he had as a small pony.

So there were several multiple universes connected together that were all damaged, akin to the realms in Norse mythology connected by the world tree Yggdrasil.

Feeling rather proud of his theory, he started tidying it away before Luke saw and asked questions that Layton didn't have the answers to just yet. All that remained was waiting for either Phoenix to arrive or someone else involved in the repeats to appear and ask if his theory was correct.

With that thought in mind he picked up an archaeology journal and settled down to wait for Luke to wake up. He had a repeat planned out to try and help poor Clive before his time travel plot got too out of hand.

10.2 (Grue)

March 26, 2019

High Prosecutor's Offices

Room 1202

Miles Edgeworth sat back in his office as he sipped at a cup of coffee. This time of the year wasn't a time he got to do that much, regardless of the Loops. The past few weeks had the smuggling ring being cracked open by him in a matter of days, while the upcoming weeks contained not only another flurry of cases, but Wright's disbarment. Thank the gods that Phoenix typically dealt with that himself.

Either way, he had a few days before cases would start running into him again. He'd have plenty of time to relax for a bit, and perhaps marathon that alternate version of the Steel Samurai that Maya had mentioned picking up the complete series of-

His thoughts were interrupted by his phone ringing.

"Miles Edgeworth here. What is it-?"

"Hey, pal! You've got to come quick!"

The voice was clearly Gumshoe's. This wasn't a call he'd usually get in a baseline Loop; either Wright and his friends had butterflied things, or the Loops were taking an opportunity to throw curveballs at him.

"Get to the point, Gumshoe."

"It's Mr Wright, sir! He's been murdered!"

Edgeworth's glare this moment could've easily combusted the phone on the spot. "What do you mean Wright's been murdered?!"

L.007 (Opus J)

This iteration of a Loop had rapidly become mind-numbingly insane for one Professor Layton. It was bad enough that Descole's rampage through this tiny town was more obnoxious than usual. It was worse that she (and he really didn't need memories of being a woman, or the assorted... issues womanhood provided) was now stuck with a pink and black top hat and dress. However...

"Luke. I Am your Father!" Descole crowed, even as a horrified (Adopted, apparently) Triton child looked on in terror.

"Nnnnooooooo!" Luke wailed.

...At least the poor boy wouldn't remember this. Layton knew he wished to do the same.

10.3

Another Loop, another trial, and Franziska von Karma was packing up her files. Phoenix Wright, that foolish fool, had been the defense on this case. So, *of course* , the defendant wasn't the guilty party, and it was her carefully vetted witness who was.

Franziska let out an angry sigh, before bunching up her whip. "Just once, I'd like for that foolish fool to be wrong and have a guilty client," she said to herself.

"Considering what happened the last time that happened..." a familiar voice cut in, causing her to whip about (and almost whip him).

"Miles Edgeworth! Watch where you're going! You almost foolishly made me whip you, you fool!" Franziska berated him.

"Hmph. I'll be sure to be more careful in the future," Edgeworth smirked, before cringing as Franziska's whip fell on him.

"That smug look doesn't suit you, little brother. You should get that looked at," Franziska smirked back.

"Mnnn... Still though, I meant what I said," Edgeworth repeated, recovering his composure. Ah, yes, that foolish thing he was talking about.

"Well, of course I would not wish to see Maya Fey kidnapped again," Franziska started.

"That's not precisely what I meant." ...What exactly was he going on about?

"What kind of foolish statement are you trying to say now, Miles?" Franziska rolled her eyes at her 'little brother"s cryptic remark.

Edgeworth looked at her intently. "Even after all this time, Franziska, I don't believe you fully understand what it truly means to be a lawyer. A consequence, I'd assume, of the cyclical nature of the Loops."

"Are you going on about your vaunted 'truth' again, little brother? Let me tell you one thing: I will decide what path I walk now. I won't stand in anyone's shadow. Not Papa's, not yours, not Phoenix Wright's," Franziska said defiantly.

"...I suppose that's as good as I can get with you," Edgeworth shrugged. Then, a playful smirk emerged on his face. "By the way, Wright and I were talking about you the other day..."

"Oh?" Franziska was immediately suspicious about where this was going.

"I don't think he's actually aware you have an older sister. Because during the resolution of DL-6, your father mentioned your niece's dog. Only, Wright seems to believe that..."

Franziska immediately connected the dots. "PHOENIX WRIGHT, YOU FOOLISH FOOL!" she yelled, immediately rushing for the defendant lobby to give her foolish Anchor a piece of her mind.

Edgeworth continued to smirk. *(Maybe I should have told her that I corrected him about that particular subject when we had that talk? ...On second thought, no. I still need to get back at him for insinuating that he has a better art sense than I do.)*

10.4/L.008

"A Looping imposter, you say? My my, quite the puzzle indeed, Mr. Wright," Hershel Layton stated, sipping his tea in his study. It was the day after they had returned from Labyrinthia. Phoenix and Maya had to return to California the next day, but Phoenix had wanted to get the Professor's advice on the subject.

"Yeah. I was hoping you could give me any ideas about what to do, Professor," Phoenix said.

"Well, I have had some experience with imposters. But this one seems rather disinclined to leave any hints, from your description," Layton commented.

"Yeah," Phoenix agreed, sighing in exhaustion. "I'm getting so paranoid lately. Whoever it is knows important things from early in my Looping history. How could they know those things?" he whispered.

"In addition, they also seem to be making you out to be emotionally compromised. Whoever it is...they must have some sort of grudge against you," Layton guessed.

"I guessed. There's one person who it could be, but there's no way *he* would have started Looping," Phoenix denied, shaking his head.

"Well, I'm not sure what to tell you then, Mr. Wright," Layton admitted. "There are too many pieces of the puzzle missing. But if anyone can solve it, it's you. Between you and me, I don't think I'd be able to do half the things you've done in your career."

Phoenix couldn't help but smile. "Thanks, Professor." Just then, an explosion was heard, shaking the whole room.

Hershel drew his hat over his eyes. "Oh dear. I'd gather that Miss Fey has convinced Luke to perform some destructive action or another."

Phoenix felt himself hunch over and start sweating. "Dang it, Maya, I can't take you anywhere..."

10.5 (BIOS-Pherecydes, 8.7 cont.)

(I hate my life.)

Phoenix was not having a very good day. Granted, his client was probably even worse off than he was, seeing as how said client was being used as a scapegoat for a murder he couldn't have committed.

The trial had started off... well, frankly, it had been the biggest charade he had ever taken part in. The prosecution railroaded over his every attempt to prove his case, and the judge allowed it. The witnesses had all been clearly fed their lines so as to build the case against his client. The audience, what little of it there was, had been handpicked for their lack of sympathy towards anything non-Britannian.

He was, to be completely honest, hanging by a thread, and everyone in the court knew it. Luckily he had one last hand left to play, one which had served him well over the years: Stalling for time and pressing the witness for any and every possible contradiction.

"General Bartley Aspirus, you stated previously that you were present during the Shinjuku Incident."

The portly military man nodded his head in agreement.

"And yet, you cannot explain to the court how the accused was able to not only circumvent the combined might of the Britannian Military forces and the Prince's personal guards, but also murder the Prince and escape undetected. Where were you during the time this all occurred?"

Bartley shifted in his seat and nervously wiped his brow with his handkerchief.

"I—I, that is, I... can't recall the specifics of the event."

HOLD IT!

"You mean to say that you are unable to remember the details of my client's alleged assassination of Prince Clovis, a man whom you were personally tasked with serving and protecting?"

"I—I, y—yes. Ask any of the others, none of the men aboard Prince Clovis' transport have any clear memory of the attack."

Phoenix smiled triumphantly and slammed his hands upon his table.

"Then I ask you, if you cannot recall the event in question... how can you positively identify my client as the murderer?!"

A wave of murmurs swept the audience, even their prejudiced minds unable to explain the obvious contradiction. The 'judge' slammed his gavel harshly upon the sound block, Phoenix wincing at the lack of care towards the symbol of judicial might. "Order, order in the court."

(Something tells me he's been waiting for a chance to say that.)

OBJECTION!

Phoenix turned to the speaker, the prosecuting attorney. Even seeing it with his own eyes, he still had trouble believing it. The man was a dead ringer for Manfred von Karma, right down to the disdainful smirk he wore. Even his name was the same, with the exception of apparently having a noble title to add to his overblown ego.

"Clearly the witness is suffering from stress-induced memory loss. However, I have here a notarized statement made immediately after the attack, which states in no uncertain terms that a person matching the description of the accused was seen fleeing the scene of the crime."

The judge nodded his head sympathetically. "And I assume that the testimony was verified at the time of the statement."

Von Karma crossed his arms over his chest and nodded his head with a smug smile. "Exactly so. The witness' apparent lack of memory is an unfortunate, but recent, circumstance which has no bearing on the current trial. Witness, you are relieved."

OBJECTION!

"I have not finished my cross-examination!" Phoenix desperately declared.

(And isn't the judge the one who's supposed to relieve the witness? I guess von Karma is the same in any world.)

"Overruled! Witness, you may step down."

Nodding gratefully and wiping his forehead once again, Bartley quickly left the stand.

(Crap! Now what am I supposed to do?! That was the last witness! I —I failed. Mia, Maya, Trucy, Apollo, Athena, Edgeworth. I'm sorry.)

Turning to face Suzaku, Phoenix was prepared to face anger, even hatred. Instead he found Suzaku staring at him with an understanding look.

"It's alright. You tried your best. It's probably better this way. At least now the people don't have to worry about an unknown murderer on the streets. And I'm sure the police will catch the real criminal before he can hurt anyone else."

Phoenix was speechless. That... that wasn't right. No one should be this calm about facing death for a crime they were innocent of. It was almost as if... no, that would be ridiculous. Nobody so young could possibly want to die. There had to be some other reason. However, before he could try and think any more on the subject, the judge took the time to remind him of the hopeless situation he was in.

"Very well. Seeing as how there are no other witnesses, I now believe I am ready to pass my verdict. For the crime of murder in the first degree, this court finds Suzaku Kururugi..."

HOLD IT!

For a moment, Phoenix thought that maybe he had been the one to cry out, a desperate attempt to prevent the charade in front of him from continuing, before he realized the voice had come from behind him. He along with everyone else in the courtroom turned to face the speaker.

Said person was a man in a finely tailored outfit which resembled a blue and gold version of Edgeworth's suit, if Edgeworth was a masked villain from one of Maya's Steel Samurai episodes. The long cape and spiked helmet worked surprisingly well, and oddly reminded Phoenix of a chess piece.

Behind him a large crowd followed, the majority of which held recording equipment. The figure gave an elaborate bow as he spoke in a sardonic tone. "Permission to approach the bench, Your Honor."

The courtroom was quiet before the judge managed to find his voice. "Who the hell are you?"

Instantly the man straightened with a flourish. "I am glad you asked. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Zero, the man who killed Prince Clovis!"

Immediately the crowd broke out in an uproar, as they receded from the obviously deranged murderer. "I am here today to provide vital evidence in the court of law. I'm sure you would agree that my testimony is of relevance to the current case, would you not? And so I ask you once again, permission to approach the bench."

"Guards, arrest this man for the murder of Prince Clovis la Britannia!"

The guards in question made no move, simply standing at the side of the doorway. "Guards?! Guards!"

"Clearly these fine gentlemen wish to hear what it is I have to say. If you two would be so kind as to close the doors; this is after all a courthouse, not a theatre."

Without hesitation the men quickly moved to close and lock the doorway, as the self-proclaimed Zero strode down the aisle way and moved past the bar, before crossing the well to stand face-to-face with the judge. "Begin the trial."

The judge jerked minutely for a second, before slamming his gavel against the sound block. "The court will hear the testimony of the man known as Zero. The witness will take the stand."

Flinging his cape dramatically behind him, Zero seated himself and turned to face the courtroom.

"Very well, I am ready to begin."

10.6 (Filraen, 9.7 cont.)

Metis believed Athena's story was out from a science fiction book, or a typical B-movie for a Sunday night. Time travel or other paranormal abilities? There quite a lot of things that seemed like paranormal events at first glance but have a rational explanation, like Athena's own newfound awareness of the hidden emotions behind speech is actually based from her heightened hearing sense. And even if the paranormal actually existed they should have been thoroughly studied through the scientific method to corroborate and replicate the results, out of any personal beliefs. That was how humanity had achieved all it scientific milestones. Frankly Athena's theory sounded ridiculous to give any scrutiny. Furthermore, her 'proof' was inherently faulty because, even if Athena was right, it wasn't directly related to her claim of the dream or going back in time.

But Metis didn't press any of the holes in Athena's claims, and while she wanted to question herself why the reason was so obvious that playing innocent was meaningless: today Athena looked full of energy and ready to take charge of anything the world could throw at her; not like the recluse girl who hated wearing her too bulky but necessarily sound dampening headphones or didn't understand the differences between the a human and a machine. Maybe later her daughter will need a reality check but the important thing right now is that Athena looked happy, and ultimately that's all that mattered.

Mother and daughter made to the District Court a bit past noon, and by that time the only seats left behind the prosecutor's bench in courtroom #1 were at the far end of the courtroom, almost by to the judge's place. That seemed to please Athena, as they had a good enough vantage to see defense bench. Athena immediately recognized the defense attorney as Phoenix Wright, who apparently now was the defendant of the trial. But if that was the case, what was doing that other girl at the defense?

"That's Maya Fey, mom." Athena whispered back. The previous accused? "She's the one you must keep an eye on."

That reminded of the whole 'plan' of sorts Athena had. According to her, the Fey women have the ability to channel the dead and this trial

was supposed to be the first time Maya Fey could channel the spirit of her sister Mia, or so her boss, Mr. Wright himself, had accounted. A key point, something the whole scenario hanged from, is that whenever they were channeling their bodies transformed and took some of the looks of the spirit they were channeling so Metis would be able to see at a glance the precise moment Miss Fey performed her paranormal act.

"...and while that doesn't relate to what has happened to me it hopefully makes you believe enough in paranormal happenings." Athena's words during their trip ringed back to Metis. Well, they had gone this far; better see how the trial goes on.

To be fair the trial was entertaining to see from the point of view of a battle of wits and intelligence. Trying to use whatever opening the witness, a man wearing a pink business suit and jewelry in every finger, left open. The part where the defense pointed the current witness as the real guilty party because his testimony contradicted a previous testimony, while presenting an scenario both contradicting testimonies being true was particularly satisfying.

But if Metis was going to be sincere with herself the most notable event of the trial thus far was seated by her side right now. Ever since arriving to the trial Athena seemed... focused, and only a bit tense. Nothing like Metis would have expected if Athena's story was true: wasn't her future mentor going to be sentenced to death?

However, as minutes passed the defense was slowly but surely losing ground, bit by bit. Eventually all of Mr White's testimony was justified on the grounds of installing a wiretape in Miss Fey's office, and this time Mr Wright had seemed to run out of rabbits to take from his metaphorical hat.

"I'm afraid that's far as you go, Mr Wright," the voice of prosecutor, Miles Edgeworth according to Athena, reverberated through the courtroom. "The time has come for you to admit your defeat! You fought... honorably."

"Mr Wright," the judge said after the prosecutor's bow. "Are you giving up?"

"Y-yes, Your Honor."

It was then when Metis realized Athena tensed up. In a heartbeat her daughter stood up, left hand with her index finger extended almost touching her right shoulder ready to make the pointed finger she had seen from defense and prosecutor.

OB-!

"Phoenix!" A new voice stopped Athena's shout and pointing finger.

10.7 (Zerorock41)

"Very well then. I, the Queen of Hearts, do hereby find the defendants Sora and Alice..."

Not Guilty

"You impress me Mr. Wright. Now get out of my Kingdom!"

Sora happily patted Phoenix on the back.

"Nice work out there Mr. Wright. I don't think I've seen the Queen of Hearts let us go, well, ever!"

"It is rather difficult, even when I'm by myself, to do so," said Alice.

Phoenix scratched his head in embarrassment, "Well it wasn't easy. If it wasn't for Donald and Goofy getting that evidence, I would have been done for."

"Well, in any case, what's next for you two?"

Alice spoke first, "If it isn't too much trouble, I would like to join you three on your journey. If I return to London, I'm afraid Maleficent will most likely take me from there. Would it be too much of a problem?"

Sora grinned, "Nah, it's not too much a problem. What about you, Mr. Wright?"

"Oh, I've got to get back to London myself. Maya's not Awake and is probably wondering where I am."

"Thank you again for your help, Mr. Wright."

"Not a problem. Thank you for the new case to do." Phoenix then left.

Alice suddenly looked confused. Sora asked, "What's wrong Alice?"

"It's odd. I could have sworn Mr. Wright has defended me from the Queen of Hearts before. But he acted like this was the first time he had done it."

"That's weird."

Alice smiled, "Oh I'm sure it's nothing. It's been so long, even by our standards, I don't even remember the result. He probably just wasn't Awake that Loop."

"Maybe..."

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10. Preview

May 22, 9:37 AM

Saffron Courthouse

Defendant Lobby No. 5

[Courtroom Lobby ~ New Prelude]

(...Sigh. I should have figured that something like this would come up. And I thought this Loop was going to be peaceful too,) Apollo Justice thought wistfully.

"Hey, come on! Cheer up, Polly! This isn't something that happens every day, you know!" his assistant and half-sister, Trucy Wright, attempted to console him. Apollo wasn't actually looking at her at the moment, since he was too busy with his self-pity.

"I know, it's just...I still remember the circus that happened when Mr. Wright defended that whale in court. I'm worried that something else ludicrous is going to happen. I mean, that's usually the trend-" Apollo trailed off when he noticed what Trucy was wearing.

Instead of her usual magician's outfit, she was wearing a suit almost identical to his own, fitted for her, of course. Oh, and the colors of the suit and tie had been switched around so to mimic her adoptive father's suit. "Uh...Trucy, why are you wearing that?" Apollo asked, confused.

Trucy pouted and crossed her arms. "Can you believe it, Polly? There's actually a *dress-code* in this loop for paralegals!"

(! Wait, really? Well well...maybe there won't be as many shenanigans as I thought...)

"Um...excuse me, Apollo?" another voice rang out. Apollo knew who it was. It was their client, who had hired them to represent his...ward, of sorts. Honestly, it still boggled Apollo's mind, but then again, it was just how things normally happened in this Loop, so he had to run with it.

"Oh, Mr. Ketchum," Apollo said, turning to face him. It was indeed Ash Ketchum who had requested their services, although he looked rather out-of-place standing in the courthouse with his normal adventuring clothes on.

"Hey, come on. I told you, just call me Ash," the Ketchum said uncomfortably.

"Hey, Ash. How're you doing?" Trucy asked, ignoring her own plight of not being able to wear her preferred attire to try to cheer him up.

"Um, good, I guess. You guys gotta help him, please! He wouldn't do anything like this!" Ash pleaded.

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Ketc-, er, Ash," Apollo said in order to calm him down. "After all, since he didn't do it, he's obviously innocent. ...Where is he, anyway?" Apollo wondered, looking around. He couldn't see the defendant anywhere in the Lobby.

Ash looked rather uncomfortable at that. "Oh, right...he's in here," he said, bringing out a Pokéball. It had a little lightning bolt sticker on the top, and was wobbling in his hands. "I didn't really have a choice. The law says I need to keep him in here while he's under suspicion, and can't let him out until he's been cleared. Even after all this time, he hates being in here, so..."

"I understand. Don't worry, Ash, we'll get him off the hook!" Apollo declared.

(Defending a Pokémon...I never thought I'd ever get wrapped up in something like this, but then again, considering what happened with Mr. Wright and Mario...on second thought, I should have seen this coming.)

"Polly? Court's about to begin," Trucy told him, before looking apologetic. "Sorry, Ash, but since you're responsible for him, you're going to have to sit in the defendant's chair."

"It's fine! I have faith that you guys will win, and that everything will be all right!" Ash said, pumping his fist.

(Well, it's nice that our client actually has faith in us for once. Maybe we'll actually get paid? ...Oh, who am I kidding? When it comes to

protecting the innocent, being paid doesn't really matter! Look out, court! Here comes Justice!)

10.1 - An imposter?! In the Loops?! That can't bode well...

L.006 - Layton. Is. A. Genius.

10.2 - What?! How did that happen?! Did the Loops end?! Was there another Anchor?! Only Grue knows! To be continued.

L.007 - ...Where's the Brain Bleach when you need it?

10.3 - Phoenix: "Edgeworth, just let it go, man."

10.4/L.008 - I'd like to make note that the Professor did not say *which* parts of Phoenix's career he wouldn't have been able to do.

10.5 - Code Turnabout: Part 3. And Zero makes his entrance, flashy as usual.

10.6 - Athena's Awakening: Part 2, which is running alongside the second trial day of Turnabout Sisters. But why doesn't Phoenix seem to be Awake?

10.7 - Wait, didn't we already cover this?

10. Preview - A short preview of **Turnabout Thunderbolt** , an Ace Attorney/Pokémon Fused Loop. Coming to you as soon as I finish Turnabout Mario Sunshine!